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"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOPHES, unanimique PATRES."



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HOW WAS  
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THE AMERICAN STATESMAN.

How shall we define a Statesman? Shall we take our model from the hereditary rulers of the old world, or from the choice of the people in the new? Is he confined to any age, or peculiar to any form of government? We answer, no—the true Statesman is the product of no particular age or nation; he may grasp the sceptre of the Autocrat, or hold his power at the nod of a pure democracy; he may govern amid the elements of a wild and frenzied revolution, or direct with calm wisdom the affairs of a State, when the storm is over. The true Statesman is one who, with genuine patriotism in his heart, and guided by far-reaching wisdom, endeavors to advance the real honor and the permanent welfare of his country. Such a man, like Washington, may be said to govern for humanity; like Lycurgus, his hand will shape the model of which his country, for succeeding ages, shall be the counterpart. Such is the character of the true Statesman, in every age and nation, and were it not for a few illustrious names scattered along the tract of time, like stars of the first magnitude shining through a hazy sky, such, we had said, is only an ideal conception.

We do not, however, design to write an essay on the elements which constitute the true Statesman—we rather wish to touch briefly on the influence which the age and nation has upon the character of the Statesman, and from thence to draw an answer to the question, “What is the Statesman demanded by *our country* and *our age*?”

A very cursory glance at the page of history will teach us how much a public man partakes of the characteristics of his age and country. So true is this, that we may say the Statesmen of a nation are an index of its character, and the character of the times. Lycurgus could hardly have legislated for the Athe-

nians, Solon could not have given laws to Sparta. Mirabeau could have arisen in no other country but in wild, enthusiastic France, nor at any other period than that time of fierce tumult which preceded the sanguinary reign of Robespierre and Marat. Chatham and Burke and Pitt were emphatically English Statesmen, and admirably qualified to act in the century in which they lived—a century of comprehensive plans and vast results. In fine, every nation has its peculiar class of public men; we can discern strong points of difference even between the Statesmen of England and America, although there exist between the two *nations* so many resemblances. The latter (we speak of them as a class) are animated, bold, and enthusiastic; the former, dispassionate, logical, and learned. American Statesmen, with all their energy, are too often mere theorists—the English but seldom so; they are cautious and systematic, and, it cannot be doubted, men of superior acquirements, frequently masters of the whole field of literature and science.

The causes of this difference are obvious; one or two of them we will mention. The principles of English legislation are settled; the prerogatives of each department of government well defined and thoroughly understood. The absence of any written constitution, which at first view might seem unfavorable to permanent legislation, in fact contributes to it in a nation so old as England, by making legislation depend on precedents, which, in the progress of ages, have become exceedingly numerous and authoritative as the power of habit over the human soul. In America, the principles of government are not so well defined. The constitution itself, at once the evidence and the bulwark of our freedom, is variously construed by contending parties; the anomalous bond which unites the confederated States to the central power, gives rise to peculiar difficulties, and until the nation's youth shall have turned into hoary age, it cannot give birth to precedents which shall carry with them the weight of venerated antiquity.

Another, and perhaps a more influential cause, is to be found in the structure of English and American society. In England, in the course of advancing centuries, society has been "pressed down into its classifications." All men take rank in one or another of a few grades, which, although like the prismatic colors they are blended by an imperceptible shading, have yet great and striking distinctions. These gradations, with corresponding employments, pass down from one generation to another, until certain occupations become almost hereditary, and thus, among other classes, there are many who from father to son become public men—politicians by birthright, Statesmen

by education—of whom *nascitur et fit* might be affirmed with truth. These men, to a good extent, constitute the aristocracy of England—with all its faults the noblest aristocracy the world has ever seen. In America, we have no men born to the honors of the State, and educated from early life to perform official duties; there are no hereditary seats in Congress, there is no class in community from which Statesmen are taken ready fashioned. Whether this be a disadvantage may well be doubted; perhaps this very fact is calculated to make the American Statesman a readier and more efficient man. But into this inquiry we do not enter—we only meant to state the cause of the difference which has been mentioned. It is no disparagement to our public men to say, that they are neither so accomplished nor erudite as the public men of England. Indeed, extensive learning has never been the general characteristic of the Statesmen of America. The favorite orator of Virginia, the pride of our infant republic, owed nothing to early education, and never rose to the standing of a respectable scholar, and only a small number of the founders of our government can be regarded as learned men. They possessed qualities, however, infinitely more important for men who stood in the gap for human rights and human nature, men who were to found an empire and make precedents for coming ages—they had commanding genius, minds all-grasping and undaunted. The merely learned man would have stood amid the sages of the revolution, a pigmy among the sons of Anak.

To the field which now opens for the efforts of the American Statesman, we turn our attention. The condition of our nation is peculiar—its continued existence is opposed to the general belief of mankind, and to all the experience of former times; and although many at home are accustomed to look upon our past history as amply proving the success of the self-government theory, yet the friends of liberty abroad look upon it with a more doubtful eye—with an eye of hope, rather than of assurance—of ardent expectation, rather than of positive belief. Their views may be correct, that they are safe cannot be questioned, nor ought we to esteem as the enemies of true liberty all those who may not believe in the good workings of our system as confidently as we do ourselves. There are lovers of human happiness and human freedom, in old king-ridden Europe as well as in republican America—not so many, but as true—and we need not refuse to learn wisdom from their opinions, especially when we recollect that for the most philosophical view which has yet been taken of our institutions, we are indebted to an European. We have, it is true, promulgated to the world some great principles—principles which may re-model the

fabric of human society, but an existence of sixty years is not sufficient to demonstrate their truth, nor prove the safety of the example; the nation is not, indeed, the cradled Hercules, for it has already throttled the serpent, but its most perilous labors may still be in the future.

It is this shadowy uncertainty which hangs over the future destiny of America, which devolves upon her Statesmen such weighty responsibilities, and opens such a vast field in which commanding genius may exert itself. The lamp of experience gives but a dim light, the history of the past speaks in tones of deep discouragement, and if our destiny should be as bright as we anticipate, it will be as unexampled as it will be bright. Principles of government but half developed are to be investigated and applied, upon whose truth, established thus early, hangs the fate of a mighty empire for succeeding ages. In nations, as in individuals, early principles have unbounded influence. What a wide and potent influence have the opinions of Jefferson already had, almost unexampled in the history of nations, certainly unparalleled in our own; and without claiming prophetic ken we say, that their almost omnipotent spell will be felt with widening sway as the tide of emigration rolls over the western mountains, and pours its swelling millions on the yet untrodden shores of the Pacific. We speak not in the spirit of a partisan, and therefore do not fear to add, that it is still a problem whether that influence will be a blessing or a curse; *that* will depend upon the moral and intellectual advance of the mass of the nation, the *οἱ πολλοί*, into whose hands the broad democracy of Jefferson has thrown the power, *and who will keep it*, for under whatever name parties may hereafter triumph, that principle will still be in the ascendant. No Statesman can again arise whose position will enable him to exert an influence like that of Jefferson, but yet, the measures of the public men now upon the theatre of action, and who may be there for years to come, will be attended with momentous results. Questions of lasting importance have arisen within a few years, which must soon be decided, and the policy adopted will be permanent. Save at the commencement of our government, there never was a time when political sagacity and integrity was more needed; we are afloat upon almost every one of the great questions of the day, and the trouble which some of them have caused, like the premonitions of the earthquake, are but precursive of more fearful throes. This state of things demands men of far-reaching views, men to whom contemporary honor can hold out no lure, and upon whose ears popular clamor will fall unheeded. It demands far other men than are now, in too many instances, within the halls of Congress; men who ought to have tarried at

Jericho until their beards were grown, or at least, remained at home until they had gained sense enough to know that their petty squabbles were not to be settled on the floor of national debate, and that their untarnished *honor* was not, after all, of such untold importance as to cast into the shade a nation's welfare. It may be possible for such politicians to devise measures of temporary ease at the price of future quiet; but we want men who come to the work with patriotic souls, with minds bold enough to grapple with great difficulties, and comprehensive enough to provide against danger in the distant future; the Devil must not be put to sleep, but driven out, and the exorcist must not be frightened at the struggles of the exorcism.

The Statesman of America should comprehend the interests which he represents. He is the representative, not simply of the twenty millions of the present generation, but of the fifty millions of the next, and the hundred millions of the succeeding one; he should feel that upon his action it depends whether these millions shall be united under one broad banner of harmony, or divided into different communities with clashing interests. We may say more; he represents the *great principle* of liberty and equality; his actions are allied to men of another nation and a former age—to Hamden, and Sidney, and Milton; he is to rear the fabric to which they laid the corner-stone; he is to guard the watch-fire whose light was kindled in the age of Cromwell, and reflected from the white cliffs of Albion across the broad Atlantic, and which shall yet be sent back from the hill-tops of America, to enlighten old Europe and the world. It is not mere rhetoric to say that the Statesman of America labors in a nobler sphere than other men, a sphere where the reward of action is as much more glorious as the toil is greater. He legislates in some measure for humanity; an overruling Deity we believe has great and merciful designs to accomplish through this young nation; and upon this belief, much more than upon the wisdom of man, do we rest our hopes for its future welfare. He has linked its safety to the renovation of mankind, for in spite of theories we believe that *this present world* is destined to a better fate than the past six thousand years have revealed. The century which is passing now has already accomplished the work of ages, and as the dim drapery of the future is drawn aside, the living audience will behold each successive scene more magnificent than the last. We, of the present generation, stand looking into futurity like some ancient traveler pausing at the entrance of the avenue which led to the great temple of Thebes; as he beholds the lofty sphynxes towering one above another in the long vista, he wonders what must be the majesty of that temple to which this stupendous path is but the entrance. Such is



our present position ; these are the views of responsibility which we believe the Statesman of America should cherish. He who, unmindful of *himself*, shall act wisely for his country and his race, will be placed by a grateful people in the same niche with Washington and Jay ; he who is unfaithful to his trust, will have his meet reward in the execrations of mankind.

## AUTUMN.

'Tis Autumn ! and the chilling breeze,  
From snowy climes and icy seas,  
And forests drear,  
Sweeps coldly o'er each sunny vale,  
And loud proclaims in every gale,  
That winter's near.

The flowers whose leaves and blossoms fair  
Perfumed around the balmy air,  
Are scentless now ;  
Exhaled their sweets, decayed their grace—  
There's only left to mark their place,  
Some withered bough.

The trees whose verdant canopy  
The zephyrs, as they hurried by,  
Wooded 'neath the shade,  
Are bending to the autumnal blast ;  
Their verdant robes are falling fast,  
And lowly laid.

The rosy tints which Boreas hoar  
The falling leaves has penciled o'er,  
Reveal their doom.  
The wan destroyer oft we knew,  
His victim mark with brighter hue,  
The hectic bloom.

Nor longer now the wood's dark shade,  
Or murmuring brook, or verdant glade,  
The step invite—  
O'er velvet lawn and flowery heath,  
Decay, wan spectre, seems to breathe  
Its withering blight.

The stars, that from their thrones on high  
Were smiling in the summer sky,  
Look coldly down.  
The clouds, the sun's gay retinue,  
Resplendent then, with Iris' hue,  
Now darkly frown.

The zephyrs from the flowery lea,  
That gently kissed the curling sea  
And swelling sail,  
Have flown on balmy pinions past,  
And now resounds the angry blast,  
The raging gale.

O'er scenes like these decay to trace,  
From Beauty's tablet to erase  
These gorgeous hues—  
To feel that all we've loved must die—  
Ah ! can the heart repress its sigh,  
Its tear refuse ?

To know that cold affliction's blight,  
Must shroud each scene of fancy bright,  
With spectral gloom—  
To see fond memory oft restore  
Some one we've loved—alas ! no more  
On earth to bloom—

Ah ! this it is, methinks, to live  
As friends decay, and we survive  
Averting fate.  
Alone we stand, while round us all  
The friends we've loved successive fall,  
Or soon or late.

Yet, what though heaven's decrees are so ? Time's ebbing tide again must flow, To fall no more. Beyond this cold, oblivious tomb, We know the balmy spring will come, When winter's o'er.	And shall the cold, oblivious tomb, Its slumbering victims e'er exhume, To live again ? The soul's ethereal, airy essence, This humble type of Evanescence, Once more regain ?
We know this glorious orb of day, Which seems afar from us to stray, And powerless gleams, Will from his wanderings come again, And scatter wide o'er vale and plain Reviving beams.	Perchance, these frames wherein confined Resides the soul, the immortal mind, When life is o'er, (Decay consigning to the tomb,) May yet revive with brighter bloom Than e'er before.
We know when wintry storms are past, And hushed the raging, icy blast, And all is calm, Then zephyrs light, with fragrant breath, Will merrily dance the flowery heath— The air be balm.	In those bright regions of the skies, Decay, disease, nor pain arise, Distress to bring. Decked with sweet Hope's perennial wreaths, With changeless bloom, there ever breathes Perpetual Spring.
When Spring returns, oh ! brighter then Will nature fan to life again Its latent spark, Dissolving, by its magic wand, Stern Winter's adamant bond, And fetters dark.	Almighty power ! on that dread day, In triumph let this mouldering clay, O'er death's decree, Made glorious by eternal love, On wings seraphic soar above, To dwell with thee.

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VENICE.

FROM the end of the fourth century to the complete overthrow of the Roman empire in the west, the northern parts of Italy were so repeatedly ravaged by the Goths and Huns under Alaric, Attila, and Genseric, that of the numerous towns which had grown up and flourished in that fertile region, beneath the protection of the Imperial City, little was left except smouldering ashes and tottering ruins. The epithets of "the Sword of Mars," and "the Scourge of God," applied by the affrighted inhabitants of the south to one of these conquerors, sufficiently attest the fearful character of that visitation, which the cowardice and iniquity of Rome had so long deserved. The threat of Attila, that "the grass never grew where *his* horse once trod," was almost literally fulfilled, and while neither age, rank, nor sex were spared by his inhuman followers, the country, which

they left behind them, presented but one continuous scene of desolation. The grain-fields and vineyards were trampled down ; men, women, and children were butchered in cold blood, or sold into hopeless slavery ; and, as if to add to these horrors, the heavens were darkened by tempests, and the earth shaken by earthquakes, while meteors and comets of prodigious size shook their fiery locks over the devoted land. Whole towns and villages were deserted at once, the wretched inhabitants flying in every direction, to obtain that security which their effeminate cowardice forbade them to seek by arms. The citizens of Concordia, Altinum, Padua, Aquileia, and several smaller towns, abandoning their dwellings and their lands to the cupidity or caprice of the invaders, sought a refuge for themselves and their families among the numerous islands which skirt the northwestern coast of the Adriatic gulf. Here, secured from danger by the natural defenses of the place, and gaining continually fresh acquisitions of strength from the fugitives, who deserted their homes on the continent, during the destructive wars of the Greeks, the Heruli, and the Lombards, they laid the foundations of a State, which, in the language of one of their own writers, " they meant should be free, safe, and eternal." Such was the origin of VENICE.

Thirteen hundred years have passed away since the period of its birth, and after arriving at a height of prosperity almost unparalleled, it hath at length fallen, and its place in the volume of history is now side by side with those of Babylon and Tyre, Athens and Rome. The causes which led to its elevation, and the succession of events which terminated in its overthrow, it will be the object of this essay to exhibit.

The state of Europe during the long period which intervened between the establishment of the Gothic kingdom in Italy, and the overthrow of Constantinople by the Turks, was eminently favorable to the formation and increase of a great maritime power. Rome, that had for so many ages been the mistress of arts and arms, had fallen from the throne of the nations ; the shops of her artisans were shut, and her palaces had become the habitation of the spoiler ; her harbors were deserted, her vessels sunken, and her merchants had abandoned their dwellings, or perished miserably on their thresholds. The vast extent of country over which she had held such despotic sway, was divided among her barbarous conquerors ; who, gradually assuming different habits, manners, and languages, according to their respective situations, laid the foundations of the modern European kingdoms. Too fierce and warlike, as well as too uncivilized, to turn their attention, at that early period, to the peaceful arts of commerce, they yet desired to partake of its benefits

and to enjoy its luxuries. The Eastern Empire, though so torn by internal discord, and distracted by foreign invasion, that it often seemed tottering on the very verge of dissolution, was entirely abandoned to the enjoyment of the voluptuous pleasures of the Orientals. Its merchants, indulging in the most profuse expenditure and the most costly luxury, had become so enervated as to be unwilling to encounter the perils and fatigues of commerce, and were in no condition to resist the encroachments of such as were ready to sustain the burden of traffic, in order to reap its profits. To re-open the shops of Rome, to repair her harbors, and to rebuild her vessels—to provide for the necessity or luxury of the Western European Kingdoms, to furnish them with the gold and gems, the silks and spices of the East and South—to colonize, with industrious traders, the cities of the Greek Empire, the profits of whose traffic should increase the revenues of the parent State—to supply the civilized world with manufactures—and to seize upon and enjoy the rich reward which such occupations would afford. These were the avenues to wealth and power, which lay open to the enterprise of any State, whose rulers should possess sufficient judgment to perceive them. At this juncture Venice sprang into existence; and at once availing herself of all these advantages, she soon attracted the attention and jealousy of the surrounding kingdoms. Her persevering citizens opened their shops and displayed their wares in the capital of the East, in Egypt, Spain, France, Germany, and England; and, unwilling to stop thus, they boldly set out for the golden regions of Cathay and the realms of Prester John. Careless of hunger and thirst, of cold and heat, they established commercial posts on the shores of the Baltic and in the oases of Sahara, on the margin of the Thames, and along the banks of the Burampooter. Not a city in Asia Minor or the Greek Empire, but contained within its walls some little collection of Venetian traders, who, governed by their own laws, and answerable to their own magistrates alone, continually increased the wealth and power of the rising republic.

The natural situation of Venice was extremely favorable to her as a commercial power. Placed at the head of the Adriatic, she was able to collect into her storehouses the productions of every country, "and, in her long range of maritime stations, from the Po to the eastern boundary of the Mediterranean, and the mouth of the Don, to gather and disperse the merchandise of the entire known world." Nor was this the only advantage which her insulated position afforded; not only did it offer every facility for commerce in time of peace, but in war it became her safeguard, and Venice alone could boast that for thirteen

hundred years her streets never felt the footsteps of a foreign invader. During the period of her rise to wealth and power, the greater portion of mankind were sunk in the most profound ignorance; America, with her thousand attractions for the needy adventurer, her gold, and silver, and gems, was as yet unvisited by civilized man. No navigator had been found bold enough to attempt the perilous voyage which Vasco de Gama afterward so successfully accomplished. So that while Europe received her precious metals and her articles of luxury from the Indies, no place could so naturally become the centre of her vast trade as Venice. But we must seek for the chief causes of the long-continued prosperity of Venice in the form of her government. During the earlier period of her existence, when the remembrance of their ancient equality of rank and property, as well as of affliction and suffering, was still fresh in the minds of men, her magistrates were elected by the general assembly of the people, and her institutions might safely have been called democratic. But as wealth and population increased, party spirit, the inseparable companion of freedom, began to prevail, and in a general assembly convoked for the redress of grievances, "it was determined to confide to a single hand, that power which had hitherto been partitioned among several tribunes." It appears that the new ruler, under the title of Doge, possessed all the powers of the most despotic monarch, and as the people were not yet prepared for the abject state into which they afterward fell, and as the magistrate was bent upon exercising his full prerogative, the natural consequences ensued:—the people rose in a mass—the Doge was slain—and for several years the State experienced all the horrors of anarchy and civil discord. At length, however, the old form was renewed, the old title revived, an order of nobility, composed of the most eminent families in the republic, was instituted, which acted as a check upon the chief magistrate, and gradually encroaching upon his powers, finally reduced him to a mere cypher.

To explain all the cumbrous machinery of the early Venetian government, the senate, the council, and the Forty, would require too tedious a detail, and would add but little to the subject. There is one branch alone which demands our most particular attention, as through its agency the entire fabric of the republic was for so long a period sustained. We refer to the celebrated Council of Ten. Founded in a time of difficulty and danger, and intended originally for a mere temporary affair, it yet, in spite of opposition and insurrection, totally changed the legislation of the State, reduced the liberties of the people to a name, and became an object of terror to surrounding kingdoms. Every legislative, judicial, and executive function of government it

usurped, and all power of peace and war was unreservedly committed into its hands. Its proceedings, vigilantly guarded from the public eye, were never divulged till the moment of action, when too late to be arrested. In searching the annals of other nations, we can find no institution parallel to this. The *Hermidad*, or Holy Brotherhood of Castile, the strange compact which linked together the band of assassins under "the Old Man of the Mountain," or the mysterious society said to have existed in Germany, can bear with it no comparison. "The public eye never penetrated its mysteries; those accused before it were sometimes not heard, never confronted with the witnesses; the condemnation was secret as the inquiry; the punishment undivulged like both." Its ministers of justice were bravoes and assassins; its weapons the bowl and dagger. Its every action buried in the most profound secrecy, uncontrolled and unpunishable, its powers were not bounded by the Alps or the Adriatic, but reached as far as civilized man had traveled, and the Venetian fugitive, whether he hid himself among the Sierras of Spain, or fled to the banks of the Ganges, could never reckon himself safe from the strong arm of the Council of Ten. The advantages of such an institution, which could bring all the resources of the State to bear upon an object at once, and which exercised such despotic sway over every individual citizen, at a period when the most powerful monarchs of Europe were the slaves of their turbulent nobles, and always found it difficult to raise sufficient force for the slightest occasion, are too manifest to need farther amplification. A modern writer, in remarking upon this point, has said, "if existence alone were all that is demanded for the honor of a State and the happiness of its subjects, it might not be too much to affirm, that the long stability of Venice was mainly owing to the most remarkable, the most formidable, and the most execrable part of her government—the Council of Ten."

Under the influence of such advantages as those we have enumerated, the Venetian republic rose to a height of power and opulence, that has seldom been equaled or surpassed. At the time of the discovery of America, her commerce exceeded that of every nation upon the face of the earth; and her power had manfully sustained assaults before which the last remnant of the Roman empire had bowed, and which had filled the whole civilized world with terror. But it now becomes our duty to turn to a darker portion of her history. As the era of Columbus is marked as the period of her highest elevation, so it must be considered as the epoch with which commenced her downfall. A little before, the discoveries of the Portuguese had opened a new and better path to the Indies, which had

turned the channel of commerce from the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to the broad bosom of the Atlantic, thus stripping Venice at once of nearly half her revenue, while the decrease in value of the precious metals, on account of the importation of American gold and silver, deprived her of another vast portion.

The world, too, from that period, has daily increased in knowledge ; and as much of the power of Venice was founded upon the ignorance of the surrounding nations, ignorance of arts and manufactures, ignorance of the science of government, it was to be expected that it would crumble to pieces before the light which was now breaking in upon the world from every direction. It is always sad to grope among the mouldering ruins of empires, in search of causes for their decay ; to scan with inquiring eyes the mementos they have left behind them, of the pride, the greatness, the littleness of man ; but the task becomes doubly painful, when we know that the deserted halls through which we are wandering, were once illumined by the light of science, and adorned by the works of art ; that their vaulted roofs echoed to the voice of genius, and their marble pavements rung with the tread of valor. To unfold the origin of a State, to tell of its gradual rise to opulence and power, to relate minutely the thousand obstacles which stood in its path, and the manifold exertions which finally enabled it to triumph over them, is usually a long and difficult labor ; but the story of its downfall is quickly ended ; degeneracy, luxury, effeminacy, cowardice,—these make up the narration. It was from such causes that the empires of old fell ; beneath such influences, Spain hath sunk to her present degraded condition, and the finger of history points silently to their effects as visible on the walls of the marble palaces of Venice. The sad picture which Burke\* gives of it, but a few years before its overthrow, will amply account for its subsequent misfortunes. “So scandalously debauched a people as that of Venice, is to be met with nowhere else. High, low, men, women, clergy, and laity, are all alike. The ruling nobility are no less afraid of each other than they are of the people, and for that reason, politically enervate their own body by the same effeminate luxury, by which they corrupt their subjects. They are impoverished by every means which can be invented ; and they are kept in perpetual terror by the horrors of a state inquisition.” Other causes, the advancement of the European kingdoms in the arts, the discoveries of the Spanish and Portuguese navigators, doubtless operated injuriously upon her ; but

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\* Vindication of Natural Society, p. 22.

she might have escaped the degradation into which she has fallen, had she not been wanting to herself. To quote from the work of a modern traveler, "had the same virtues which fostered the infant commonwealth still flourished—had the courage which urged it so often to unequal contest with the mighty power of the Ottomans, continued to inspire its sons—had the spirit and the wisdom that directed its councils during the famous league of Cambrai, influenced its decisions in 1797, it might still have stood, and in defiance of the treachery and of the power of France, it might have preserved, if not all its territories, at least its honor and its independence."

But, she *has* fallen. Her story has become a tale that is told. "The Adriatic is widowed of her lord;" the Ocean hath lost a bright gem from his coronet, and another sadly instructive chapter hath been added to the volume of history. Fourteen centuries have passed away since "the fishermen of the Rialto first beheld the shores of the Lagune crowded with frightened fugitives, the fathers of future sovereigns." During that period science, hand in hand with art, has gone around the world and unfolded to astonished men the wondrous mysteries of nature. Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, have traversed the vault of heaven, and measured the pathway of the stars; while Bacon, Locke, Smith, Stewart, and Coleridge, have turned the mind of man inward upon itself, and made it familiar with the fearful attributes which there exist. Columbus hath brought to light a new world, from whose shores the darkness of barbarism is fast departing forever; and Milton, Shakspeare, and Tasso, have lived, have written, and have died. Yet all these circumstances affect us not so much as doth the reflection, that within those few hundred years a mighty empire hath arisen, hath flourished, and hath passed away; that the hands of its poets are now crumbling to dust, and the voices of its orators hushed in eternal silence; that the armies that went out in its defense have all vanished like a dream; that

"Its glory and its loveliness hath passed away from earth."

The modern traveler in Venice sees around him little besides the mementos of her former greatness; he hears that her gondoliers sing not now as merrily as of yore; he perceives that her population is fast diminishing; that the sea is encroaching upon her ancient limits; and that unless the wheel of fortune shall speedily turn back, the desolation of Venice will ere long equal that of the city of Babel. Yet as he looks upon her tall spires and her glittering domes, her marble palaces, hoary and crumbling with time, her statues and her pillars, the trophies of many a hard-earned victory, he is unable to realize that he is



gazing upon the city of the past; he can only remember that the home of Dandolo and Zeno, of Aldus and of Titian, is before him.

"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around him, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where VENICE sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

PHI.

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SONG OF TIME.

I come, I come, and my locks are white,  
And my form is bowed with age,  
But my arm is strong, my eye is bright,  
And war with the world I wage.  
I wield my scythe, and I bend my bow,  
As fierce and strong as ever;  
I turn my glass, and the quick sands flow,  
Flow on, flow on forever.

I come, I come, and I spread my wings  
O'er earth like a sable pall,  
The light departs from its proudest things,  
And dark is the fate of all.  
The sea is mine, where the wild waves go,  
Ceasing their motion never,  
Where lightnings flash, and the tempests blow,  
Blow on, blow on forever.

I come, I come like the rushing blast,  
Exhaling my tainted breath,  
The noblest hearts to the grave are cast—  
To the silent hall of death.  
The beautiful fade, like tears they weep,  
Or smiles they sport with ever,  
And silently lie them down to sleep,  
Sleep on, sleep on forever.

I come, I come with fresh-breaking day,  
At noon, with the noon-tide sun,  
At eve, when light is fading away,  
And the toils of life are done.

I come with the night's soft silver beams—  
 Its dew to the folded flowers,  
 I thrust my scythe, when the sleeper dreams,  
 Dreams on, of his golden hours.

I come, I come to the bright fireside,  
 The place of life's happiest years,  
 And bear from her home the blushing bride,  
 Or mingle her joy with tears.  
 I break the spell from the hoping heart,  
 Love's silken tie I sever,  
 From loving I bid the loved depart,  
 Depart, depart forever.

I tear the wreath from the minstrel's brow,  
 The strength from the warrior's arm ;  
 And I rob the seer, whose name but now  
 Was girt with a holy charm.  
 I tread with joy where the monarch sleeps,  
 Dismantle his banquet hall,  
 And train up the ivy-green that creeps,  
 Creeps over its crumbling wall.

I come—a merry old man am I,  
 I dance o'er the ruin I've made ;  
 I laugh to see how the swift years fly ;  
 And the sexton wields his spade.  
 For I grasp my scythe, and bend my bow,  
 As fierce and strong as ever.  
 But hours will come, when the quick sands flow—  
 No more, no more forever.

F—.

## A DREAM.

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 MYTHOUGHT I slept in Eden's fairy fields,  
 Where every floating breeze rich fragrance yields,  
 And while sweet sounds stole on my raptured ear,  
 A mild and heav'nly spirit hovered near ;  
 And on her airy pinions bending low,  
 Pressed her pure lips upon my sleeping brow.  
 Soft was the pressure of those dewy lips,  
 As when the humming-bird the flow'ret sips ;  
 And while it thrilled my soul with ecstasy,  
 I learned how sweet an angel's kiss could be.

## COLTON'S "TECUMSEH."\*

WE should have welcomed an attempt to produce a national poem, or, in the modest words of the author, "to add his mite to the literature of his country," as well as to "leave to future times a brief description of some of the magnificent scenery of the West," had a less finished work than Tecumseh been the result. The spirit of daring and patriotism, as well as love of an honest fame, which it manifests, would have prepossessed us in its favor, especially when taken in connection with the sterling talent, which we knew was concerned in the production of the book. There is something inspiring and chivalric, when youth, in the ardor of its feeling and the consciousness of its power, puts forth an effort of this nature. In the joyousness of its fancies, it pours forth the voice of song; if the melody of that voice be deep and clear, it gains the ear of contemporaries, and perchance its echoes are heard in after ages. If the author of Tecumseh, though "unknown to fame," has adventured a form of composition, requiring the highest powers of the mind, since in particular he avows his desire "to exhibit and record the vast efforts of the really great man, savage and untutored though he was, whose name is adopted as the title of the work," he may congratulate himself that his muse has, untired, pursued her course, in the elevated region which she sought. The attempt, certainly successful in the main, as we must think it to be, is the more gratifying to us, as apart from any other reason, we have had a special wish that our country might be honored by a well framed epopee. We will not aver, that the present performance fully answers our *beau ideal* of that which such a production should be. Perhaps the particular theme, involving so many of the peculiarities of the savage life, in their monotony and want of refinement, may not have been the most happily selected. The execution, possibly, may not show that perfect finish and maturity of powers, so essential to the highest interest of such a form of composition. Still, both in the choice of subject and the execution, we see much to admire, and can easily imagine that increased years and practice alone are needed, to fulfill the largest expectations of the author's poetic talent. The *Indian story character* of the book, was a matter of necessity, under the title which was adopted; yet as it interweaves with it an interesting portion of our own history, in the events of the last war with Great Bri-

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\* The following piece was received some time since, but too late for insertion in the last number.—*Ed. Mag.*

tain, it is relieved to a good degree of what might otherwise be an objection. "A national subject, great in its immediate and collateral relations," has seldom been attempted by our bards, and the most conspicuous effort of the kind, Barlow's *Columbiad*, in the fate which has befallen it, will not strongly incite the aspirants to poetic fame, to engage in a similar undertaking.

We are not, however, of the number who think that nothing of this sort, can be destined to succeed in our country, as being destitute of the proper materials of an extended poem, founded on our national history. It is true that something flattering to one's country, has been deemed essential to the interest of the epic. Must the failure in it here be attributed to the dearth of materials? Who can believe it? Doubtless, we have in common with other nations, those brilliant passages in our history which would well justify poetic embellishment. For instance, the events connected with the discovery and settlement of this continent,—the subsequent Indian warfare,—the expulsion of the aboriginal tribes from so large a portion of their territory,—the separation of the colonies from the power of Great Britain,—and the earlier emigrations to the great West, are stirring events, and all or each might fitly become the frame-work of a continuous narrative or descriptive poem. The matter, either in the general history of the continent, or in particular isolated facts, must be abundant for such a purpose, and there is not wanting in many a story of the past, that romance, which the muse seeks as the embellishment of her song. True, we have not a misty, hoary antiquity, that might add to the effect of poetic description in particular cases. We have not those crumbling monuments of early civilization and genius, of which the East can boast, and which are so fascinating in poetry; but we have every other element of poetic creation, and that perhaps in greater perfection than most other nations.

The poet before us has justified his attempt, in a fine stanza, by an allusion to the circumstances above noticed.

• "What though no tower its ruined form uprears,  
Nor blazoned heraldry, nor pictured hall,  
Awake 'the memories of a thousand years;'—  
Yet may we many a glorious scene recall,  
And deeds long cherished in the hearts of all  
Who hail thee mother: yet from mountain gray  
And forest green, primeval shadows fall  
O'er lake and plain. The journeying stars survey  
No lovelier land than thine, free-born Hesperia!"

We think Mr. Colton is correct. Our country is a noble one. In natural features and scenery, in the thrilling incidents of its

first settlement and subsequent progress, and in the noble-minded men who have adorned its annals, we need not fear a comparison with any other country, ancient or modern. It is ridiculous to suppose, that in the height of refinement and intellectual power, we may not recur to the scenes of our past history, short as it is, as themes for the Epic Muse. To speak of one portion of it, "The West thirty years since," presents those features of loneliness and grandeur, as also that collision of savage with civilized institutions, and those changes from rudeness to improvement, over which the fond poetic enthusiast revels, in untold luxury of feeling and fancy. The subject of the poet is not an inappropriate one. It brings into view an epoch in our history, and that of the Indian tribes, on which we are prepared to dwell as often as we recur to it, with deep interest. It may be thought that it is much too extended, covering too wide a surface, with corresponding prolixity of narrative and description. But this error, if it be such, we can readily pardon, in the interest which is sustained, and indeed deepened as we proceed in the work. The poem is one of that description, in which the charm of the story absorbs the attention; and the reader, as in the novel, has little inclination to dwell on the beauty of the style, the richness of the thought, or the felicity of the execution. He peruses it as a spirit-stirring narrative, desiring to come to the *denouement*, rather than as a poem amid the sweets of which he may revel, as he lingers over this and that spot of loveliness. This effect is greatly heightened in the present case, by the *love plot* which runs through the book, or more properly occupies the place of a broken episode, here and there appearing at long intervals, for both Moray and Mary seem to be more than once put out of existence. You wonder how or why they came to life again; yet you do not regret that such is the fact, in the breathless suspense which you feel in their fate. The picture of such an attachment is

"A spell of most mysterious power,"

as well as the reality contrasted with the savage features of the wilderness, and the terrific scenes of Indian warfare.

Of the story of the book, we cannot give a detailed sketch. The time is extended through nearly two years, including of course a large number of events. The scenes are vastly diversified, and laid at great distances apart; the "motions of time and action" thus corresponding with the length and breadth of the solitudes in which they appear. We shall properly be excused, therefore, from the attempt to group them together, and to present a *coup d'œil* of the performance. With respect also

to the grand plot and the machinery, as also the unities of time and place, how far these conform to the rules which govern the species of poetry to which the work seems to belong, we stay not to inquire. There can be but little amiss there, when the power of the narrative is so intensely felt, as we believe it must be, by every susceptible reader. Of Tecumseh himself, little, comparatively, is said. Hardly, perhaps, can he be pronounced, so far as interest is awakened in him, to be the hero of the poem. We care far more for the "pale faces" that figure in it, than for the mighty warrior himself. This, though possibly evince the judgment of the poet. In the mind of a savage, however natively great, there must be a limitation of resources and of excellence, as compared with the best specimens of civilized life. And in the course of his existence, however interesting for one of his class, there must be a dearth of incident, of points of contact with the reader's sensibility, such as is not found in the refined European subject. The want which may be felt in the delineation of the character and actions of Tecumseh, is however supplied, as far as it can be, by the variety of the specimens of savage life, represented in the poem. The different mental and bodily conformations are nicely conceived and graphically sketched. The various passions and dispositions, attitudes and motions of the savage, have evidently been well studied, and the strokes of the poet's pencil are often picturesque and powerful in the extreme. We are pleased with this arrangement, save the hard and unpronounceable names, which it has rendered necessary to introduce rather *numerously* into the poem, though without any great addition to its *numbers*! This, together with the uncertain or conjectural accent in some cases, gives us the sense of a jar, where we want the sweet chime of poetry. It makes us wish that some of these Indian words were exchanged for old Homer's, where the Greek melody lulls the ear, even in the driest of its proper names. We would not be understood, in these remarks, to make battle with the poetic character of all Indian names, either individual or appellative. Some are eminently sonorous and beautiful. We are well compensated for rough lines like the following,

"Siones of fierce forbidding gaze,  
Saucs, Foxes, restless I-o-ways,  
O-toes and roving O-ma-has,  
And Weas and wild Peonas,"

by

"Wa-kon-dah's awful place of rest ;"

as also,

"O-wa-o-la, the gentle guide,"

or,

"Os-cc-o-la's liquid name."

As a poetic creation, we think well of the performance on the whole. There is a fine and rich vein running through it. It shows vigor and fertility of powers, and no inconsiderable originality of invention. It is a felicity of the poet, that he carries his readers along with him, and suffers their attention rarely to flag. The sprightliness of the measure, the gay fancies, the strong touches, and the stirring incidents by which it is marked throughout, contribute to this effect. We could refer to innumerable passages, which would exemplify the truth of our assertions, but we have space for a very few only.

The book abounds in the description of the most wild and enchanting scenery. The poet generally does full justice to it. It is often both grand and graceful.

"A few years gone, the western star  
On his lone evening watch surveyed  
Through all his silent reign afar,  
But one interminable shade,  
From precipice and mountain brown,  
And tangled forest darkling thrown ;  
Save where the blue lakes, inland seas  
Kissed lightly by the creeping breeze ;  
His beams, beyond unnumbered isles,  
Glanced quivering o'er their dimpling smiles ;  
Or where, no tree or summit seen  
Unbrokenly a sea of green,  
That wild, low shores eternal laved,  
The Prairies billowy verdure waved.  
Nor ever might a sound be heard,  
Save warbling of the wild wood bird,  
Or some lone streamlet's sullen dash  
In the deep forest, or the crash  
Of ruined rock, chance-hurled from high,  
Or swarthy Indian's battle-cry,  
Whooped for revenge or victory."

We cannot quote farther on this topic, but would refer, among many others, to the ninth stanza, where the stars are called

"Mute sentinels of eternity,"

with other striking beauties of expression ; as also to the thirtieth stanza of the second canto, which gives a description of a prairie on fire.

The poet has sketched the several characters of his piece, with a delightful raciness and distinctness. His conception of their individual dispositions and parts, is, in general, highly appropriate and discriminating. The bravery, frankness, self-possession, and cool determination of Tecumseh; the fierceness, treachery, and cunning of his brother, the prophet; as also the nobleness of soul and delicate bearing of Moray, contrasted with the baseness, and the intriguing, revengeful spirit of D'Vere, are finely embodied in the poet's strains, and appear always in consistent keeping. Mary's character, adventures, and escapes, are also sketched in elegant and lively strokes, and every heart is at once deeply interested in her fate. The gentleness and grace of the female character, are, in her, happily combined with that firmness and patience, which result from intimate acquaintance with scenes of danger and suffering.

The passage which follows, is finely wrought, as depicting the maiden's distress on one occasion.

"In dark array they sat around,  
Nor uttered syllable nor sound,  
Unmoved as images of stone,  
Or bodies whence the life hath flown;  
From whose cold features, carved and stern,  
No thought might searching gazer learn,  
As speechless sank the maiden there,  
In listless pain and mere despair.  
She did not weep, she did not sigh,  
But sat with fixed and stony eye,  
And moveless limbs, and lips apart,  
And bosom hushed, and pulseless heart,  
And forehead in her pale hand leant,  
As she were wrought, the monument  
Of all unuttered grief below—  
Th' ideal of immortal woe!"

We meet with the occasional portraiture of characters which are stamped with the fidelity of history; as, for instance, that of Harrison, in the invocation to Canto V. The lines beginning,

"Nor less to him, the unsullied chief,"

are happy, and the eulogium of the hero, no less just than beautiful.

Mr. Colton's versification is in general easy and sprightly, combining grace with strength. His style appears to great advantage, in the fine painting of scenes like the following:—



"Bright Goddess of the Southern clime,  
 Bedewer of the wings of Time,  
 Wandering the eternal spheres among,  
 Forever fair, forever young,  
 And still, from world to world, renewing  
 What Time and Death are still undoing—  
 O Spring, Earth's visitant from Heaven,  
 What countless gifts by thee are given !  
     Thou visitest the gloomy North,  
 With thy soft train of whispering Hours,  
     And all the stars come brighter forth  
 To gaze upon the opening flowers ;  
 Thou speakest with thy gentle voice,  
 And birds in green wood bowers rejoice ;  
 Thou smilest—lo ! the mountains blue  
 Deep dreams of ancient years renew,  
 And brooks and fountains, singing free,  
 Haste to embrace the calling sea. .  
 But most, when worn with woe and pain,  
 Or age, or sickness lingering reign,  
 Unto the human mind and heart  
 An angel visitant thou art.  
 The faded eye grows bright to thee,  
 The low pulse beats less languidly ;  
 The pale cheek wins a fresher hue,  
 Exhausted thought revives anew—  
 Even palsied age thy presence greets,  
 And from the grave one step retreats."

The soft beauty of our language, its witchery of sound and suggestive character, as employed by the poet, strikes us with much force, in the above and similar descriptions.

But we especially admire the abundance and appropriateness of our author's Saxon English. Nothing can be more expressive, particularly in the painting of war scenes. It possesses a wedge-like strength, and rather paints than describes the thought. Whether Mr. C. has an unusual felicity in its use, having taken special pains with his style in this respect, or whether every one who successfully depicts the struggles of a fight, the rage of the passions, or the intenseness of pain, naturally falls into it, from the structure of our mother tongue, and the vast number of its terms descriptive of these topics, we will not say. It is sufficient to remark, that we may be proud of a master whose hand can weave such a spell, or of a language which can convey such burning thoughts as the following stanza exhibits :—

"Again, as if they could not feel  
 They flung upon the bristling steel

Their naked breasts—in heaps again  
 Were laid to slumber with the slain;  
 Yet dragged down to their bloody rest,  
 And throttled in their agony,  
 And, stiffening, strained to each stark breast  
 Their victors, doomed with them to die.  
 Darkness with fearful sounds was rife,  
 The axe, the battle-club, and knife,  
 With bayonet and sword in strife,  
 Struggled for life or death:  
 Upon the ashes, drenched and shrunk,  
 Sank many a gashed and heaving trunk;  
 The keen steel's shuddering sheath,  
 And broken skull and scattered brain  
 Were mingled in the curdling rain,  
 That reddened earth."—*Canto IV. Stanza 23.*

The invocations to the several Cantos are mostly exquisitely beautiful. That to the sixth is particularly delightful, on account of its classical allusions.

"Daughter of heaven, that in immortal dreams," &c.

Near the commencement of our remarks, we founded a slight or accidental objection to the theme on the nature of the Indian life, as rude and monotonous. With this abatement, we could do justice to the author in stating, that so far as the aborigines of the country are concerned, there is, nevertheless, something touching and enkindling in the topic he has chosen, from the circumstance that it calls up those melancholy feelings with which we regard a noble, fading, trampled-on race, driven farther and farther from their early homes towards the setting sun. The vague, pensive emotions inspired by the detail of the fortunes of such a race, have much in them of the elements of poetry. Tecumseh pours them forth in the true spirit of a deep, strong, and brave soul. We know not that the early inhabitants of Italy, Greece, or "old Chaldea," were in themselves more justly objects of interest, in this view, than these untutored men of America. If our admiration, or curiosity, or sympathies are enlisted in the fortunes of those ancient races, they may be as truly in the condition present and past of the red men—their wars, misfortunes, losses, wrongs, mysterious origin, wild abodes, their spirits as wild, their strong characters, what they have been once or were preceded by,—the mound-makers of the West. Aye, and the streams which bore their barks—how poorly does all that is great of this kind in the old world, compare with them—as our bard sings:

———"Lonely streams,  
 More mighty than of old the themes  
 Of mightiest bards—Euphrates held  
 Most ancient of the floods of Eld.  
 By primal Eden—Nilus hoar  
 Far honored with his mystic lore—  
 Hydaspes of the fabled shore—  
 Indus that bound the conquering bands,  
 Or Ganges of the golden sands."

The subject, taken in connection with the pilgrims who first came to these shores from the old world, is certainly worthy of the hand of a master—the novelty of the scene enacted, the peculiarities of the Indian character, the terror inspired by their name, their indiscriminate revenge, their freakish tortures of captives, their wilderness home, their singular employments and pastimes, their rude structures. On the other hand, we may bring into view the indomitable spirit of the early European settlers, their stern religious principles, their lofty purposes and patriotism, the dangers and hardships of their condition, their unprotected homes, their wives and children undergoing death from the scalping-knife, or captivity worse than death, the heroism which they displayed in their combats with the enemy, the martyr-like feeling with which they consecrated themselves to the good of their posterity. Allow that they sometimes committed wrong. But was there ever before such a situation of fearful exposure and trial? Was there ever such a foe to meet since the world began? The fables of antiquity, the poetic imaginations of monsters and giants warring against the gods, the hundred-handed Briareus himself, could hardly present a parallel to the collision of the Indian and the European under these circumstances. We trust that the theme will be pursued in other productions by our bards, at least by the author of *Tecumseh*, since from the specimen he has already given, none of his countrymen, we believe, could do it better justice.

## THE NOBLE—WHO ARE THEY?

Nor they alone, who dwell in lofty hall,  
 And tread with regal port the mazy dance ;  
 While gaudy lamps light up the carnival—  
 While Midnight wings his way with swift advance,  
 And Beauty's beaming smile and love-lit glance  
 Thrill through the soul with their bewildering power,  
 Radiant with love that needs no utterance—  
 Not they alone have gained Heaven's choicest dower,  
 Paying an untold price for one brief, rapturous hour.

The rustic boy who stares with wonder high,  
 To view the glitter of the crowded mart,  
 Though mean his garb, and shrinks his timid eye,  
 Yet may he have a pure and noble heart ;  
 While wealth's proud minions standing far apart—  
 Their dainty limbs in fashion's trickery clad,  
 Calm their uneasy souls with outward art.  
 Ah ! cumb'rous mirth ! dissimulation sad !  
 Ye cannot quench the fires that prey upon the bad !

Oh ! evermore, upon the brow of heaven,  
 The stars shine forth with their immortal ray !  
 But not to us their holy light is given,  
 Till sable eve assumes her solemn sway,  
 Chasing from earth the garish glare of day.  
 So virtue lives undying, though unknown,  
 Till the false pomp of life shall pass away—  
 Its bashful worth—its deeds of goodness done,  
 Shall meet with honor high before the eternal throne.

N. R. N.

## ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRITTANY.

THE sun never rose in unclouded splendor, on a more beautiful scene, than that which greeted his appearance on a midsummer's morning, of the year 1203, where our tale commences. His earliest rays were just beginning to gild the turrets of the strong castle of Mirebeau, in Poictou, and reveal the beauty of the natural scenery, by which it was surrounded ; and no one who upon that morning gazed upon the glorious scene, deemed it connected with one of the foulest crimes recorded on the page of history. Situated on a gentle eminence, amid a vast extent

of forest, above which its lofty pinnacles towered in gloomy majesty, like some tall giant, it seemed the guardian of the place. Around it, on every side, for the distance of half a mile, the wood had been cleared, for preventing the sudden approach of foes, under cover of the trees, and for giving space for those favorite jousts in arms, which distinguished that chivalrous age. The castle itself was one of those vast piles, deemed almost impregnable, which, during the feudal ages, were so numerous throughout Europe, and became the receptacles of crime and licentiousness. Its projecting battlements, frowning at the distance of an hundred feet from the ground, its closed portcullis, doubly secured postern and draw-bridge, drawn closely up, which was the only means of crossing the wide, deep moat, that encompassed the whole building, plainly indicated, that the fortress was one of the strongest of its kind; and also, that it was in a state of siege. The broad folds of a snow-white banner, emblazoned with the arms of England, floated from the loftiest tower, while from a smaller eminence streamed the knight's pennon of William, Earl of Salisbury, one of the bravest of England's warlike peers, and so much celebrated in the history of those troublous times. The rays of the ascending sun flashed brightly from the steel weapons and corslets of the men-at-arms on the towers, and ever and anon, the gallant knight himself could be distinguished by his towering form and polished helmet, giving his directions, and casting keen and anxious glances over the battlements, towards the plain in front of the castle, as if in expectation of, and eager for an attack.

The scene upon which the earl cast his eyes, was, indeed, such an one as a tried soldier of that warlike age loved to behold. At the extremity of the cleared space, and just in the skirting of the wood, were pitched some fifty or sixty tents, some of which were in advance of the others, and before each of the latter was planted the banner of the knight who occupied it. That occupying the centre being of larger dimensions and more richly ornamented than the others, evidently belonged to the chief of the small party now beleaguering the strong castle of Mirebeau. It required but a glance to show who it was that thus dared to raise the standard of revolt, and lay siege to a place within which was the mother and the brother of the King of England. For the gay banner in front of the centre tent, quartered with the arms of England, Normandy, Poictou, and Brittany, declared that Arthur Plantagenet, with a spirit worthy of his chivalrous sires, had donned the armor of a knight, even in his boyhood, and was now in the field, eager to contest with his usurping uncle the right to the crown of England.

The justice of his cause—his youth and brilliant qualities,

both of body and mind, so favorable, when contrasted with the mean and infamous characteristics of his uncle John, had drawn around his standard many of the chivalrous spirits in which the age abounded. Eager to adventure forth their prowess against the usurper's force of English and Normans, not only had the military chieftains of the disputed provinces come forward *en masse* to his aid, but the flower of the chivalry of France, with their sovereign, Philip Augustus, the great rival in glory of Richard Cœur de Lion, had also, with their natural enthusiasm, espoused the cause of the youthful duke. With a gallant and numerous army, the King of France and Duke of Brittany had invaded Normandy, and carrying every thing before them, soon bid fair to overrun the whole of that large province; while John, with an army equal in numbers if not in force, was wasting his time in inaction and debauchery in Rouën. The allied armies had laid siege to Arques, in Normandy, which was prosecuted with great spirit and vigor, when, hearing that his grandmother, Queen Eleanor, was in the castle of Mirebeau, Arthur determined to possess himself of her person, and, if possible, induce her to support his cause. In pursuance of this design, he selected a few of his most devoted friends, with their vassals, and advanced upon the castle upon the afternoon previous to the commencement of our tale.

It was said that William of Salisbury looked anxiously from the battlements of Mirebeau, in the direction of the hostile band; and well he might, for at that instant all were in activity there, preparing for the assault. A blast of the trumpets had already given the signal for preparation—the flashing of helmets and corslets—the waving of pennons and plumes were already seen, the men-at-arms and Brabançois had ranged themselves in their columns, and the knights, with their mounted followers, each with hand upon the saddle bow, stood beside their pawing war horses, waiting for the signal to mount. Instantly a second blast of the trumpet, and every saddle excepting three was filled; the latter belonged to the prince and his noble friends, the Count de la Marche and Geoffrey of Lusignan, who were at that moment in the tent of the former, consulting upon the plan of attack. In a space of time, less, perhaps, than has been occupied in the narration of the foregoing particulars, they issued forth and stood beside their gallant steeds.

“My Lords of Marche and Lusignan,” exclaimed Arthur, as he vaulted at a single bound, and without the use of his stirrup, into his saddle, “what think ye? will our noble kinsman of Salisbury be able to withstand the assault of so noble a company as ours? or will he throw himself upon our knightly faith and courtesy? Methinks ’twere madness in him, with his small

band of men-at-arms, to oppose so many gallant knights with their followers."

"Not so, beau sire," answered he of Lusignan; "I know William Longsword well, a stalwart knight and worthy brother of Cœur de Lion; he would sooner lay lance in rest against a thousand knights, than yield a field without a blow. In yon castle he deems himself so well defended by his walls, he would still hope to defend himself against a force triple our numbers, for, in truth, it is a strong defense."

"William of Salisbury must be a strong knight, indeed," said de la Marche, "if, with a hundred men-at-arms, he can keep yon castle against the attack of this good company. But why wait we here, my lords, when we should be hacking at the shields and helmets of these island mastiffs, and slaves of a perjured master?"

"Well said, my noble friend," replied the prince, "not a moment is to be lost; for should my usurping uncle gain tidings of his mother's danger, no doubt but he would leave his wine cups and the light virtued damsels of Rouën, and charge upon us with his whole force. If report speaks truth, he likes not to venture forth his goodly figure, except it be with some thousands to defend it. But enough of this; to you, my Lord de la Marche, I enjoin the duty of providing beams of wood, with which to cross the moat. Meanwhile, with you, de Thours and Lusignan, we'll e'en take a glance at yon castle gate and battlements, within which, if these good knights but do their devoir, we hope to dine to-day with our noble kinsman of Salisbury and the Queen Eleanor, as guests."

Thus speaking, and plunging the rowels into his charger, he sped away towards the castle, followed by the two knights. Dashing onward, even the Earl of Salisbury's heart swelled with pride, at beholding the gallant bearing of his nephew. For he was, indeed, as noble a youth as ever laid lance in rest, in defense of the peerless beauty of his lady love. Clad in the rich armor presented to him by Philip of France, when he first took upon him the vows of knighthood, and mounted upon a superb war horse, that seemed conscious of his noble burden, and disdained to tread the ground over which he appeared to fly, he recklessly pressed onward, nor checked his headlong speed till he arrived at the moat, and within arrow shot of the archers on the walls. Being rejoined by his lords, and after surveying the fortress upon every side, to mark its weakest points of defense, it was resolved, that while a small detachment made a feint upon a small tower abutting the northern side, the principal assault should be made on the gate and barbican.

"And now, my lords," said Arthur, with his visor up and his

handsome countenance flushed with joy and hope, "we will hasten back to our gallant band, which I see is impatient for the fray, and trust with their good service, to do a deed to-day that shall carry terror to the heart of the tyrant." Scarcely had he spoken, when a shaft from the cross-bow of one of the archers on the wall, struck fair upon the bars of his visor, and within an inch of his exposed eye.

"Well aimed, I' faith," he exclaimed, reigning in his horse, which had curveted at the sound; "we deemed not that we were within reach of the cloth yard shafts of England's archery. We'll cut their bowstrings ere long, and use their vaunted arrows to drive them from the battlements. But first, my lords, that our good uncle may not charge us with lack of courtesy, we will summon him by herald, to yield himself and followers to his rightful sovereign."

With a high heart and eager expectation he spurred back to his little army, and seeing them in full array and anxiously awaiting the signal to advance, his heart swelled high with pride and confidence in view of his anticipated triumph, and in imagination his views were only bounded by the throne of England and the entire sovereignty over its powerful lords. Victory had hitherto perched upon his banner in every contest, and never, as yet, had defeat taught him to moderate the exuberant feelings of youth. The hope of distinguishing himself in the approaching conflict, and the firm assurance of victory, animated every word and action, until the feeling became contagious.

"Methinks," exclaimed the youthful Duke D'Eu, the early friend and companion of Arthur, "methinks could we but batter down yon gate, 'twould need but the couching of a lance, or the swing of a battle-axe, to bring those burly English to our feet; and then, my liege, for Rouën. I fain would see what cheer John of Anjou keeps for uninvited guests. 'Tis said he's somewhat churlish to his friends, and would rather attack an army of demoiselles, than meet one noble knight in armor. He's no Plantagenet, my lord, he's traitor to the blood."

"Be that as it may, my young knight," said the veteran de Thours, gravely, "thou'lt find one Plantagenet to-day to deal with, whose arm is none the lightest, and should'st thou cross thy sword with his, he'll make thine iron harness ring till thy very bones ache."

"Say'st thou so, my Lord de Thours?" returned the duke; "I deemed thee all too valiant to be frightened at the name of Longsword; and if good fortune give me to meet this dreaded knight to-day, thou'lt find the chivalry of France will suffer nought from one of its youngest knights."

"And now, fair gentlemen and friends," exclaimed the prince,



observing de Thours about to make an angry reply, "all your prince demands is, to follow where he leads. Think of your lady loves to-day, and strike for Philip and for Arthur." Waving his sword, the trumpets sounded, and the whole army of a thousand steel-clad men were in motion towards the castle. The knights and mounted men-at-arms occupied the centre of the array, while strong bodies of Brabançois were stationed on the wings. A hundred men or more followed, bearing huge beams of wood. Reaching the edge of the moat, Arthur, waving his hand, commanded a halt and silence.

"Step forth, William de Wyville, and do thy duty as herald and king-at-arms. Bid William, Earl of Salisbury, deliver up the fortress of Mirebeau to Arthur Plantagenet, the rightful heir to the throne of England, trusting to his knightly faith and pledge for pardon and forgiveness." The herald advanced a few paces in front, and in the usual formula demanded the surrender of the castle.

"Tell Arthur Plantagenet," said the earl, springing upon the battlements, "it grieves us sadly to see my brother's son in arms against his uncle; and we would counsel him to break off from his alliance with the treacherous King of France, and return to his allegiance, promising, upon our knighthood, free pardon and the duchy of Brittany for his rule; and as we do not allow his claim to England's throne, we shall defend this castle to the best of our poor abilities, and no foe shall enter but through our blood." Dropping from the tower, a shower of arrows was discharged from the walls, and at a given signal, warmly returned by the archers stationed upon each wing of the prince's force.

"Artus Anjou! Artus Anjou!" was immediately shouted by his followers, and those bearing the wooden beams, rushing forward, cast them into the moat. This was a work of no small difficulty and peril, but Arthur, leaping from his horse, was the first to venture upon them; and his archers, now plying their weapons so rapidly and skillfully, soon cleared the battlements of the men-at-arms; and, saving now and then a single shaft, launched forth with uncertain aim from behind a turret, they received no more annoyance from the walls. The knights and men-at-arms, following the example of their chief, applied themselves so zealously to the work, that a slight raft was soon constructed, and a chosen number of strong men were enabled to cross and attempt the sundering the fastenings of the draw-bridge. The earl, anticipating this movement, had withdrawn his men from the walls, and as soon as Arthur's band commenced their operations on the bridge, the gates were thrown open, and with a

strong body of men-at-arms, he charged upon them from the barbican.

But he was disappointed in his object ; for Arthur, perceiving the manœuvre, and calling a few of those around him to follow, sprang across the raft, and before the earl could reach those who had commenced breaking up the fastenings of the bridge, threw himself, with his followers, directly across his way. Foot to foot and hand to hand, was the contest. "St. George for England ! Artus Anjou !" were shouted on either side, intermitted and almost drowned at times by the clashing of swords, the clanging of armor, and the heavy strokes upon the chains of the bridge. Nothing daunted by the gigantic size and ponderous weapons of Salisbury, Arthur instantly attacked him, and animating his followers by word and action, the English were forced back to the barbican.

The contest between the prince and his uncle was sharp and warm, for what the former lacked in strength and weight, was amply compensated by the rapidity with which he showered his blows, added to great skill in the use of his weapons.

"Have a care, Arthur, have a care," cried the earl ; "St. George ! but thou strik'st shrewdly. I would not spill the blood of my brother's son ; but an' thou pressest so hardly, I must strike thine helmet. By'r lady ! thy sword rings upon my crest like an anvil. Look to thyself, nephew, look to thyself."

"Ha ! St. Michel ! but thy sword is none the lightest," exclaimed Arthur, endeavoring to ward a blow, that brought him to his knee ; "an' thou givest many such, the day's thine own. This for England—this for Mary—this for justice ; and pressing furiously upon the earl, who had acted almost entirely on the defensive, as if unwilling to injure his kinsman, and in admiration of his youthful prowess, he rained upon him a succession of blows so rapidly and so vigorously as to force him to retire. Quickly recovering himself, and stung to madness by the disgrace, with one sweep of his ponderous sword, the earl cleared a space around him, and giving to the downward blow his whole force, clove the sword of Arthur, which was raised to ward it, and driving on sheer through his triple shield, descended with giant force upon his helmet, and brought the prince prostrate at his feet.

"Yield thee, Arthur, yield thee, rescue or no rescue," exclaimed the earl, "or by the bones of Becket, nephew though thou be, thou'lt rise no more."

"Never, never, ungenerous kinsman," returned Arthur ; "sooner die than yield me to any of England's rebel barons. What ho ! St. Michel ! to the rescue."

An instant, and the sword of Salisbury would have drank his

life's blood, but at the moment, the huge bridge, the fastenings of which had been severed by repeated strokes, came down with a thundering crash, and the knights of Arthur's band, with their followers, charged like an avalanche across it, nor stayed their impetuous course till they had forced Salisbury within the castle gates, and to the farthest extremity of the court-yard, where friend and foe were mingled in one confused and discordant din.

Surrounded and beaten down on every side, the English were either mostly slain or had yielded themselves prisoners. The Earl of Salisbury, and a few other spirits as indomitable as his own, still maintained the unequal contest. Hemmed in on every side by hundreds of foemen, he continued to wield his ponderous sword, which cut down a foe at every sweep. Already had William de Wyville and several of his followers fallen, yet others continued to press on; the arm of the earl was waxing weaker and his strokes less frequent and less strong, when Arthur, urging his horse through the press around the gallant knight, struck up the spears leveled at his breast, and sternly bade his friends fall back.

"Enough," exclaimed he, "hast thou done to-day, good uncle, for knighthood and for glory. 'Twere madness for thee to fight on, for the castle is ours. Yield thee, then, good knight, rescue or no rescue, and we will pledge our knightly faith and courtesy for thy safety and ransom."

"Thou sayest too true, and I yield me then, my gallant kinsman," returned the earl; "for in good sooth, had'st thou not come as thou did'st, thou would'st have had one the less uncle to contend against. Though thou may'st thank thy lucky stars and my good will, that this stout sword did not its office on thee, before the barbican."

"Gramercy for thy good will, lord earl," replied the prince; "and now for our fair grandmother, good Henry's widowed queen. How fares she now, my lord? I would fain pay my devours to her majesty, and crave forgiveness for thus coming unannounced.—St. Denis! what tumult's this, and whose trumpets are these, braying so loudly without the walls? What now, my Lord D'Eu?" he quickly asked, as his friend rode into the court yard, with headlong speed.

"Fly! fly! my liege," exclaimed the latter, when he espied the prince; "thy traitorous uncle is upon thee with his whole army. Already is the castle surrounded, and the whole plain covered by his knights and men-at-arms. There is nought left to us but to try our good steeds and strong lances."

"Ha! say'st thou so?" replied Arthur; "thanks, thanks, my gallant friend, for here to-day shall England's crown be won, or Arthur Plantagenet is no more. Sound trumpets for the charge,

and now, gallants, for honor and for glory." Thus speaking, he dashed the spurs into his charger, and accompanied by his knights and their vassals, passed quickly without the gates, and reached the barbican at the very instant the flower of John's chivalry, headed by the Earls of Pembroke and de Warrenne, had entered upon the bridge.

Here he saw the utter hopelessness of his cause, for as far as his eye could reach on every side, he saw nothing but the steel-clad forms, the waving banners, and the glittering spears of his countless foes. Nothing daunted, he waved his hand—his trumpets sounded a charge, and like an arrow from the bow, his little company of knights and men-at-arms, with lances in rest, and heads bent down to the saddle bow, was thundering across the bridge. Their foes, completely surprised by the suddenness of the charge, were borne back to a distance sufficient to allow the prince's little band to rally around him. The Earl de Warrenne was hurled from his saddle by the lance of Sir William de la Marche, and Pembroke found himself hard pressed by Arthur and the Duke D'Eu. De Thours and Lusignan followed closely with their men-at-arms and Brabançons, who knew that their only chance of success was in the rapidity of their movements and the vigor of their charge.

The first advantage was, however, but momentary. Thousands of foemen came pouring in, and in an instant, Arthur and his little band were enclosed on every side by dense bodies of Norman and English men-at-arms—by bristling spears and flashing swords. Still they fought on, shouting loud their battle cries, and determined to yield not, as long as there remained ground to stand upon, or strength to direct a blow.

"St. Michel! for Arthur," exclaimed the prince, as he pressed upon the Earl of Pembroke. "Beware, lord earl, or thy rich English blood will moisten the soil of France." "Not so, D'Eu, not so," cried he, as that knight came to his assistance; "leave the traitor to me." But even as he spoke, the earl, rising in his stirrups to give full effect to his stroke, dealt him such a blow upon the helmet, that the lacings gave way, and the casque fell to the ground, leaving the head of Arthur uncovered and defenseless. Rising for another blow, the earl had ended the contest with the death of the prince, had not the Duke D'Eu, seeing the impending stroke, interposed his shield, but a feeble defense against Pembroke's descending sword—down it came, crashing through the shield as it were paper, and lighting on the duke's shoulder, between his gorget and helmet, severed the head from the body, both of which fell heavily to the earth.

"Artus Anjou! St. Michel for vengeance," shouted Arthur, stung to madness by the death of his friend. Hurling the hilt

of his broken sword at the helmet of Pembroke, and wresting a huge battle axe from the grasp of one of his foes, before the earl could recover from the blow, he was upon him, and striking so quickly and truly, he forced him from his horse. But his victory came too late. Already had de Thours, Lusignan, and D'Eu fallen, and all the other knights, men-at-arms, and Brabançois, were either slain or taken prisoners. Arthur and de la Marche alone were left to combat with the thousands that surrounded them. Their armor hacked into a thousand pieces, their shields dented and broken, their horses covered with foam and bleeding at every joint, it was sheer madness to continue the contest; but boldly shouting their battle cries, and striking Arthur with his battle axe, and de la Marche with his sword, at every blow making the number of their foes one the less, they still fought on.

"Back! back! ye villains," cried Sir Thomas Multon, pressing forward; "yield thee, Duke of Brittany, yield thee, rescue or no rescue, to thine uncle Richard's ancient friend; and he who strikes thee, then, strikes Thomas Multon."

"St. George, for England and for Arthur!" faintly shouted the prince, now reeling in his saddle, and becoming weaker and weaker from loss of blood, either unhearing or unheeding the shouts of the stalwart knight. "Ha! that for thee," striking down a Norman man-at-arms, who had grasped the bridle of his horse. It was his last blow; for the noble animal, wounded in a hundred places and dying, could no longer sustain his gallant rider—falling, he rolled upon the prince and pinioned him to the ground. Instantly a hundred weapons were directed towards his body, but de la Marche, springing to the ground, and swinging around his sword with renewed energy, beat back the foe, and was assisting the prince to rise, when a dastard blow from behind shattered his already broken helmet, and stretched him a lifeless corpse across the body of his heroic master. The contest was at an end, and Arthur Plantagenet, the youthful and the brave, bruised and wounded, was a prisoner in the hands of his cruel and treacherous uncle, John of England.

W.

## LOVERS' VOWS.

COME, fill the flowing bowl to-night,  
And wreath it round with orange flowers,  
And leaves that droop not 'neath the blight  
That sometimes sweeps love's sunniest bowers;  
And you whose hearts young loves beguile,  
Bring smiles to grace our gay carouse,  
And join in merry laughter, while  
I drain the bowl to lovers' vows.

I drink to the bright, sparkling eyes  
That seem in floods of joy to move,  
Not to despairing, fruitless sighs,  
Nor broken hearts, nor hopeless love;  
But to the rich and careless curls,  
That, waving, play on youthful brows,  
I drink to lips enclosing pearls,  
I drain the bowl to lovers' vows.

Let happiness toast joy alone,  
And courage too pledge high the brave,  
Drink we to hearts that, like our own,  
Fear not despair's dark grave,  
The emblem of eternal night.  
Comrades! the pledge that joy allows,  
We'll drink at least once more to-night.  
Come! drain the bowl to lovers' vows.

S

## TENDENCY OF GENIUS TO MELANCHOLY.

WE belong not to that class of persons who believe in the equal distribution of mind. Some are endowed by their Creator with mighty intellects, which mould every thing cast in them into forms of symmetry and beauty. The doctrine that all men are thus gifted, we think cannot be maintained.

Another class seem to have been designed by nature for some one vocation. Minds were given them of a peculiar, but of a high order. There was a province in which they were fitted to excel, and into that field the finger of Providence appears to have directed them. From the first dawns of the mind, from the first development of the faculties, they gave indication of the niche they were destined to fill. We thus arrive at our idea of Genius. It is not the brilliant flashings of inspiration. Nor do

we, as some, conceive it to be the dazzling scintillations of an extraordinary intellect, surcharged as it were and shot off involuntarily—a gift imparted by Nature in full vigor, and of which the possessor is almost unconscious. But Genius is that natural endowment which is the basis of excellence; and which, when cultivated, gains for a man distinction. Now it is frequently remarked, that minds of such a high order are tinctured with melancholy. Such intellects are thought to be like delicate instruments. When all the parts are accurately adjusted, they hold the world entranced with admiration. But so minute and sensitive are their chords, that rude hands derange them.

Is it true that Melancholy is an essential element of Genius? This trait is often confounded with a love of solitude, which the man of gifted mind tells us is a ruling passion in his soul. Sidney is said to have exclaimed, "Eagles fly alone, and they are but sheep, which always herd together." And Tasso thus depicts his love of retirement:

"From my very birth,  
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade  
And mingle with what'er I saw on earth;  
Of objects all inanimate I made  
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers  
And rocks whereby they grew, a paradise,  
Where I did lay me down within the shade  
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,  
Though I was chid for wandering."

Again, Beattie tells us, that

"Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled,  
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray  
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped."

Milton of immortal fame, says:

"When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Desirous to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be public good."

Such is the nature of Genius—such the manner in which it is often developed. It delights to leave the busy haunts of men, to wander in the solitary grove, or amid Nature's gigantic structures, and contemplate her placid or her stern and rugged features. This is not Melancholy. There is a chord within that soul sensitive to the sublimities of Nature, which vibrates with

the keenest delight, a delight which kindles into rapture, as the eye gazes on the Creator's handiwork.

The gifted mind, likewise, delights in meditation. It loves to turn its thoughts from the material world inward upon itself, and with wondering, reverential awe, meditate upon its own existence, its origin, nature, and destiny. Here is opened a new world for admiration. It has dwelt, inspired with wonder and delight, upon that Power which piles up huge mountains, and scoops out tremendous caverns, which spreads the vast expanse of ocean, and lashes it into fury or calms its angry surges; which speaks in the awful thunder, and is written in the vivid lightning; these stupendous manifestations of Power, it has surveyed with reverence and awe, but when it contemplates itself, the source of thought, it has found the last, the grandest work of Infinite Wisdom—of an Almighty Creator.

Nor does the indulgence of such thoughts generate Melancholy. It was no such emotion that dictated the beautiful lines of the contemplative Young:

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!  
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbent!  
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine.  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute.  
A worm! a god!"

And the impassioned, triumphant exclamation,

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,  
Legions of angels can't confine me there."

Such are but the outpourings of the most exalted and exalting feelings of humanity. If a shade of gloom overspreads the mind at seeing a glorious nature, the image of God thus degraded, an ethereal spirit thus sunk down to earth enthralled by ignorance and vice, it is dispelled by the thought, that the spark of its divine origin is not extinguished; and though it sheds but a feeble ray, knowledge and truth may fan it into a flame, which will burn brighter and brighter through eternity. He who justly estimates the dignity of human nature, its noble faculties, and what it may become, is "proud to call himself a man." Contemplation like this swells the mind with delight and gratitude, and enthusiastic admiration; ennobling enjoyments, which the careless and unthinking cannot appreciate; in which they cannot sympathize; and this sweet meditative retirement they call Melancholy.

Still, making due allowance for this error, is it not true that



Genius tends to throw a shade over the mind? to present a dark picture of life and men? And cannot this be accounted for from the constitution of a refined, delicate, and sensitive mind? It is a principle worthy of being cherished, conducive to happiness and usefulness, to derive pleasure from every source of rational pleasure, to take the most cheerful views of this abode, which is destined as the land of our pilgrimage. There is enough pain and disquietude that must be experienced; and where there is a gleam of light, cherish it, fan it, and let it warm and cheer our hearts. It is to the ignorance, or, more properly, the neglect of this principle, that the Melancholy of Genius may be traced.

Perhaps one reason why the gifted mind is depressed with melancholy, is, that it finds so few congenial associates. This blessing, while it is the greatest, is one which Nature has bestowed with the most sparing hand. True, in the annals of history we hear of many brilliant intellects, and the works have been transmitted to us of many who have, in a measure, moulded the minds of all who came after them. But few of these ever enjoyed the luxury of intercourse with one another. Nature seems to have been aware that one such luminary was sufficient to enlighten the literary world, and when he set, another sun arose in the firmament of mind. At some periods, however, mankind have gazed with admiration on several stars, all of superior magnitude, shedding their lustre at the same time, though from different portions of the heavens. Men of splendid Genius rarely enjoy the pleasure of personal communion. They are usually separated from each other by time or place. The keen and sensitive mind is thus compelled to mingle with the world, and is drawn into the whirl of business. What could be less congenial with a delicate, contemplative spirit? Would such a mind pour forth to others its flashing thoughts and rapturous emotions? From ignorant and bustling men of the world it gains for its possessor the title of a senseless fanatic, and as such, he is looked upon with mingled pity and contempt. Genius withers under the finger of scorn, shrinks from the rude contact and retires within itself to seek that consolation and happiness which are denied it by a rude, unsympathizing world.

Again, the productions of Genius are not appreciated; appreciated, we mean, while the author lives. To this there have indeed been exceptions; but they are rare. The cold, fiendish spirit of selfishness must fasten its deadly fangs into the efforts, however promising, of contemporary mind, and blast them with its pestilential breath. Calumny and sarcastic criticism array themselves against every thing new in literature. Sometimes a bold and manly spirit, like that of Byron, is able to breast the

tide and leave the contest triumphant; yet every one knows how deeply and keenly, even he felt and writhed under the shafts of malice and satire, and he is said to have exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of Genius, that the praise of the world could not suffice, while there was one, however humble, to censure. But many, like the gentle and susceptible Keats, have been laid low by the poisoned darts of criticism. Byron observes of him, in *Don Juan*, that he met an "untoward fate." And Shelley thus inveighs against the heartless reviewer who aimed his satire at such a young and promising mark: "Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none." And, in his plaintive *Adonais*, he exclaims,

"The curse of Cain  
Light on his head, who pierced thy innocent breast,  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest."

As has been observed, such is the history of many a youthful Genius. And how many have been deterred by the sorry tale, from pluming their wings, and giving utterance to their sublime emotions, we know not. But this, we must allow, is a melancholy picture to hold up before the aspiring, gifted mind.

Enthusiasm and hope are constituent elements of Genius. It contemplates and admires the attributes of mind. It reflects on its exalted nature, and endeavors to conceive of its capacities expanding through eternity. It then observes the world of mind, and the ends to which it is devoted. Pleasure appears to be the god which has the most numerous and assiduous worshippers. One bends all his noble energies to the acquisition of filthy lucre. Another sets at naught the dictates of humanity, while he treads the path of unhallowed ambition. Another is prostituting his high powers to lust and sensuality, drowning all thought of the future in a round of gayety and luxury. And here and there is one who dozes away life, hardly conscious of his own existence. Genius, reflecting on the purpose for which mind was created, and the sordid ends to which this noblest of the Almighty's gifts is debased, sickens at the view. Many enthusiastic minds have, like Coleridge and Southey, projected the plan of regenerating mankind. But when they find how tightly the miser grasps his wealth—how madly the votary of ambition presses towards the goal—and with what eager fondness the voluptuary revels in his lust,—when they consider these things, the flame of hope is quenched, and enthusiasm subsides into cold indifference or misanthropy. It is true that some men

of Genius, so far from being grieved at the wickedness of their fellow-men, have themselves been the foremost in the career of lust and crime. But that was not in consequence of their Genius.

The foregoing considerations may serve to account for the Melancholy which, it must be granted, haunts many minds of a superior order. But they ought not to induce a man to seclude himself from the world, to withdraw from his fellow-men his affections and society. Is he conscious of his own great endowments? and does he lament the want of congenial associates? Why was he gifted with nobler capacities than his neighbor? Was it not that he might use those powers, make their influence felt, and serve as a light to others? Does he mourn over the ignorance, vice, and misery which pervade the earth? Let him exert his noble energies to scatter the darkness and alleviate suffering; not spend his time in fruitlessly bewailing those evils which it is in his power to allay. Or does he complain that his efforts are not appreciated? If fame be the object of his desire, let him be assured that when envy and jealousy have subsided, when selfishness has no further interests to promote, future ages shall award him his due meed of praise. Above all, let him consider that if his Genius be employed in advancing the cause of virtue and religion,—if, like the inspired Isaiah, or the sweet psalmist of Israel, like Milton or Pollok, he seeks “to justify the ways of God to man,” he shall join them in a glorious anthem, and strike a golden harp to an immortal strain.

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TEARS.

“A TIME TO WEEP.”

Tears there are for those who weep,  
Where the tranquil waters sleep;  
Where Judea's maids have hung  
Harps to mournful numbers strung,  
On the bending willow tree,  
Ever weeping silently.

Tears for those whose hearts are broken,  
Trusting vows in lightness spoken;  
Youthful hopes as beauty bright,  
Vanish'd in a cheerless night;  
On whose cheek the fading bloom  
Speaketh of an early tomb.

Tears there are for those who go  
Where the stormy tempests blow;  
Leaving love and quiet home,  
Battling with the ocean's foam;  
Launching on the threat'ning wave,  
Finding there a nameless grave.

Tears for those who seek to drink  
Only from Castalia's brink;  
Passing by Siloah's stream,  
Where the crystal waters gleam,  
Giving joy, imparting light,  
When the spirit takes its flight.

Tears for those who dwell below,  
 In a world of sin and woe,—  
 Joyless days of care and sorrow,  
 Never boast a brighter morrow;  
 Ties of holy love are broken,  
 Long farewells in sadness spoken.

But no tears for those whom Love  
 Taketh to a home above,—  
 Where no beauty shall decay,  
 Tears of sorrow pass'd away,  
 Where no breast shall ever swell  
 With the ling'ring word, farewell. F.

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 BRITISH REVIEWS.

ENGLISH Literature has long been established on a permanent basis. The names of Bacon, Shakspeare, and Milton, have formed a nucleus around which have clustered stars of a magnitude hardly inferior, until one of the most brilliant constellations has been formed in the literary hemisphere, which the world has ever witnessed.

It would be an interesting and not unprofitable task, to trace the progress of English Literature during the last four or five centuries. For a long time it was confined to the simple ballad alone. Through this medium were national events perpetuated and individual exploits commemorated. The progress of society gradually abolished this species of writing, and introduced the nervous, though obscure style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This style is but little adapted to modern taste. It requires too much labor to separate the dross from the pure ore. And yet, some of the richest additions to English Literature were made by writers of that age. But this period, which may not unaptly be called the iron age of English Literature, passed away, and was succeeded by that which has produced the most elegant and classic writers of the English language. Although additions have constantly been making to the general stock of Literature, but little has been gained since the eighteenth century in respect to purity of language or beauty of style. Some of the writers of that age have justly been considered as models, which have rarely been equaled, and never surpassed, by any who have succeeded them. The British Magazines and Reviews occupy the most important position in the English Literature of the present day. For more than half a century several of them have been constantly increasing in public favor. They are the medium through which the most powerful intellects of our father land communicate with the public. With such contributors as Macauley, Brougham, Wilson, Dickens, and Ainsworth, they cannot be otherwise than popular. Nor is their popularity confined to England alone.

In our own country their circulation is already extensive and rapidly increasing. They are found upon the tables of all who wish to keep pace with the progress of English Literature, and enjoy the most finished productions of the ablest English writers. We cannot, as many have done, see cause for regret that such periodicals are becoming better known among us. There is no just ground for apprehension that they will have a tendency to limit the circulation of American works of a similar character. We think their effect will be directly the opposite.

A taste will be formed for Literature of a more solid kind than that which at present exists, which will call into exercise talents of a higher order, to supply the demand. We have at present no periodicals which will rank with the leading English Reviews. The reason is not so much the want of the requisite talent, as the difficulty of engaging that talent in the object.

In this country, wealth and distinction may be attained far easier than through the toilsome career of authorship. It is not then surprising that men of the most distinguished talents should devote themselves to those pursuits in which they are more certain of reaping a richer, speedier harvest.

The leading English Reviews do not occupy the neutral ground of Literature only, but have ever borne a conspicuous part in national politics. The most distinguished statesmen of the present day, are found among their contributors. They form the political sentiments of the higher class of English society, and give tone to the publications which circulate among the middle and lower ranks. The violent party spirit, and bitter invective which characterizes many of the articles which appear in these Reviews, far exceeds that manifested by the most respectable political journals of our own country. Two or three at least of the leading Reviews, have taken a decided stand against the Whigs, and the measures they are endeavoring to carry out. "The Devil," says Johnson, "was the first Whig;" a sentiment which the Edinburgh fully endorses. "That Whigism should ever have been suffered to subsist in a great, honest, and truth-loving country, is among the problems of human things," says Blackwood.

The Quarterly, if not so violent, uses language much in the same strain. And yet they are not so much opposing parties as principles. They stand forth the bold, unblushing advocates of monarchical governments,—the most bitter enemies of republican institutions. Did this fierce hostility to the advance of liberal principles, direct its attacks against their internal progress alone, we should have little to say. But it is far otherwise. Not content with crushing the poor Chartist at home,

they would fain destroy his only hope of refuge abroad. Their oft-repeated attacks against our own political institutions, are known to all. They have not yet learned to bear with composure the loss of this "brightest jewel in the British crown." We are not unwilling, nay, we are very anxious that foreigners should thoroughly investigate our form of government, and the condition of our people. We do not complain, even, that our enemies should expose the imperfections of that government to the world, and show, if they can, that it is not adapted to the genius of the people.

We know that, after all they can say, we are immeasurably in advance of any government that has yet existed. But when periodicals enter the lists, occupying as high ground as do the leading English Reviews, we might reasonably expect to be treated with some degree of candor and justice. We might expect that the language of hot-headed denunciation and open abuse would be laid aside, and that of calm, dispassionate reasoning adopted in its stead. In this we have been too often disappointed. The deep-settled hatred which exists among a large portion of the British Aristocracy against our free institutions, and their envy of our unexampled success and brilliant career, has led even some of their most distinguished writers, to express themselves in language and sentiments which deserve the most severe censure. But they are not satisfied with attacking republican principles in the abstract, or in their application to our form of government. They descend to personal abuse. They even violate the sanctity of the grave. They would brand with infamy names against which calumny nor envy dare utter a syllable of reproach. The last December No. of Blackwood's Magazine, proves that that periodical has the will, did it possess the power, to tarnish even the name of Washington himself. To all attacks upon such names, from whatever quarter they may come, silence is the most appropriate answer; and we can but wonder, that a periodical of as high standing as the Southern Literary Messenger, should have condescended to answer the article to which we have referred.

But whatever may be the tone or temper manifested in many of the political articles which appear in these Reviews, it would be idle to deny that, in general, they display much ability, and an intimate acquaintance with internal politics. It could not, indeed, be otherwise, when men like Brougham, Peel, and Macintosh enter the lists. But the greater the talent exhibited, the more cause have we to lament that it should so often be prostituted to such unworthy purposes and debasing ends.

Turn we from the consideration of the political, to that of the literary character of these Reviews.

Regarded as the representatives of the popular English Lit-

erature of the present day, they occupy a high position. By comparing them with periodicals of a similar character which existed a quarter of a century since, we are forcibly struck with the advance of popular literature during that period. What was then considered excellent, would now scarcely be endured. The writers who at present sustain the literary department of these Reviews, are chiefly those of established reputation. First stands the name of T. B. Macauley. As a professed critic and reviewer, he has not a rival. In this art he has completely distanced all competitors. To use his own language, "Eclipse is first, the rest nowhere." Indeed, on every subject which engages his attention, he wields the pen with a master hand. He gives the most common theme an interest which chains the attention of all; and never fails to instruct as well as please. Whoever once peruses one of his articles, can never afterward mistake them. They are all characterized by that perspicuity, force, and elegance, which no other writer has been able to equal. Possessed of a boundless stock of general knowledge, he completely exhausts every subject upon which he treats, and often gives us a far better idea of the subject, than we could gain from the original work itself. With the same unflagging interest with which we would peruse some delightful romance, we follow him page after page on subjects which, in other hands, would not receive a moment's attention, and never lay him aside without feeling that we are wiser and better, from our communion with him. In the language of Horace,

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem cogitat."

As a critic, he is distinguished not less for his impartiality and just views, than (where the case demands) severe stricture and withering sarcasm. Woe to the luckless author whom he stoops to attack. No armor is proof against his well-directed blows, no defense can shield from his polished, penetrating shafts. He who has passed unscathed beneath his withering criticism, will well deserve the prize, if he shall "lay his victorious hand on the literary Amreta, and taste the precious elixir of immortality." Take, as an example, his review of Croker's edition of Boswell's life of Johnson. With what inimitable ease does he give poor Croker his *quietus*, and in a few brief pages destroy the labor of long years of severe toil! With what a masterly hand does he sketch the character of Boswell, the prince of biographers—the most insignificant of men! From the remainder of the article, short as it is, we gain a more correct idea of the character of the great moralist himself, than we could from scores of such volumes as Croker has left us. In short, the writings of Macauley constitute some of the finest portions of English Literature. In the language of another, "He who has

read them once, will desire to read them again; and he who peruses them oftenest, will admire them most."

Other departments of Literature are sustained in these Reviews by writers not inferior to Macauley. Of these we cannot here speak. Those who have kept pace with the progress of English Literature, are already acquainted with their merits, and can appreciate their excellence. In the fields of Romance, Poetry, and Philosophy, the periodicals of which we have spoken maintain the first rank. In short, they have become an inseparable part of English Literature, honorable to the nation, useful to the world. X.

#### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD CRANE, WHO DIED AT MIDDLETOWN, CT. WHILE A MEMBER OF  
THE SOPHOMORE CLASS, YALE COLLEGE.

"The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord—is cable, to man's tender tie,  
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze."

And is there yet no one to sing  
Of loved ones, the departed?  
Let me, then, tune the silent string,  
And wake the thoughts that ever cling  
To us, the broken-hearted.

Full oft the tear of grief we've shed,  
When links of love were broken;  
And now again our smiles have fled,  
And sadly 'mong these elms we tread,  
With mournful thoughts not spoken.

Departed one! we little dreamed  
Thy time with us so fleeting;  
That whilst thine eye so brightly beamed,  
And face so full of gladness seemed,  
Thy heart would cease its beating.

Thy spirit, like a breath of air,  
Hath floated on to heaven;  
But yet our hearts thy name will bear,  
And will a wreath of cypress wear,  
Our hearts with sorrow riven.

O, let the flower above thy tomb,  
In loveliness unfolding,  
Its sweets distil, and ever bloom,  
To tell us of thine early doom,  
And teach the one beholding!



O, it will teach that earthly things,  
 The things that seem the sweetest,  
 And that the joys which fortune brings,  
 Are all arrayed with rapid wings,  
 And speed away the fleetest.

And it will give a pure belief,  
 And better thoughts awaken,  
 And will remind us in our grief,  
 That all our days below are brief,  
 As is the sere and yellow leaf,  
 That from its stem is shaken.

L. L.

---

 EPILEGOMENA.

KIND Reader, we again present thee with our offering. Since we last greeted thee, "a change has come o'er the spirit of our dreams," and of thine, too, reader; for College life will soon appear as dreamy to us all, as it already does to those who were so lately with us. We have ascended one round more upon the ladder of life, and are pressing on toward the summit—may thy step be firm and thine eye steady until thou reach the height. Who does not mark the change? lo—the Freshman has put on his Sophomoric dignity, and the aspiring Junior is already anticipating the high enjoyments, and, perchance, the *ease* of Senior year. Hark ye, friends—we entreat you, "lay not that flattering unction to your souls," dream not alone of hours of leisure, nor of the luxury of quietly reposing on your downy couch, hearing, without a start, the clear tones of the morning bell; we assure you, Senior year has its labors too, and you will find as little leisure then, as now, to puff your bland Havanas. By the by, Seniors always smoke in their rooms; Editors being a little more aristocratic, never countenance the custom.

A welcome to those who have lately joined our number. But yesterday we stood on the threshold as you do now, and commenced the race with the same eager tread. Time has taken more than three-score from our number since that hour, but we who remain can bear witness to the pleasures of College life. May your course be as happy as ours has been—may it be more profitable.

And now to our more immediate concerns. Toward the close of one of these days of fallen leaves, we ascended the staircase to the domicile of our illustrious Speaker. We tapped gently at the door, and presently a strange visage peered forth with spectacle on nose, and in answer to our inquiry, told us that our distinguished friend had removed to a more comfortable dwelling place. With a good deal of surprise, we retraced our steps; for, knowing that the literary taste of our Speaker did not permit him to engage in the vulgar scramble for pelf, it was to us a problem unsolvable as the squaring of the circle, what could have induced him to incur greater liabilities for the mere sake of bodily enjoyment. Our doubts were quickly solved, however. As we entered the new abode of the literary magnet, we paused in mute amazement. It was a large and handsome apartment, furnished in the latest style, with an elegance which would please the nice taste of a modern man of letters, but which at first view

seemed unsuited to the sombre gravity of one of the *littérati* of the old school. Around the centre table were seated the Inamorati in mute silence, awaiting the nod of the Speaker, who, himself, sat apart in a huge cushioned arm chair, with his arms folded on his breast, and his head thrown back with an air of conscious, manly dignity. As we entered, he motioned us to a seat, and with oracular voice, said, "Gentlemen, the change of circumstances under which we meet, demand some explanation. With this important meeting we commence the eighth volume of our widely circulated Magazine. Upon its past fortunes I need not enlarge, and the *acknowledged* abilities of our predecessors gives me no pretence for a compliment which would be a mere truism. It is well known to you, gentlemen, that in former days this honored periodical has been, out of a regard for the public good, sustained at a great loss to the publishers; it gives me unqualified pleasure to announce that this is no longer to be the case. With a spirit worthy of the Alma Mater, our friends have come forward to our aid, and pledged us a support worthy of the high character of the periodical whose interests we have the honor to represent. I will also add, that in anticipation of the prompt payment which will be made on the delivery of the present number, I have deemed it expedient to improve the general appearance of our *sanctum*, to correspond with the altered fortunes of our Magazine."

The Speaker paused—a murmur of applause went round, and the Inamorati drew about the table, upon which were piled a heterogeneous mass of articles, which were to be their owners' passports to immortality. "Bufo," exclaimed the Speaker, "read us the titles of some of these productions." With his loud, sonorous voice, Bufo commenced "The Ravages of Time, a poem, in five parts"—"Lines to my Intended"—"Review of Göethe's Faust"—"Latin hexameter poem, in imitation of Virgil." "Hold," exclaimed Flamingo, thrusting forward his long, keen visage, "that's a rarity; I move it be read *instante*."

"Patres Conscripti took a boat to go to Phillippi,  
Windus arose, stormus erat, thunderque revolvit,  
Boatum upset, omnes drownderunt, qui swim away non potuerunt."

"That will do," cried Phlogiston; "Virgil, thy niche in Fame's proud temple is usurped. Lo! a new aspirant thrusts thee aside. This literary gem reminds me of an unique poem by a learned friend of mine, which commences thus:

"Nunc I've got you, meus mikros paer  
Quid you got dicere pro seauton."

At this juncture, Ichabod, who had been for some time silently perusing a lengthy specimen of what seemed poetry, was heard to give one of those peculiar sounds from his nasal protuberance, which are indicative of quiet but sarcastic mirth, and which, with him, always portends a speech. "Let's hear," exclaimed the whole editorial corps at once. "Give us the epic," said the Speaker, forgetting his dignity, "or, perhaps, it is only lyric."

"Here," said Ichabod, "is an effusion, at once octo-syllabic and hexameter"—

"With a small touch, perhaps, of the *dactylic pentameter catalectic*," chimed in Phlogiston. "Silence," cried the Speaker, "let us hear this effort of genius;" and Ichabod commenced with specimens from a stanza on "Sunset."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Now balcyon childhood, the live-long day  
A prisoner at school, with careless glee  
And gushing laugh, throws off restraint,  
And with the warblers wild gives utterance to gladness.  
While Flora's tender pets, of many a diverse hue,

Recline their heads, and cradled by the breeze,  
Are wooed to sleep, exhaling balm the while,  
Which seems an *insence* pure and *grateful*, rising to heaven,  
From off each shrine of natural loveliness."

"Now," said Ichabod, making a running comment, "there is orthography, rhythm, and imagination; but hark again:"

"And night comes on, bearing to toil relief,  
Which sinks with nature into 'sweet forgetfulness';  
The night-hawk's harsh yet *grateful* note,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But seems as adding feature to the stillness."

"Friend, friend," quoth Ichabod, with a serio-comic gravity, and laying the paper down very gently, "I fear thy precocious talent is directed in a wrong channel—the muses are evidently coquetish to thee; I would recommend thee to cultivate for some time to come, simple prose."

"Gentlemen," said the Speaker, "we must work a reform among our correspondents. Here, now, is a pile of *poetic effusions* of most formidable magnitude, and the coffin is not yet emptied of those we received for the last number, although we gave orders to have our fire kindled with them every morning; why, prose productions are becoming as scarce and precious with us, as angel visits, and while no man seems willing to walk quietly on the earth, multitudes appear confident that they can fly."

This profound remark was received with deep attention, and for a moment there was a pause, when Bufo, who had in the meantime been diving with both hands into the pile, drew out the following *morceau*, which he read with a tone of deep commiseration:

"Sweet lady, oh what can I do,  
To prove the love I feel for you?  
Kneel down and swear by all creation?  
Ah, no—for such a protestation  
Could not express my flaming passion.  
And yet that passion, maiden fair,  
As far exceeds thine, I must declare,

As erst did Moscow in a blaze,  
Exceed a glow-worm's feeble rays;  
Or as the Sun, with all his light,  
Exceeds a glimmering lamp at night;  
Or e'en the final conflagration,  
A flaming meteor's scintillation.  
For thee, my dearest love, I sigh"——

"That will do," said Bufo, "drawing his sleeve across his eyes, "poor fellow, what a situation! alas, the course of true love"——

"Gentlemen," said the Speaker again, time wears on apace; let us award the fates." For the next hour but little was said; and at its conclusion, Bufo read the following notices to correspondents—all poets, too.

"Quiz" is informed that we are not to be quizzed by so old a joke as that; why, man, your dream was dreamt down east long years ago, and was considered so good then, that it was published from Maine to Cape Sable.

The stanzas to "Catharine" have some really musical lines, but it is not good as a whole, and the last line is rather too *affectionate* for our phlegmatic temperament.

"The Past, a Fragment," has much merit in thought and style, but yet is respectfully declined. It is just one of those pieces which we hardly wish to reject, but, on the whole, feel compelled to do so. If all the lines were as poetic as the two last, it would have met a different fate.

"Lines on the death of a friend," are also respectfully declined.

The "Song" by L. G. wants every requisite of poetry but rhyme. It is generally well in writing poetry, to have an occasional *idea* introduced, to help along the verse.

The "Imitation of Heber," we presume by the same author, is better, but is not good enough. An imitation of that Hymn of Heber, should be *very good*, to be *endurable*.

25 Cents.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1842.

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ROBERT BURNS.

PERHAPS there is no country on the globe, which possesses features of greater interest than Scotland. The striking character of her localities—the beauty and wildness of her natural scenery, her lakes and rivers—her mountain gorges and streamlets, have, to our minds, a charm which belongs to no other region in the world. But it is not from the character of her natural scenery alone, that Scotland is endeared to our feelings and recollections. Associations cluster around the spot! Poets have thrown around it the magic wand of their genius! The novelist has invested it with the gorgeous drapery of romance! Not a mountain or lake, not a valley or streamlet, but teems with associations of grandeur and interest, embodied in story or song. Stirring recollections of Scottish history—scenes of thrilling adventure—are depicted in the Border Minstrelsy of those times; while Scott has immortalized, in story, the land of Rob Roy and Jeanie Deans! A humbler, though not less mighty historian, have the “Bonnie Ayr” and the Doon, as they flow on in beauty beneath—the minstrel of the north, Scotias’ favorite son—Robert Burns!

“Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks  
Thou minds’t me of that autumn noon  
When first I stood upon the ‘banks  
And braes of Bonnie Doon.’”

The “banks and braes” of the Doon still bloom in all their native freshness, the “wee modest daisie” smiles sweetly as ever, but the music which rose on those banks is hushed forever! The genius of song has departed—the light which renders all things beautiful, has passed away, or yet lingers in mournful

touches on streamlet and lake. No longer is heard the voice of the "Ayrshire ploughman" adown the vale, blending with the notes of the "bonnie lassie" in "kirtle green," hieing homeward with her swain amid the rustling leaves. The village peasants still cling to their old superstitions, but they feel that the hand which once wove its spell of enchantment around their senses, is palsied forever—that the inspiration from mount and stream is fled. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" comes round as usual; the hearthstone is lighted up with a flame, the sacred book brought out in devotion, but no poet appears to consecrate in song its pleasures, to weave its instructions in immortal verse. The sentiment goes round the circle—it is repeated from mouth to mouth—it saddens from heart to heart:—

———"Take him all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Burns was emphatically *the poet of the people*. Educated among them, with his earliest breath he drew in sentiments of love and affection for the people. Their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, were known to him by actual experience; rendered trebly touching in his inimitable verse. The wake and the festival, the christening and the carnival, were to him objects of national interest; sufficient at any time to call forth the most powerful energies of his mind; prompting the inspiration of many a "hamely sang." The sound of the pibroch, echoing along his native vale, could at all times stir up the spirit of the Scot within him, answered back by the notes of his shepherd-pipe, on his own native banks of Doon. The old Scotch superstitions—the legendary traditions of the past, clustering with associations of Scottish history—the memories of wood and glen, he seized with the hand of a master, and wove them into a garland of surpassing beauty, wreathed with the jewels of his own intellect, to adorn the fireside of the humble cottager. Like Scott, in another department of literary effort, his mind was formed for superstition; his soul, nursed in those gloomy chambers, through whose picture-galleries came up in tones of joy or sadness, the spirit voices of the past! Yet though the poet's mind was thus haunted with the genius of superstition, rarely, if ever, did he allow its gloom to mingle with the festivities of the present occasion; the subjects of his song were rather those lighter charms and spells which form so large a part of the diversions of the Highland peasantry, blended with the smiles of innocent enjoyment—the delights of the softer passion—the youths' and maidens' soft "trysting time." The rude festivities of the cottager, the sports of the fireside, the frolics of the country bumpkin, the merry christenings, the fairy revels

—"By fount and fell,  
And by St. Ronan's crystal well;"—

these were the objects of delight, in which his fancy loved to gambol in moon-struck inspiration, painting them in turn to the eye, with the accuracy of a master! How admirably does he describe the festival of Halloween!

"Among the bonnie winding banks,  
Where Doon rins, whimplin, clear,  
Where Bruce\* ance rul'd the martial ranks,  
An' shook his Carrick spear;  
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,  
Together did convene,  
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,  
An' haud their Halloween,  
Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat an' cleanly neat,  
Mair braw than when they're fine;  
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,  
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':  
The lads sae trig,—wi' wooer-babs,  
Weel knotted on their garten,  
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,  
Gar lasses hearts gang startin'  
Whiles fast at night."

Thus also that admirable portraiture, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," from which we have not space to quote here. It was by the utterance of these sentiments, and such as these, that Burns won for himself that affection in the hearts of the people, twining itself around every chord of their existence, which has rendered his name immortal at fireside and cottage-home. Even now the works of Ferguson and Ramsay cease to be read, and on many a winter's night, the villagers crowd around the "gude man's" hearth, to listen to the strains of Scotland's favorite "chield"—the rustic bard of Kyle.

We have called Burns a poet of the people. His affection, however, extended not to the people of his own times merely, but embraced every recollection of the early national history. The lyric poetry of Scotland—the old Border Minstrelsy—echoing from wood and glen, or embodied in the national annals, stirred his heart like a trumpet, and chiming in with the sensibilities of his soul, could often win him away from the

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\* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—*Cunningham's Life of Burns*, p. 386.



scenes of the present, to the recollections of the past. He recognized in the coarse garb and rough accent of the early Scottish muse, "the form and lineaments divine," and his soul flowed out in reverence to those simple-minded men, who had depicted in such touching language, the history of their sufferings, their misfortunes, and their fate. "O! ye illustrious names unknown!" breaks out the poet, in an apostrophe suggested by the above reflection, "who could feel so strongly, and describe so well, the last, the meanest of the Muse's train, one, who though far inferior to your flights, yet eyes your path, and with trembling wing would sometimes soar after you—a poor rustic bard unknown, pays this sympathetic pang to your memory!" But the poet was not contented simply with *admiring* these specimens of the rude versification of the early Scottish muse; he introduced them also into his own songs, improving their character by inserting additional stanzas of his own, and in some cases entirely remodeling them in his own composition. Such was the origin of "Tam O'Shanter," "The Brigs of Ayr," "Halloween," above mentioned, and that inimitable production, "Man was made to Mourn." The rude peasantry felt the force of such stirring appeals, and acknowledged with gratitude and awe, the labors of a bard, who had contributed to recall afresh the recollections of their childhood, and by his powerful magic, to conjure up anew the brownies and warlocks, the elfs and witches—the weird-spirits, which had alarmed their infancy with terror. The origin of these songs has indeed been assigned to other causes than those which we have mentioned, viz., the influence upon the bard of the *early associations of his childhood*. The song his mother sung, may indeed have contributed, even at this early period, to infuse into his mind that spirit of patriotic devotion, which manifested itself in after years, as the poet himself intimates,

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power,  
A wish that to my latest hour,  
Shall strongly heave my breast;  
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,  
Or sing a sang at least."

For ourselves, however, we can only attribute this *penchant* for song, to that strong *sub-stratum*, if we may so call it, of feeling and emotion, which existed in the poet's mind, and which manifested itself so strongly on every occasion. It was the overflowing of a heart full of affection towards every thing that breathed, extending even to the "daisie" which grew under his feet, the "mouse" turned up in his furrow—bursting its nat-

ural barriers even in its attempt to pour out its full tide of emotion at your feet! Love was a natural element of the poet's character, and it were as difficult to stop the leaping of the live torrent, as to check the gushing of this spring-fount in his heart!

Thus far we have indulged ourselves in some desultory observations on the character of Burns, and if peradventure we may seem to have rambled from our point, or to have been extravagant in our expressions of regard, we beg the reader to forgive us. It is the result of our strong feeling on this point—our affection for the subject of our remarks himself—an affection which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, ever since we were able to listen to the story of William Wallace, or to lisp the name of Bruce of Bannockburn. The “land o’ cakes” has been our father-land: its hills! our childhood trod them long ago. More than once has our blood boiled with patriotic emotion, at the story of the cruelties of the black Douglas, as instanced in the famous border snatch—and that sudden termination of female triumph—the shouts of joy for the wail of despair. Loch Lomond, and Loch Leven, are all native lakes—the Tweed and the Doon—our mountain streamlets—and Ben Ledi throws his shadows over all! The Ayr, too, the “bonnie Ayr,” winding along its green banks, rushes back on our memory, and with it the home of Burns! Burns! the poet-minstrel—the bard of Kyle—the suffering child of genius, whose notes, wrung out from his soul in spirit-agony, made even sorrow eloquent—the muse of the North—Scotland’s darling son!

It were a striking lesson for those who applaud so highly the influence of *education* upon the mind, to survey in its checkered history the life of Burns. Born of humble parentage, educated among peasants, his whole life seemed to have been rather an accident than a growth. In early childhood, fortune, too often niggardly in her dispensations, endowed him with nothing better than a rude homestead, and such supplies as the profits of a poor farm were able to produce. Even now, we read with emotion the story of his sufferings at this early period, and the cruel exactions of the haughty landlord, whose farm the family tenanted. Education did still less for him, if that might be called education—the chance teachings of the fireside, and the few days of instruction which the poet received from Dr. Murdoch, a friend of the family, and master of the grammar school of Ayr, who first initiated him into the mysteries of the English, Latin, and French—languages then taught by the master. But long before this had the poet received lessons from other instructors than the “Ayrshire Grammarian.” One of

these was Jenny Wilson—an old woman, attached to the family, of whom the poet observes to Dr. Moore, “In my infant and boyish days I owed much to an old woman, (Jenny Wilson by name,) who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, &c., &c., [proceeding to give the enumeration,] and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poesie, but had so strong an effect upon my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a look out in suspicious places.” The instructions of such a school, could not be otherwise than powerful, on a mind whose susceptibilities were already acute, to an alarming degree. Here doubtless are we to look for the foundation of that strong sense of the marvelous, which haunted the poet's mind like a passion, and gave birth to the wild conceptions of “Tam O'Shanter,” “The Vision,” and that native production—his “Address to the Deil.” As for the rest, his instructors were the glen and the wild wood, the champaign and the mountain torrent, the lake and the streamlet, the Ayr winding amid its banks and the grounds of Mossgiel—nature herself in her varied aspect of softness or of gloom. It was here that gazing on the rippling tide, or following, with ceaseless toil, the labors of the plough, his spirit caught the inspiration of the scene, and he gave utterance to his emotions, in language corresponding with its beauty and sublimity. His mode of *composition*, as related by his biographer, was curious. “As soon as he was heard to hum to himself, his wife saw that he had something in his mind, and was quite prepared to see him snatch up his hat, and set silently off for his musing ground. When by himself, and in the open air, his ideas arranged themselves in their natural order, words came at will, and he seldom returned without having finished a song.” Such were the details of an education, formed not under the strict rules of philosophy or art, but the simple instructions of Nature herself—the best teacher!

Perhaps there is no poet with whom we are acquainted, who excites in our minds a *stronger interest*, than Burns. His name is a weird spell which unlocks our hearts. From his first entrance on the stage of life at Mossgiel, including his subsequent adventures at Edinborough, to the close of it at Ellisland, throughout every step of his eventful progress, we follow him with intense interest, mingled, it may be, with compassion for his sufferings and his fate. There was something indeed in the character of the poet, to enlist strongly this feeling of sympathy and regard. With his astonishing genius, his inexhaustible fund of good humor, and his convivial qualities, it is

not difficult to conceive how he should have become an object of attachment and devotion to the rustic villagers of Kyle, receiving from them in sport the favorite appellation of "Rob the Ranter." The village ale-house, in particular, was his favorite resort, and here—the merry Falstaff of the scene—did he preside over the disorderly assemblage, startling the ale-house walls with their bacchanalian songs and noisy chorus. It is here, doubtless, amid the inspiration of such scenes, that we are to lay the foundation of his "Jolly Beggars," as a whole, perhaps, the most native of his productions. For his *morality*, indeed, in this respect, we do not speak, but mention these facts simply as an illustration of the strong attachment which Burns could create in the breast of his simple-hearted citizens, twining itself around every fibre of their affections—an attachment, the memory of which is even now preserved in his lyric songs. There were indeed *dark* passages in his life—passages which no art of the biographer can soften—to which his lighter moments were but as a shade. Sensibilities so acute as his could not but suffer from the hardships to which they were exposed, and many were the occasions in which this suffering was prolonged to torturing, agonizing pain. Dark clouds at times hung over his horizon, blackening with portentous aspect his present and future prospects—prophetic intimations of his fortunes and his fate! In his life-time, indeed, this curtain was partially unrolled. More than once does the poet speak of his apprehensions in regard to his future condition—his fears that poverty and neglect would be his final lot! Alas! the apprehension was but too true; and when afterwards, at Ellisland, he lay dying on his miserable straw, the prophetic intimation was more than realized!

In Burns, the *poetic temperament* was remarkably developed: There have been poets born, and poets made, and each have had their peculiar characteristics. Burns was of the former class—his was the poetic inspiration from his birth; like many other gifted ones, however, he seems to have been wholly unconscious of the gift that was in him, till occasion called it forth. In the case of the poet, Love was the talisman which first unlocked his heart. In the words of his biographer, "his Parnassus was the stubble field, and his inspirer—that fair haired girl, from whose hands he picked the thistle strings, and delighted to walk with when but some fifteen years old." Burns himself gives a more rational account of the matter. "Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors—why the tones of her voice made my heart strings thrill like an Eolian harp—and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I looked, and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel

nettled stings and thistles." This Dulcinea of his affections, however, was but a transient object of his flame—at one time or other he was in love with all the fair maids of Kyle; and the ease with which he put off and on his *devoirs*, was truly astonishing. The story of his attachment to Jean Armour, forms one of the most affecting passages of his life—the "young, handsome quean" who beguiled his heart, destined afterward to be for a time separated from him, only to enjoy a more blissful union. Agnes Fleming was the original of his "Nannie;" while the chance sight of a beautiful young lady in a neighboring garden-walk, gave rise to the "Lass o' Ballochmyle." To none of these objects of his loves, however, does the poet seem to have been more ardently attached, than to Mary Campbell—an attachment which lasted long after the subject of it had passed to heaven—whom he has immortalized in his "Highland Mary." Poetry, like love, was with Burns a passion, and the fervor with which he poured forth his emotions, told the strength of this under-current of his soul. Here was no trickery—no studied art—no affectation of sentiment, but all was pure, innocent, fresh as the mountain air which he breathed, or the wild steeps which he trod. He wrote because he *felt*. and herein lay the secret of his power. His strains were the unsophisticated harmony of Nature herself, speaking to the ear with a power derived only from this "first minstrel." It is this attribute of his poetry, particularly, which has given his song such a power in every age and clime—which has multiplied the readers of his verse with the progress of the language, and rendered his name a charmed one in the annals of the human heart.

Thus far we have contemplated the character of Burns, and the circumstances of his life, in general; we come now to speak more particularly of his *poetry*. A word on this point is sufficient.

Undoubtedly the most striking characteristic of Burns' poetry, is its *simplicity*. The fact we have alluded to above; we wish, however, to present more distinctly to view this feature of his verse. He is natural, and this constitutes his principal charm. He presents us with no overwrought description—no fine-drawn imagery to tickle the fancy, and please the sense, but making a few hasty strokes, leaves them there, trusting to these, apparently, for graphic power of execution. The artist leaves the spectator to fill up the outline of his performance; he places himself, as it were, in the spectator's stand-point, and views the sketch from that spot. Burns, in like manner, by a few careless lines, gives the original of the copy in the reader's mind. The taste of the poet appears chiefly in the selection of partic-

ulars—those circumstances and attributes which, from their more prominent situation, would seem most likely to arrest the attention, and produce the desired effect of the performance. Withal, there is a freshness in the style and composition of his productions, peculiarly native in its character, reminding us of the compositions of the old masters, where every stroke seems animate with life and beauty—the freshness of nature herself, in her original inspiration and coloring. The landscape softness of Claude, is blended with the warm tints of Titian, and over all is spread a charm, fascinating and unique. Simplicity is the attribute of Genius! In respect to Burns, simplicity of language was the natural consequence of simplicity of feeling. To have written otherwise than he did, would have been a dereliction from the first principles of his nature—a violation of the laws of its constitution. This is that charm which lives alike in every age and clime: the wind-harp, whose chords vibrate with every pulsation of the heart, wherever man exists. Modern poetry may well borrow from such an exhibition of feeling—for it is an exhibition of nature—and nature in Burns was synonymous with song.

The *tenderness* of Burns' poetry is inimitable. Perhaps no poet ever excelled him in his power of appealing to the sympathies of the human heart. In the details of the softer passion, particularly, he is a master. He had analyzed and taken entirely to pieces that strangest of strange things—the female heart—and all his appeals to feminine sensibility, were founded on this previous knowledge of the heart. His success in this department was remarkable, as is evinced by a light saying preserved in regard to him, by one who had experienced the effect of his skill. "Open your eyes and shut your ears, wi' Rob Burns, and there is nae fear o' your heart, but close your eyes and open your ears, and you'll lose it." Among the dazzling beauties and ladies of rank in the gay circles of Edinburgh, this fascination of manner did not forsake him; and to this doubtless must be ascribed the number of conquests which he effected—the havoc which he made among female hearts, in that metropolis of beauty and fashion. Now leading down one countess, and now another, now dancing with the Duchess of Gordon, anon *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Dunlop, he passed rapidly through the whole round of fashion and entertainment in the city, winning everywhere smiles and tears by his simple, but powerful eloquence. As a consequence of this strong, native feeling, his poetry was a transcript of his heart. Now breathing like zephyr, anon sighing like "furnace," it pours forth throughout the whole compass of song, its soft complaints, melting the soul with inimitable tenderness, winning its way

insensibly to every heart. The lines commencing, "Though cruel fate should bid us part," and the stanzas "To Mary in Heaven," are exquisite specimens of this kind, showing the power which the poet has over the heart—its slightest pulsations—its softest thrill. We weep, we know not why, and his verse in this respect but adds to the effect which our knowledge of his circumstances produces in the mind. The annals of love have nothing equal to it—the affection of Tasso for his Leonora, of Petrarch for his Laura, yields to this new expression in a rustic swain, of regard to the humble objects of his love.

We have already spoken of the *nationality* of Burns' poetry. A word in addition, may not be irrelevant to the subject. "The poetic genius of my country found me," says he, in his preface to the Edinburgh edition of his poems, "as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the *plough*, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." In accordance with this baptismal rite of consecration, he devoted his genius to the task of singing the loves, the pleasures of his native soil, and in improving as far possible the lyric poetry of his country. He needed not to have recourse to foreign beauties, in order to embellish his verse—in the manners and customs—lakes and streams—the mountain scenery of his native land—he found ample material for his song. It is this *nationality* of character, particularly, which renders his poems so enchanting, breathing throughout every line of his productions, with a peculiarly delightful spirit. His muse was the genuine Scottish muse, in her mingled attributes of gentleness and grandeur. How delightfully does he represent her in his "Vision," under the image of "Coila!"

"And wear thou this, she solemn said,  
And bound the holly round my head;  
The polished leaves and berries red  
Did rustling play;  
And like a passing thought she fled  
In light away."

Of the *morality* of Burns, we shall not speak. Here, doubtless, more than anywhere else, was the defect of his character. In surveying his whole history—his strange and eventful career—his joys and sorrows—his pleasures and pains—his popularity as an author—his reputation as a poet, nothing, perhaps, strikes us with more profound regret, than this obliquity of his moral character. That a genius of such astonishing powers—endowed with qualities so transcendent, possessing traits, in general, so amiable as a husband, father, friend—should yet, by his immoral principles and conduct, have given the lie to so

ny virtues, and employed too much his nobler powers in  
 nding vice a gayer coloring," is a circumstance which can  
 er be too much deplored by every ingenuous and reflecting  
 nd, as it detracts also from the favorable light in which his  
 racter might otherwise be viewed. Willingly, indeed, would  
 draw the veil of charity over this part of his character, but  
 rity itself does not warrant such a course. Far be it from  
 even, to extenuate his conduct; he had faults—great ones—  
 l these must ever mingle with every estimate we may form  
 his character. As a whole, we will be content to hold him  
 to view, if not in all respects as an example worthy of  
 ulation, at least as a beacon-light to warn others of his fate.  
 ough :—

" No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God."

On the banks of the Doon stands a monument—plain in ap-  
 pearance, simple in architecture—erected to the memory of  
 ns. Affection hangs over it—the village maidens annually  
 amble to twine their garlands around it, and shed tears for  
 memory and his fate. On the tablet which marks the tomb,  
 ascribed the simple name—

ROBERT BURNS.

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STANZAS,

TO A YOUNG INVALID.

THE morning sunbeams o'er the plain  
 Throw wide their golden brightness,  
 The silver bubbles of the main  
 Dance on in sparkling lightness:  
 But ere the zenith of his flight  
 The sun with splendor graces,  
 A gloomy cloud, imbued with night,  
 His pleasant sheen effaces.

Such oft is life. Who has not known  
 Of childhood's merry gladness ?  
 But youthful voices often moan  
 In notes of heavy sadness.



The flowers that deck life's varied way,  
 May wither ere to-morrow ;  
 The joy which brightly gilds to-day,  
 May fade in drooping sorrow.

But often, too, the morn, whose light  
 In shadows deep is muffled,  
 Precedes a noon, whose splendor bright  
 Illumes a sky unruffled.  
 The early flower, whose lovely hues  
 Untimely frost has blighted,  
 Its sweet and healthful bloom renews,  
 By vernal warmth invited.

Thus may the stream of rosy health,  
 Its smiling course renewing,  
 To thee impart its vital wealth,  
 With joy thy pathway strewing.  
 May he who smiles the clouds away,  
 Take off thy wreath of willow,  
 And gently guide thy peaceful way,  
 O'er time's uncertain billow.

ALFREO.

## YALE LAW SCHOOL.

To him who looks to the study of the law as the foundation of his future usefulness, or indeed of his fortune or his fame, a thorough knowledge of its general principles in all their length and breadth, is an indispensable requisite. To such an aspirant, this school presents, it is believed, as great inducements, whether for the facilities it affords for a thorough understanding of the principles of the law in general, of foreign jurisprudence; or of the municipal laws of the States, as any in this country. We speak advisedly, being fully aware, that in thus presenting this subject, we are setting up for our favorite, pretensions, which some larger institutions will at once deny, and putting forth claims which many smaller, and a large class of young tyros, who expect to plunge into the depths of this science in a *mechanical* way, will as soon dispute.

This school, now more nearly connected with the academical department of "old Yale," than at any time since the establishment of the first professorship in 1831, combines all the essential requisites for a Law College; having one of the most valuable libraries in the country, embracing Commentaries, Di-

gests, and Reports, from the Justinian Code to those of the most modern date. Here the intelligent student has opened before him as well the *corpus juris civilis* and the *corpus juris canonici*, which compose the body of the Roman law, as the *lex scripta*, and the *lex non scripta* of the English law, including, in their original dress, the ancient *Fleta*, *Bracton*, *Fitzherbert*, and the *lucubrations* of my Lord *Coke*, not to mention the numberless reports of decisions in the English courts, the Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States, and in the courts of the various States—giving the student ample scope for the application of all his academical acquisitions—exciting his curiosity, and enlarging his understanding. But it is not the worth, nor the extent of the library, nor the literary atmosphere by which the student is surrounded, which renders this Institution superior to all others known to us. It has higher claims, especially to him who would become *thoroughly* educated, as well in the elements of the law, as in that which is merely mechanical. For it is to such only as are thus educated, that the practice of the law has any allurements—and the merely mechanical student, who may expect to arrive at this point by the broken fragments and scanty crumbs that fall from the desk of the attorney, may chance to attain to the honor that is due to a good scribe, but never to that of a sound lawyer or an able advocate. Impressed with the justice and importance of these views, particularly in the present overstocked state of the American bar, by men of commanding talents and learning, and aware, too, that they are too often overlooked by the student, we are led to present to the public the claims of this School—combining, as will be seen, all the advantages to be derived from the ordinary labor of the office, on the one hand, and the theory of the law, as illustrated and explained in most Law Schools, on the other.

This will be more clearly seen, when the course of instruction prescribed for the student, and the degree of skill and learning brought to bear upon every point, illuminating his pathway at every step, shall have been more fully set forth. And in doing this, it need not be expected that a long list of authors, such as crowd the catalogues of some other institutions, will be introduced to demonstrate the truth of our position. On the contrary, we wish to render apparent, what is really the fact, that while elsewhere the student reads much, it is our pride that here he *studies* as well as reads.

This school, as at present organized, is under the direction of David Daggett, Kent Professor of Law, and late Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, the Hon. Samuel J. Hitchcock, LL. D., Judge of the City Court of New Haven,

and Isaac H. Townsend, Attorney and Counselor at Law. These names, honored as they are, do not appear as the merely nominal directors of the School, leaving the labor and instruction to inexperienced hands, as too often occurs in other institutions of the kind ; but it is from these sages of the law—fountains ever full and clear—that the student daily imbibes the pure principles of civil jurisprudence.

In addition to the course of three hundred lectures delivered by Judge Daggett, there are at least three recitations daily, at which each student is critically examined on the work which he is studying, by Judge Hitchcock, assisted by Mr. Townsend. These recitations, and the close study requisite in preparing for them, occupy most of the time of the student—and to no little purpose, since they involve all the essential matter of about forty volumes of the most popular elementary writers on municipal law and equity. The student is also required to draw declarations, pleadings, contracts, and other instruments known to the practice of an experienced lawyer. These are brought before the school, commented upon, and explained by the Professor. Another arena for improvement, and the last we shall mention, in addition to a private society for the discussion of miscellaneous questions, is the Moot Court, held once in each week, when questions of law are discussed by four students, and elaborate decisions are given by the Professors. These decisions are carefully noted down by the students, with the authorities upon which they are based.

In giving this general outline of the course of instruction prescribed for the students in the Yale Law School, we do not fulfill our whole duty. Justice requires us to speak of the merits and particular characteristics of the eminent personages connected with it as instructors—a duty we perform with pleasure.

Taking them, as we propose, in the order they became connected with the School as instructors, we are sure to be anticipated by the hundreds who, during the last eighteen years, have graduated at Yale College, or have been members of the Law School, in presenting to them the honored and venerable David Daggett. His brilliant career through life, of course, cannot be given here, and no part of it will be introduced, except as it furnishes data for our present purpose. He was educated at Yale College, and graduated in 1764. He pursued his professional studies under Charles Chauncy, a Judge of the Superior Court in this State, and was admitted to the bar in New Haven in 1786. After filling with honor the various offices of Tutor in Yale College, Speaker of the House of Representatives, member of the State Senate, and Senator of the United States, he was appointed Kent Professor of Law to Yale College in 1836.

The same year he was appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, and in May, 1832, was made Chief Justice, which office he continued to hold until constitutionally disqualified, in 1834. This record, and the records of the last half century, serve only to show the estimation in which he has been held by the world, and especially by the people of his adopted State. As a scholar, statesman, lawyer, and judge, she has ever regarded him as one of her brightest ornaments. To nature he owes more than most of her sons. Of a strong mind, made stronger by the power and discipline which education gives, he could master any subject that came before him, although its magnitude might appal minds less powerful. This power of intellect—this giant grasp of mind, which, as it were, intuitively placed every subject, and every case, within his entire control, and which from the beginning could see the end, gave him immense advantages over plodding minds, that

“Slowly start, and step by step  
Seek just conclusions.”

Short and comprehensive in his arguments, he often carried his case at the bar, or from the bench swayed the jury by some striking comparison, or happy illustration, which bore conviction, as with a flash, to the minds of his hearers, and which no arguments could gainsay, or eloquence overcome. The bar and the bench alike bore testimony to his punctuality, and it might well be the subject of imitation in these days of laxity in all that marks the perfect man. Of language, none better knew the use, or could wield it with more potency and effect. To this, many who have been delighted by the coruscations of his wit, or witnessed his cutting sarcasm, or have been made to quail under the lash of his tongue, can abundantly testify. Courteous in all his intercourse with men, and with a nice sense of honor, it was seldom he called these weapons into use; but when he did so, he hurled them with the strength of a giant, and the blow, though terrible, was acknowledged to be just. Add to this his intimate knowledge of the common concerns of life—ample experience as a statesman, and overflowing practice as a lawyer, rendering him acquainted with all the secret springs of human action, and you have before you him who was the pride of the Connecticut bar, and the ornament of her bench—and who of all others is best calculated to instruct those “his children in the law,” who are disposed honestly to pursue the same course of usefulness and of duty. Although now disqualified by age from holding office, and having mostly retired from the world, those who are permitted to listen to his lec-

tures, see in him the same giant oak which for the last half century has stood so prominent among the trees of the forest. True, the sprightliness of youth, and the vigor of manhood, are gone; and that voice which once "ran and pealed on and on," in the "primrose paths of flowery eloquence," has lost its peculiar charm; but ever and anon, when his mind is roused and his imagination kindled up with his subject, we see, if not the youthful declaimer, at least "the old man eloquent."

"Conspicuous, like an oak of healthiest bow,  
Deep-rooted in his country's love, he stands,  
And gives his hand to virtue, helping up  
The hopest man to honor and renown."

Having said thus much of Judge Daggett, it becomes us now to speak of his co-laborer, Samuel J. Hitchcock, Esq., who for the last sixteen years has been connected with him in conducting the Yale Law School.

Like his senior, he was educated and a tutor in Yale College, where he graduated in 1809—studied law with R. M. Sherman and S. P. Staples, and was admitted to the bar in New Haven; was appointed Professor of the Science and Practice of Law, in 1826; was since made Judge of the County Court, and is at the present time Judge of the City Court of New Haven. At the last Commencement, he had conferred upon him the justly deserved title of LL. D.

The history of Judge Hitchcock, could it be given here, would be one of interest to the student, having passed through all the varied walks of life, to fortune and to honor, proving, that "whatever man has been, man may be."

"His morn of life ne'er woke before him smiling;"

but

"Ambition early rose, and being up,  
Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest."

As a scholar, a profound lawyer and judge, Professor Hitchcock is well known to the world. His learning is not that which is confined to books; but while he is learned in these, it is his intimate knowledge of the law, and his matchless power and skill in communicating this knowledge to others, on points even the most minute, as well as his manner of teaching, that makes him, notwithstanding the eminent services of Judge Daggett as a lecturer, the life and soul of the Yale Law School. Whatever the student learns under his instructions, from daily recitations and examinations, he learns thoroughly and system-

atically. He is carried forward in a regular course, from a thorough examination into the foundation of natural reason, through all the general principles and points of practice, and ends his labors in the discussion and elucidation of the most nicely conceived points of metaphysical abstraction, both in law and equity. But at every step through this course, the student is prompted by the daily recitations to *study*, as well as read the law. Whatever in the "text" is unlearned or misconceived, is sure to be brought out by the learned Professor, and so clearly elucidated as never again to mislead. More than this, the Judge, unlike the student, is not confined to the "text." That has no power to bind him, but with unbounded grasp he travels on through all the law's vast range, from Littleton, in English black letter, to the most recent decision, bringing in the sheaves he has gathered, to instruct and enrich the student. With a rich fund of anecdote, of humor, and wit, at his command, the subject, which at times might otherwise be dry and uninteresting, is, as occasion requires, enlivened, either by the relation of the one, or by touches of the other. And it is this combination of talent, with his great experience in all the affairs of life, which so eminently qualifies him for the place he occupies, and render his recitations as truly interesting, as they are intrinsically instructive. True, as yet he has not, like some connected with similar institutions, been permitted to wear the gown, the mace, and the ermine, but it may be said, that his is a fame that will not, like others, "grow gray as it grows old."

Much that has been said of the qualifications of Judge Daggett and Judge Hitchcock, is equally applicable to Mr. Townsend, recently connected with the School. He, too, is one of the sons of Yale. After receiving her highest honors, he added to his stock of knowledge, the fruits of foreign experience. Known among his compeers as the "embodiment of the common law"—gentlemanly in all his intercourse with the student—laborious and extended in his researches in the law, he has more than once received from the School the testimonial of esteem and respect due to his services.

Such is the character, and such the merits of the Yale Law School. It is worthy of the regard of her sons.

## SPENSER.

START not, kind reader, as you glance at this familiar name, nor curl your lip in scorn, as though we were about to write a criticism on England's sweetest bard. Think not that we would seek a task so ungracious, even did we wield the pen of him, who, while he only spoke in Milton's praise, has gained for himself an immortality of fame. So we pray you turn not aside in disgust, but let us talk for a little time, in a familiar way, of that name, which, almost from our very childhood, we have been wont to revere—a name connected with the most delightful associations of our early years. We would fain leave for a season the "dull realities of life," and away to the visionary world of the poet, to study the bright creations of his fancy, (it may be to dream only—yet will they not be pleasant dreams?) to wander in that fairy land in which the bard seemed ever to dwell, and where, as he sweetly sings, there was

"No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;  
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;  
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;  
 No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.  
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt  
 For to allure fraile mind to careless ease."

How vividly do these well remembered lines call to mind the joyous days when first we learned to love—not so much the poetry, for of that we had then but little idea—as the pleasing stories, and fierce encounters of gallant knights, which the poet has interspersed through almost every canto of the *Faerie Queene*. Clearly do we see the old school-house by the way side, with its well worn plot of green—the wild troop of urchins rushing forth with loud hallo, and crazy with joy at release from confinement—the old fashioned, well worn benches, which give good evidence of having sustained many a valiant assault from the well tempered blades of those youthful champions—and clearer than all, the presiding divinity of the place—not a blooming, fair haired girl of "sweet sixteen," but an antiquated, vinegar visaged maiden, whose very look sent terror to the heart of the youthful offender, and well versed in the practice of sundry sayings of the wise man, such as "He that hateth his son, spareth the rod, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes"—"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Then, when our Argus-eyed instructress was engaged in her favorite employment of inflicting the rod upon some unfortunate culprit, or, perchance, deeply absorbed in the

study of her favorite "Thaddeus of Warsaw," her constant bosom companion, and which we have even known her unconsciously to read for some pages instead of the Scriptures, when leading the devotions of the school, would we steal with noiseless step out the open door, and hie away to the green, shady hill side, where, stretched on some mossy bank by murmuring stream, we forgot the sad reckoning which the morrow was sure to bring, while with boyish delight we wandered with our bard through enchanted land.

Unheeded flew the hours while we reveled in the bright visions of the poet, reading and rereading the magic lines—now pausing to form a real fairy land in the far distant mountains, whose towering summits rising above the golden clouds, seemed a world too pure and good for aught but Fairies to inhabit—and anon in quiet slumber, losing sight of the bright images of sense, to visit the still brighter forms of Fancy in the land of dreams—for who could resist the influence of the drowsy god, when reading lines like these :

" And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne  
Of swarming bees, did caste him in a swowne."

Beautiful, is it not ? and a more powerful soporific than the "strong liquors" in which the fair Phedria steeped the eyes of the gallant knight Cymocles, that "nothing might him hastily awake."

It has been truly remarked, that Spenser has been more talked of than read, and much less talked of than he really deserves. Every student is ashamed to have it thought that he is ignorant of the writings of him, who justly stands in the first rank of English poets, for he has heard by the "hearing of the ear," that he has uttered many beautiful, noble thoughts, in the thrilling language of true poetry ; yet scarce one in fifty has gathered these brilliant gems in their native mines, where alone they shine in their purest lustre.

It is now more than two centuries and a half since the banks of the silver Mulla, and the romantic hills of the Bally-Howra, ceased to resound to the music of his harp, and yet it is only within one or two years that any tolerable American edition of his works has been published. Even the Reviewers, those Harpies who gloat with green envious eye over every work of genius which they can clutch, and

"Contactu omnia foedant  
Immundo,"



have strangely suffered the gentle, but most gifted poet, who never breathed an angry word in song, to sleep undisturbed in his quiet grave. True, indeed, the good old Christopher North, of Blackwood notoriety, who has an eye to see, a heart to feel, and a tongue to speak of beauty wherever it exists, has read us a pretty chapter on him whom he calls the most delightful of all poets. But even *he* has failed in this instance, to exhibit that warmth and enthusiasm which he is wont to display on a theme so congenial to his taste. Even in his native land the noble bard is but little better known than among ourselves. Strange, passing strange is it, that for more than two hundred years he found none among his countrymen who thought it worth their while to collect and publish his beautiful poems in a convenient, readable form.

To this cause, perhaps, may we chiefly ascribe it, that he has been no more studied at home, for that he has been but little understood in England, is evident from what Christopher remarks in his soliloquy on annuals, where, speaking of the dearth of good literature previous to the present century, he says, "What elderly-young lady could be expected to turn from house affairs, for example, to Spenser's Faerie Queene? It is a long, long, long poem, that Faerie Queene; yet beautiful it is, most exquisitely and unapproachably beautiful in many passages, especially about ladies and ladies' love more than celestial, for Venus loses in comparison her lustre in the sky; but still people were afraid to get into it *then* as now," &c. But although but few, comparatively speaking, have ever tasted the rich feast afforded by the poetry of Spenser, he has not been entirely unknown and undervalued; nor is it the least that can be said in his praise, that those who have known him best and praised him most, have been among the proudest names which English Literature can boast.

He who sat highest on the mount of song, "but a little lower than the angels," was not ashamed to own, that from the sage Spenser he had drawn many lessons of wisdom, and "thought him a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." Dryden, too, observes, "that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters;" and Scott, also, speaks of "his master Spenser;" nor is it difficult to perceive that they alike drank of the same fountain, for both have sung in impassioned strains of feats of arms, chivalric deeds, and knightly tournaments. Byron, too, has left unwilling testimony in favor of Spenser; not in open, candid language, (for who ever knew him to praise the pure and good?) yet in adopting the noble, melodious, but difficult Spenserian stanza, has tacitly, though plainly acknowledged its excellence and beauty. But he failed to imitate in that more

important respect, pure thoughts, and high and virtuous aims; so though he uttered beautiful, fearful, earnest thoughts, in the deep, impassioned language of intensest feeling, the garland of praise will have withered and fallen from his brow, while that of Spenser will be gathering fresh brightness and verdure from the lapse of years.

It will ever be a matter of regret, that of the childhood and youth of Spenser, we are left entirely in the dark. In reading the biographies of distinguished men, we have ever regarded this period of their lives with peculiar interest. This well understood, we have an insight far into the real character of the man, for he has then no motive to wear the borrowed mask of hypocrisy. With what interest do we read that Shakspeare was once a link boy in the streets of London, and a deer stealer in the parks of Warwickshire! The simple incident related of our revered Washington, so familiar to every American, respecting his love of truth when a mere child, affects many minds more strongly than the splendid achievements of his after life! Thus is it with all the great: whatever noble and virtuous traits we see exhibited in youth, we view with higher admiration, and the opposite qualities with stronger aversion, than when displayed in after life. Would that we could lift the veil that shrouds in darkness the youthful life of our poet, and read the bright, joyous history of his early years. If, as Wordsworth sagely remarks,

“The child is father of the man,”

the history of that young father-life, which produced a manhood of such strength and virtue, must have been fraught with interest. Would that we could live over with him again that brief day of his young existence—a day of laughing sunshine and of sorrowing tears. Tears, did we say? Nay, who that has ever listened to the joyous, happy strains—the glad music of his harp—can believe that Edmund Spenser ever wept? It is not the melody of a broken misanthropic heart, singing the dirge of blighted hopes, or invoking curses upon his hated fellow-men, but gushing forth from the deep fountains of a soul, loving and beloved of all. Even when the dark clouds of disappointment obscured the brightest of those youthful days, which all were fair, and he woke from that blissful dream of his earliest, deepest, purest love, to see his own Rosalind accept a rival's hand, he utters no complaining word, feels no envious thought, but with feelings chastened and purified, sings in sadder, sweeter tones,

“Such is the powre of that sweet passion,  
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,  
And the refined mind doth newly fashion

Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell  
 In his high thought, that would itself excel,  
 Which he beholding still with constant sight,  
 Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light."

But time flies while we linger in fond recollections and imaginings of Spenser's youth, and he comes forward to act his part in the busy scenes of life. From his boyhood he had been familiar with the Muses, and no sooner had he published his *Shepherd's Calendar*, with some fugitive pieces, than his fame was spread throughout England. Fortune, too, smiled on him, and from the humble youth of obscure parentage, he became the intimate companion of princes and nobles, and the object of peculiar regard of Queen Elizabeth herself. For a few years he took part in the bustle and turmoil of public life; but its exciting scenes by no means accorded with his quiet disposition, and thus, after honorably discharging the duties of his station for two or three years, he eagerly embraced the opportunity of returning to those literary pursuits and domestic enjoyments, which were far more congenial with his gentle spirit.

By the munificence of the queen, he was relieved from the necessity of labor for his own support, and enabled to spend all his time in courting the inspiration of the Muse—nor did he woo in vain. In the brave old castle of Kilcolman, situated in the most romantic part of the Emerald Isle, and commanding a view of more than half its extent, he spent many years of quiet happiness, singing of

"Heavenly Una and her milk-white Lamb."

It was, indeed, a meet place for one who had such a heart to feel, and pen to describe the beautiful, as Edmund Spenser. The high mountains of Kerry, melting away into the blue heavens on the north—the far-famed hills of Bally-Howra, on the south, like enchanted castles, hanging midway between heaven and earth, their sides thickly set with sturdy oak, with pleasant cottages interspersed between—before, the devious winding Mulla rolled its quiet waters, like the peaceful current of the poet's own life—while still beyond, embosomed in a lovely valley, were the sleeping waters of Derwent—the most beautiful of all Irish lakes. This delightful place might almost seem the original of that magic bower of bliss, which, with inimitable sweetness, the poet has described in these rich, harmonious numbers:

"The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;  
 Th' angelical soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine response meet;

The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
The waters fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

He that does not feel that there is true poetry in these exquisite lines, need give himself no trouble about the concerns of a hereafter, for he may rest assured he has not the shadow of a soul. Had Orpheus sung in strains half so divine, he would not have simply moved the stones and trees, but would have inspired them with the melody of song, so that to him they should have "made divine response meet."

It was in this lovely retreat, that Spenser composed the longest—shall we say the most delightful of all English poems?—the *Faerie Queene*. Gladly would we linger for a time upon this noblest work of our poet, holding high and sweet communion with the immortal bard, and gathering the bright, fragrant flowers which bloom so thickly on this enchanted ground; but *Tempus fugit*, and we must dismiss it with a word. We have long wondered that this magic poem, the fruit of such heavenly genius, has not been more extensively read and warmly admired. True, it is allegorical, almost entirely so, yet we cannot agree with Christopher in his ill-natured remark, that "Purgatorial pains, unless, indeed, they should prove eternal, are insufficient punishment for the impious man who invented allegory." Who that has read (and who has not?) the beautiful allegories of the pious Bunyan, could respond amen, to such a wicked wish? As Bunyan excelled in allegorical prose, so was Spenser prince of allegorical verse; and it is not merely that he clothed his beautiful thoughts in the language of allegory, that he has been less admired than the former. We should rather say the cause has been, that from the nature of the subjects upon which he wrote, his allegories must necessarily have been less interesting to the common mind, than those of Bunyan, but especially being more perfect and labored, and clothed in the figurative language of poetry, they have required more study and mental effort fully to understand them. But even if his allegories are not all clearly understood, the *Faerie Queene* is delightful reading to all who love beautiful and pure thoughts, expressed in the rich harmony of smoothly flowing numbers, and the full strength of the Anglo Saxon tongue. True, the spirit of chivalry and romance breathes through almost every stanza, which renders it far less acceptable to the plain, common sense of this practical age. It is also true, that he has justly incurred the charge of pedantry; nor is it wonderful, when we

consider his extensive acquirements and profound learning—more rare accomplishments in the age in which he lived, than at present. He seemed equally familiar with the three worlds, heaven, earth, and hell, and used at pleasure, materials drawn from either, in the construction and embellishments of his poems. There are other faults in Spenser, besides those to which we have alluded, but it is not our purpose here to point them out. *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.* Long, too long have the rich treasures of his genius lain in obscurity, and their value and beauty been almost entirely lost to the world. Endowed with a brilliant imagination, a vivid fancy, and boundless command of language, he has given full scope to each, in that poem on which his fame chiefly rests, the *Faerie Queene*. Nor is he less to be admired for the noble and virtuous sentiments which he everywhere inculcates. Never was there a finer thought more gracefully expressed, than where he speaks of angels as ministering spirits to the good:—

“How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that succour want !  
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave  
The flitting skeys, like flying pursuivant,  
Against fowle feends to ayd us militant !  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant.”

But we forbear. Where all is so beautiful, it is no easy task to collect random passages in proof of poetic merit. Let every student who has never tasted the rich feast afforded by Spenser, throw aside for a brief time his musty text books, and revel in the bright Elysium of the poet's imagination. We venture to assert, that he will not find the time unpleasantly or unprofitably spent.

But the gentle current of the poet's life was not permitted to flow on in the quiet happiness of domestic enjoyment, till the last. A “change came o'er the spirit of his dream,” and he, too, was taught at length by bitter experience, the sad lesson which all must sooner or later learn, that this is but a selfish, heartless world. Friend after friend forsook him, the rebels burned his defenseless dwelling, and with it an idolized child, and in destitute circumstances he was driven from his adopted land, to seek refuge in England. Here the Maiden Queen did not receive him with that open-hearted welcome which the immortal fame she had acquired from his muse justly deserved, and he was permitted to languish in obscurity, and the disappointment of hope deferred, “which maketh the heart sick.” For a little time he bravely battled with the raging storm, but

his noble, sensitive spirit was but little fitted for contending with such adverse elements; and so, in the meridian of life, in an obscure lodging house of the world's metropolis, with scarce a sympathizing friend by his side, we see the gifted poet of the Faerie Queene suffering, dying—and we turn away to weep!

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THE ILL-FATED SHIP.

[In the winter of 1841, a large ship, full of passengers, was run down by another, in the English Channel, and every soul on board the former was lost; an occurrence by no means unfrequent.]

'Twas many a weary mile our ride,  
Through darkness thick and blinding rain,  
And glad were we, when we descried  
A Shepherd's cot upon the plain.  
Around the blazing hearth, that night,  
We halted from our darksome route;  
The burning faggots crackled light,  
While the storm howled dismally without.  
The jest and song passed merrily 'round,  
And smoking pipes and foaming bowls,  
And that hamlet's roof re-echoed the sound,  
Of boisterous mirth from lithesome souls.  
In turn, the marvelous tale went the rounds,  
Of travelers benighted on darksome nights,  
Of will o' the wisp, of haunted grounds,  
And cunning wiles of treacherous sprites.

A traveler there was, from the storm who had fled,  
Like ourselves, for a refuge to the Shepherd's lone cot;  
But for him the howl of the winds had no dread,  
For his weather-worn features proved the storm was his lot.  
Around his dark brow, hung his snowy white locks,  
Like the feathery drifts on the mountain tops hoar;  
Or the billowy spray, as it breaks on the rocks,  
Then courses and curls along the sea-shore.  
Well knew we all, when he entered the room,  
From his dress, and his air, and balancing motion,  
His it had been, o'er the great deep to roam,  
With his comrades undaunted, the sons of the ocean.

Midnight slowly drawn along,  
Gathered in its tedious pace,  
Every story, every song,  
Jest, or good, or common-place;

Eyes that kindled with delight,  
Where the cheerful blaze was seen,  
Dimly look on slothful night,  
Lulled by Morpheus' narcotine.  
To the stranger then we turn,  
Who in silence listened long,  
Hoping he would, in his turn,  
Help the tardy hours along.  
"Mariner, all our tales are told ;  
And you've not sung, nor told a tale—  
Tell us of your wanderings bold,  
Seaward, breasting wave and gale."

"Ah ! many a weary year has passed,  
Since I," quoth he, "was young and gay ;  
For ocean's surge, and roaring blast,  
Have taken all my bloom away.  
But well I remember,  
As the blasts of December,  
So dismally swept o'er the heath ;  
One night, stormy dark,  
A proud, gallant bark,  
Sank mountainous surges beneath.  
Ah ! now, in my ear,  
That death-knell I hear,  
The perishing mariner's wail ;  
Which told how the brave,  
'Neath the merciless wave,  
Were whelmed in the crash of the furious gale.

"From Albion's verdant isle we sailed,  
To cross the billowy seas ;  
And blithe, and light of heart, we gave  
Our canvas to the breeze.  
And swiftly seaward sped our bark,  
With pennons streaming high,  
Studding-sails spread on either side,  
And royals towards the sky.

"But when the sun went down that night,  
All shrouded was his course,  
Then fitful blasts boomed o'er the sea—  
Howled through the rigging hoarse.  
A lurid mist obscured the sky,  
And tinged the waters dark,  
And threw a ghastly, pallid light,  
O'er mast, and sail, and pennon light,  
Of our own gallant bark.

The gathering mists came on apace,  
And brooded o'er the deep ;  
Red lightning flashed along the sky,  
Where echoing thunders sweep.  
Then rose the winds, with hoarser roar,  
Then heaved the sea in might,  
And the angry surges broke in foam—  
Oh ! 'twas a fearful night.

“ ‘ The light sails quickly all take in—  
Let go your halliards all—  
Up, up, my men, and lay aloft—  
Clew-garnets for the courses haul.’  
The loosened sails with thunder flap ;  
Then burst they forth from sheet and tack—  
The straining booms successive crack,  
And from the tapering yard-arms snap.  
‘ With knife and axe, quick, clear the wreck—  
Down on the yards below, my men,  
And furl the courses snugly, then’—  
The Captain thus was heard from deck.

“ We hurried aloft, and stretched on the yards,  
With the lightning's bale fire to light us ;  
We feared not the blast, nor the will o' the wisp,  
That tipped every star to affright us.  
We mastered each sail with the strength of despair,  
And bound it with jigger and gasket ;  
While the ocean upheaving, broke round us in surges,  
And sparkled like gems in a casket.  
Then safely this task being o'er,  
Close reefed we, undaunted, each topsail ;  
With the billows' tumultuous roar,  
We bounded along in the gale.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The hour of midnight came ; still on her foaming course,  
Our gallant ship ascends each watery steep,  
Then downward plunging in the engulfing deep,  
Cuts through the rayless darkness with impetuous force.

“ At once there rang, throughout the ship,  
From trembling tongue and pallid lip,  
‘ Sail, right ahead, and close aboard—  
Port with your helm—down—hard-a-larboard.’  
‘Twas all in vain ! one moment more,  
A crash arose, above the roar  
Of blasts and angry main,



As when from cliffs that pierce the skies,  
 The bounding avalanches rise,  
 And burst upon the plain.  
 Our ship, with an impetuous stride,  
 Had crushed the ill-fated bark ;  
 And the yawning gulfs were opening wide,  
 Of ocean's waters dark.  
 We heard the shrieks—the piercing shrieks,  
 That rose from the foundering wreck ;  
 With horror saw the hapless crowds  
 Of wretches that thronged her deck.  
 Our proud ship, majestic, convulsively flings  
 The fragments around o'er the main ;  
 Like the courser in battle, whose iron hoof rings,  
 O'er heaps of mailed warriors slain,  
 Whose corpses strew widely the plain,  
 As o'er them resistless to the death-charge he springs.  
 “ No help could we render, and we left them alone,  
 Unaided, to perish, beneath the dark surge ;  
 The billows, their winding sheet, hushed every groan,  
 And the wail of the winds was their funeral dirge.  
 But well I remember,  
 As the blasts of December,  
 So dismally sweep o'er the heath,  
 The night stormy dark,  
 When sunk that proud bark,  
 The mountainous surges beneath.  
 Even now, in my ear,  
 That death-knell I hear,  
 The perishing mariner's wail ;  
 Which told how the brave,  
 'Neath the merciless wave,  
 Were whelmed in the roar of the furious gale.”

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FRANK ASHBURTON ; OR, THE RETURN.

“ Wild are the winds ! the heaven's are dark,  
 And he is out on a pathless deep.”—*H. F. Gould.*

“ All night the booming minute-gun,  
 Had pealed along the deep,  
 And mournfully the rising sun  
 Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.”—*Mrs. Hemans.*

“ HARK ! was that a gun ? ” exclaimed Captain Bray, as he  
 was sitting, in his accustomed manner, apparently asleep, in his

old oaken arm-chair, beside a cheerfully burning fire, one stormy winter's night.

Opposite to him, occupying the same relative situation to the fire, sat his wife, a goodly dame of three score years. Her spectacles were perching upon the end of her nose, and her eyes half closed, as she sat gazing at the shining embers upon the hearth, conning over the scenes of her youth. There she saw, as imagination pictured them, the familiar countenances of those who had acted their parts in those scenes; and, as she sat thus, ever and anon a smile would play upon her face, or a sad expression flit across it, as shadows of clouds pass quickly, on a smiling summer's day. Many of her former friends were now sleeping the cold sleep of death; others of them were scattered, up and down, here and there in the highways and by-ways of life.

At her feet sat the old gray cat, to all appearance indulging as happy a reverie as her mistress; she, too, was unmindful of what passed; her eyes were half closed, as she sat upon the hearth-rug, taking no notice of her little kittens, frolicking at her side; but, there she was, attentively purring away, as if to recall some good old tune.

At the piano forte might have been seen Arthur Bray, his sister Fanny, and another young lady, whose paternal name was Ashton, but who, for reasons which the sequel will unfold, had taken the name of Bray. By these, amidst their chit-chat and songs, the whistling of the winds, the pattering of the rain, and the roar of the surge, which broke heavily upon the rocks in the cove, at a short distance from the house, were unheard. Such was Captain Bray's happy family, on this stormy night. Having, from early youth until within a few years of the time of our tale, been a "sea-faring man," he had, by dint of perseverance and attention to his business, amassed a handsome fortune, with which he purchased a pleasant farm upon the coast of the Eastern part of Maine. Here, on the sunny side of a gently ascending hill, which sheltered it from the Northern and Eastern storms, he built him a neat little cottage. Having, in days passed, been removed from the din and bustle of the world, as the nature of his business required, he chose this spot for a dwelling, in preference to all others. Here, but two or three miles from a pleasant village, he could hear the moaning of the ocean, whose billows had so long cradled him. Here he could see its white-topped waves dash and break upon the shore, and then sink calmly away. Here, where he could hear their angry roar, as they were rolled by the storm-wind over half sunken rocks, he was spending the remainder of his days.

His son Arthur was a young man of four and twenty years of age, who, having just finished his collegiate education, was spending a short time at his father's, previous to entering upon his professional studies. He, with his sister Fanny, were the only children of Captain Bray, upon whom he looked, as well he might, with no common degree of satisfaction. For, in the one were combined great beauty of person, a noble mind, and that ease and politeness of manners not often possessed by the scholar ; while the other child was gifted not only with uncommon beauty, but also a mind of an high order, and a most amiable disposition. Kate, the fifth of this happy family group, was of the same age as Fanny Bray, whom she strongly resembled in mind and disposition, and to whom she was by no means inferior in beauty.

Her father, too, had spent the greater part of his life upon the sea, and was an intimate friend of Captain Bray. Twelve years before this time, while they were both together in the port of Calcutta, her father, Captain Ashton, sickened with a fever and died ; asking, with his dying breath, that his friend, Captain Bray, would adopt his little daughter, as she would now be a lone orphan, with only one brother, her elder by seven years. Possessing that roving disposition, and ardent desire for adventure, so common to youth of his age, he had stolen away from the boarding-school, where he was receiving his education, shortly after his father sailed upon his last voyage. Thus Kate being left alone in the world, at so early an age, her father's dying request was most heartily complied with, and she became to Captain Bray and his family, as an own child and sister.

It was while thus happily engaged, they were beguiling pleasantly this stormy winter's evening, that the report above mentioned aroused Captain Bray from his apparent listlessness, who at the same time inquired if the noise he heard was the report of a gun. "Twas but the closing of a door or the swinging of a gate," said Arthur, in reply, who had not noticed the sound which awakened so much interest in his father's mind. He knew too well the feelings of those who fired the signal of distress. While they were still conversing about the mysterious noise, another sharp report proved Captain Bray's suspicions to be correct. Possessing a heart always ready to aid and succor the distressed, he instantly seized his old "sou' wester," which had warded off from his head many a storm, and his great overcoat, both relics of his former life.

In a short time, accompanied by Arthur and an old negro servant, Dick, who had served him faithfully for many years, and who now led the way, bearing a lantern, they proceeded to

the cove. As they hurried along, each one was surmising where the vessel could be, that fired the signal of distress.

Captain Bray remarked, that "it sounded as if the vessel was upon the graves;" which were half sunken rocks, a little out of the mouth of the cove, deriving their name either from their resemblance to the mounds usually placed over graves, being long and narrow, or from the fact that many a vessel had been wrecked upon them, and their crews swallowed by the waves that dashed them in pieces. But it matters not whence it was that these rocks received their name, upon which Captain Bray supposed the vessel had been cast. Arthur thought that the sound proceeded from the beach beyond the cove, where he supposed the vessel had stranded, while old Dick, upon being interrogated by him as to where he thought it was, replied, "raly Massa Arter, I can't tell no how. But considerin de ppozition of de sound, I should spoze dat de vessil was somewhere or odder, not a great way off, more or less." Dick finished his answer, which amused them much, just as they came to the cove, into which the waves from the ocean rolled, and tumbling one over the other, dashed upon the rock-skirt shore with a deafening roar.

Here, for sometime, they stood, when another flash and report told but too truly, that the vessel was upon the graves: "Ah!" said Captain Bray, "just as I thought! just as I thought! I fear that it will soon all be over with those poor fellows." So far from the shore was the wrecked vessel, that the now anxious watchers could afford those on board of her no assistance.

At last it was proposed, that a fire, as a beacon-light, should be kindled under a large, overhanging rock, at the head of the cove; so that, should any of those on board the vessel take to their boats, and steer for it, they would be in less danger from breakers than anywhere else; and should they pass these in safety, they would here effect a safer landing, than at any other place. This idea seeming a good one, it was no sooner proposed, than tar barrels were brought from a boat-house near by, and a bright fire kindled, which sent its black, pitchy smoke upward, and stretched up its shining flames until they licked the overhanging, moss-covered rocks, or quickly darted up their sharp points, as if to pierce the beetling ledge, and shed a bright glare around. This doubtlessly cheered the shipwrecked crew, for soon the signal guns were heard again. Here, on either side of the fire, stood the anxious watchers, looking with intense interest in the direction of the wreck, hoping, as the wind had now lulled somewhat, and the storm abated, to see a boat coming to the shore. Now one and then another would avow that he could see a boat in the offing, coming toward the shore,

but, after gazing for a long time, would be constrained to believe, that what he saw was either a creation of the imagination, or a rock, whose top was above or below the surface of the water, as the waves rose over and receded from it.

Thus they remained about two hours, during which interval, the firing on board the wreck had ceased, and nothing but the dismal roar of the ocean was heard. Concluding from this circumstance, that the vessel had been dashed in pieces, or brought into a safer situation than during the early part of the night, they were about to return to the house, when they heard three guns fired in rapid succession. Putting more fuel upon the fire, they awaited with increased interest ; in a short time, a flash lighted up that part of the ocean, at a little distance from where the vessel was aground, and as no report was heard, they supposed that a musket had been fired by those in a boat coming to shore. Soon another flash was seen, and a faint report heard, not wholly drowned by the roar of the surge. By this they were assured of the approach of the boat, and it was not long before they saw, by the faint light of the moon, which came struggling through the thick clouds, or came in scattered, straggling rays through their partings, as they were now slowly rolling away, a boat entering the mouth of the cove. It was now but a few rods from the beach, which afforded the only safe landing ; but before this could be reached, the boat must come around a ledge of rocks which ran some ways out from the shore, and over which the waves broke heavily, making all around white with their foam. Just around the point of the ledge, which formed a kind of barrier, the tide was running with a strong ebbing current. Here the boat remained for some time, unable to make any headway against the current. The oars bent and creaked, but to no purpose, for one combing wave, more weighty than the rest, dashed the boat upon a rough, weed-covered rock, and swallowed all those in it, as it rolled on.

As soon as Arthur, who had been looking on in breathless silence, saw this, bidding old Dick to follow, he lashed one end of a long rope about his waist, and charging him to hold on upon the other, with a boat-hook in his hand, leaped and waded from rock to rock, which the tide and waves left bare, until he stood in their very midst, which seemed enraged at his daring, and dashed in greater fury upon and about him, seeming, as they rushed with their gurgling foam between the rocks, to gnash their teeth at him in anger. Here, supporting himself with his well-tried boat-hook, and looking around, he soon espied one of those who had been swamped in the boat, swimming towards him. He saw him approach within a short distance

from him, and then sink exhausted in a wave, which dashed him upon the rock on which Arthur stood. Seizing the lifeless body, and waiting until the wave receded and left the rocks bare again, he, supporting himself by the rope and boat-hook, waded and leaped as he could, from rock to rock, lifting the body towards the shore. Now he would cling with one arm to a jutting rock, embracing the wrecked man with the other, while a huge wave passed over him ; then he would again leap and wade towards the shore. Thus, after some time had elapsed, he reached the beach on which his father and old Dick were standing, completely exhausted ; delivering up his burthen to them, they were gratified, after some time, having applied the usual restoratives used for drowned persons, to see it exhibit some, though faint signs, of life.

As no gun had been heard since the boat left the wreck, and as they could see no one to whom assistance could be afforded, forming a litter with oars and sails, they bore the shipwrecked person to the cottage.

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CHAPTER II.

"Ah ! still on my vision the object increases !

The cottage of peace and affection I spy !

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, now I am blest !—But, ah, language it fails me,

No pencil can paint love's ecstatic alarms :

'Tis she that approaches—'tis Catharine hails me—

She gazes ! she smiles !—I am pressed in her arms."

*Woodworth.*

The morning came, and the shipwrecked stranger was still alive ; but through the exertions he had made, and the wounds he received by being dashed upon the rocks, he now lay senseless, so that nothing could be learned from him of the vessel, nor of the fate of her crew.

The storm had passed off, but the vessel was nowhere to be seen. And when the villagers, as was their custom after a storm, came to the sea-shore to gather the weeds thrown upon it by the waves, they found it covered with boxes, bales, and fragments of the ship. Among these were found papers, from which they learned that the wrecked vessel was a packet, bound from Liverpool to New York. And from papers found about the shipwrecked stranger, they learned that his name was Frank Ashburton. His dress was not that of a sailor, nor was his appearance generally, and thence they inferred that he was

a passenger on board the ship—more than this, nothing was ascertained. For some days, the struggle between life and death, was with him severe. At last, his strong and vigorous constitution overcame the disease, so that in a few days he was able to tell his own story. He had spent the few past years of his life in the East Indies, where he had accumulated a handsome fortune, and was now returning to his native land.

Being even a stranger in his native land, and as his property was insured in England, some time must necessarily elapse before he could perform any business, he yielded willingly to the earnest solicitations of Captain and Arthur Bray, to remain a few weeks with them, until his health became firm again. In regard to his leaving home, they could learn nothing ; he represented himself, as he supposed he was, an orphan ; for he had in his childhood years followed his mother to her grave, and since he had been absent, had heard that his father died in a foreign land, and that his little sister survived him but a short time.

A few weeks passed on, and with the returning spring and summer, the health of Frank Ashburton became once more established. His beauty returned to him again, and during this time there sprang up in his heart a plant of a nature rare and unknown to him.

Though born to be a gentleman—to love and to be loved—and though possessing a noble and generous heart, yet he had before this known nothing of that feeling which the world calls love. Nor is this a matter of surprise, as he had spent those of his days, when, if ever, a person feels that flood of passion which carries before it all other impulses, among the most heartless of a heartless world. Living, as he had, among the most degraded of the earth, he looked upon poor humanity with apathy and mistrust, until now. Soon he felt emotions to which he was an utter stranger. He knew not why it was, that his heart beat stronger than usual, or why his cheek was suffused with a burning blush, as often as his eye chanced to meet the laughing eye of Kate, or why it was that the songs she sang to him lingered, in his dreams, so sweetly on his ear.

Thus commenced that emotion in his heart, which ripened into love. Now Frank Ashburton felt that this world was not, as he had deemed it, a dreary waste, which must be wearily passed, ere paradise could be attained ; though he never told his love, but kept it pent up in his heart, yet he felt that his fortune was intimately associated with that of the beautiful Kate Bray. He determined not to return to the East, as he had anticipated, but to spend the remainder of his days in his native land ; often delighting himself with that pleasant, though

profitless occupation, followed by so many, particularly young persons, castle-building—not once so much as thinking, that the offer of his hand in marriage would be rejected by her, upon whom he looked with so much devotedness.

But, alas ! for poor Frank Ashburton ! her heart had already been won by another, to whom she had often whispered her plighted love, before the storm arose in which Frank Ashburton was wrecked ;—and these vows were made to one wholly unsuspected by him. It is true, that he had often seen Arthur Bray and Kate chatting happily together, and even more affectionately than brothers and sisters are wont to do, in their most loving moods. He had also noticed, as he thought, that Arthur seemed more devotedly attached to Kate, than to his sister Fanny ; but supposing that they were brothers and sisters, children of the same parents, he attributed all this marked friendship and love to the overflowing of his fraternal feelings ; and heard nothing of the whisperings of that demon, jealousy—which, lurking in the heart, tears it and rends it as soon as love is kindled there.

A few weeks elapsed, and letters received from England required him to proceed immediately to New York, to attend to the adjustment of his business. The evening before he was to leave the family of Captain Bray, was one of the most amorous a summer ever knew. The mellow breath of the evening air, as it passed by, seemed to whisper love in the ear ; or to delicately kiss the cheek, as it crept softly along on its way. The moon was inviting the lovers forth, and the gentle heavings of the ocean, as it rose and fell, but scarcely moaned, as its tardy waves now rose and now died away upon the spongy beach, were not unlike the involuntary sighs of a fond lover wooing his gentle mate ; and not unlike the throbbing of his heart, was the quicker, though no less quiet motion of the waves, in the little cove.

Straying along on its shores, were Frank Ashburton and Kate Bray. Now Frank resolved to declare his love to her, and to offer formally his hand in marriage ; but before he had proceeded far in his recital, he was arrested by her, begging him to proceed no farther with his suit, as she could not, for reasons which Arthur would make known to him, accept his hand. By this prompt and unqualified refusal, he was greatly confounded, as he not only supposed that her heart was untrammelled, but that his love was even reciprocated by her.

They returned to the house ; but Frank was not, as usual, cheerful and happy. As he was to leave early in the morning, he spent the evening, until a late hour, with Captain Bray's happy family, conversing, as they naturally would, upon the



singular manner in which their acquaintance with him commenced, and the unhappy occurrences of the shipwreck. And when they saw Frank's sadness, they attributed it to the recollection of these things, and the prospect of their separation; for he had often assured them, with no small degree of emotion, that he esteemed them as the only friends he had in this broad world. It was in vain that he endeavored to appear cheerful; the smile and the trembling tear-drop in his eye, for which it found channels to course its way,

"Met, as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain  
Meet in the sky."

The severe rebuffs with which his sanguine hopes had met, could not be overcome nor concealed. To Kate, this was anything but a happy evening. She saw and knew the cause of his unpleasant feelings. And when Captain Bray and others of his happy family spoke of their attachment and esteem for him, he now, for the first time, felt a mistrust in their words. Had he but interrogated Arthur, upon the cause of the decided refusal his offers had met with, he would have seen that there was meaning in these words, and would have had a lighter heart. But chagrin and pride kept him from this, and now he longed for the hour of departure to come.

The sun had just arisen from the ocean, as the stage-coach in which Frank was to depart, rolled heavily up to the door of the cottage. As he heard it, his spirits were animated, for he was now anxious to leave the place which, but a few hours before, was to him, of all, the most pleasant. Farewell! was spoken, and he yet again repeated the many obligations he was under to them for the preservation of his life, and their unmeasured kindness towards him. The coach door slammed, the driver snapped his whip, and down the hill the heavy coach rattled, hiding the dwelling of Captain Bray from his view. Without noticing any of the objects he passed, there sat Frank Ashburton, silent and sad.

A journey of three days brought him to the village, one of the seaport towns of Massachusetts, where he was born, and where he spent his childhood years, and where his mother, long since dead, was buried. It was just as the sun was sinking in the west, that the coach entered the village, and passed the house where he had spent, though few, the happiest years of his life. There stood the same old well-sweep, with the same moss-covered bucket hanging from it, that there did fifteen years before. The same sturdy old elms were there now, bending their long arms over the house, that there were then.

There, at the entrance of the short lane which led to the house, stood the same old red gate, upon which he had often swung in merry glee, while beside it, just as then, stood one tall, straight poplar tree, as if it were a sentinel, keeping its lonely guard. But the house in which his kind mother had taught his infant knees to bend, and his little lips to lisp their nightly prayer, had lost the neat appearance it once had; the storms of a dozen or more years had not been spent in vain upon it.

As he passed this, he felt more lonesome than ever before; the scene of his mother's death came before him, and his playful little sister was again by him, prattling as happily as she did so long before this time: now his waywardness, though thousands of times repented of, came afresh to his mind. And as memory, true to herself, brought the scenes of his childhood up in order before him,

" His early days  
Were with him in his heart."

Though he had left this place when but eight years of age, still, it was to him his home, sweet home, whose breathings, as they came over his soul, brought no less of pain than of pleasure. What would he have given now, for only one friend who was of his kindred, one fond sister whom he could love! In vain he looked, hoping to recognize an acquaintance in the countenances of those who, as they passed, turned their careless gaze at the coach, as it rumbled along; they were all strange and unknown to him.

Early in the morning, he sought his mother's grave, and leaning his head upon the stone, which marked the spot where she lay, he once more moistened the sods, on which for a long time no mourner's tear had fallen; for,

" He had not learned yet to repress  
All heart-wrung drops of bitterness."

And here, in these sad moments, he found a pleasure.

Yes! it is sweet to stand by the damp and noiseless gravel beds of those we love, and weep. It is manliness to be heart-broken there; and no less proper than pleasant for those who sow the corrupt body, to water with their tears the spot where it is sown. All this he felt, and for a while gave full vent to the fountain of grief opened in his heart. The time passed unheeded by, and it was not until the sun had risen high and warm, that his happy reverie was disturbed by the sound of the innocent voices of two little girls, who were happily gathering the wild flowers, that blossomed alike upon the rich and

poor man's grave, or were thoughtlessly chasing the gaudy butterflies, until at unawares, they approached near to him, and then turned and walked timidly away. He followed them with his eyes, and sighed for one short hour of their happiness. Now, for the first time, he thought of his sister, and looked for her grave ; but none so small as her's would be, were near his mother's. He searched the church-yard through, and read each epitaph, to find where she was sleeping ; but no stone bore her name. He was leaving this hallowed place, when he met an old man, bowed with age, leaning upon his staff ; his wrinkled, care-worn brow, his thin, white locks, and tottering steps, told but too truly, that his days were few.

As they met, Frank inquired of him concerning his parents and sister. Of the two former, he learned nothing but what he had heard before ; but of his sister, the old man knew nothing.

A few days after found Frank Ashburton arranging his business in New York, preparatory to leaving his native land again ; hoping, as he did, to find once more comparative happiness in the cares of business. It was at this time that he received a letter from Arthur Bray, explaining the conduct of Kate towards him. And when he learned that she was not, as he had supposed, his sister, but that they were to be united by closer bonds, he could no longer hate the beautiful Kate Bray—for to hatred his love was fast changing—but he loved her now even more than ever before, for loving most of all the preserver of his life, and his best friend.

Frank had no sooner read this letter, than he resolved to visit once more that family to which he was so much indebted, before he again sailed from his native land ; hoping to reward them, in a measure, for their unlimited kindness to him, and to congratulate the happy pair upon their future prospects.

Two months had elapsed from the time he left Captain Bray's hospitable roof, before he again returned there ; and, as they were gathered together one evening, chatting familiarly, as friends are wont at times to do, Frank depicted to them his emotions, as he left this place two months before, and described his feelings, as he visited his native village. This was the first time that he had even spoken so much of his early history as to tell where he was born, having always evaded answering any questions relative to it. And when he spoke of his feelings upon passing the homestead, and of his visit to his mother's grave, all listened with the deepest interest ; and the silent tear frequently coursed its way down Kate's fair cheek, for she remembered well that her mother, too, was sleeping in that same church-yard, and in that same village she had

spent her childhood years. Thus, he finished his recital, to which all were attentive listeners, without once even imagining that he was ever known or related to any of them, until Captain Bray, who was well acquainted with Frank's native village, and now feeling a lively interest in it, as it was the birth-place of one so dear to him as Kate, accidentally inquired something more particular about the homestead. But before Frank had half finished his description of it, Captain Bray, lifting up with surprise both his hands, exclaimed, "Is this Frank Ashton?" Frank trembled and choked as he heard, for the first time for fifteen years, his real name spoken. Had a voice come from the mouldering dust in his mother's grave, and spoken his name, when he was resting his head upon the stone, he would hardly have been more astounded. And before he had recovered himself enough from this surprise to reply, Kate, hearing his name, and seeing his surprise at the mention of it, became at once convinced that he was her long lost brother, and leaping, with a shriek, fell upon his neck, pouring forth her warm tears of joy.

Here stood Frank, utterly amazed at this conduct of Kate; firmly believing that his sister was long since dead, he asked, as soon as he could, the cause of all this joy; and, when the mystery was unraveled to him, his emotions and the happy embraces of the surprised brother and sister, can be better imagined than described. The lost was found, the dead was raised.

A few years elapsed, and Arthur Bray, who had been educated for the church, broke the bread of life to the godly people of the village, near where the scene of this tale is laid, living happily with his loving wife, Kate. Frank Ashburton, now assuming his real name, Frank Ashton, and having retired from business, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Fanny Bray, and dwelt in the cottage near the cove.

And as often as the storm-wind howled, and the roaring, swelling waves, lashed on one and another to the shore, these now fond wives and loving mothers, would delight to tell their prattling little ones around them, of the stormy winter's night, and the shipwreck. Or, when the weather was mild and warm, to lead them to the church-yard, where the mournful weeping willows bent their long and slender arms, and where the ever-green mourners cast their darker, and sadder, and softer gloom, over the sleeping dust of Captain Bray, and his affectionate wife.

## REVIEW.

AMERICAN NOTES for General Circulation, by CHARLES DICKENS, author of "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," etc. etc. etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

SINCE the establishment of Mr. Cunard's new line of steamships, the facility of communication between this country and England, has exerted a marked effect on either side of the Atlantic, and the condition of both nations, in consequence, has been more particularly brought to the notice of each other. At every fresh arrival is introduced some new book of English authorship, which is immediately caught up, republished in some cheap and popular form, and circulated widely through the community; copious extracts from the English journals are given in every newspaper, whilst merchants and stock-jobbers look with fearful interest upon the bulletin boards, in anticipation of a rise or depression in the money market, consequent upon "their foreign advices." On the other hand, the number of English tourists that have recently visited this country, and have returned home invariably *to write a book*—an implicit obligation which they perform as though in duty bound—have served to dispel much of that lamentable ignorance hitherto existing among their countrymen, upon America and her institutions; whilst on the continent, "*les sauvages Américains*," through the representations of M. de Tocqueville, have become, in the eyes of Frenchmen, quite a civilized people. The example of thus writing a book, which has since been considered so binding, was undoubtedly set by those arch-confederates, in their libellous denunciations of this country—Mrs. Trollope and Capt. Basil Hall. The former winds up her "Men and Manners in America," with this exclamation, "What a life!" a word which, by the slight omission of the penultimate letter, would be highly expressive of the credit due to the preceding statements. The work of the latter has long been known as a tissue of the *gross-est* misrepresentations.

The Englishman at home and the Englishman abroad, are said to be essentially different characters. At home, at his fireside, he is all hospitality and benevolence, his demeanor thoroughly conciliating and gentlemanly; and thus it is that foreigners uniformly speak in tones highly commendatory of the polish and refinement of English society. But abroad, he becomes peevish—perfectly intolerable. He rails at every thing not English, and refuses to recognize any other standard of taste; his view is wholly obstructed by national prejudice. When he visits America, these characteristics are rendered the

more striking, because totally regardless of the sudden and complete transition he has undergone, he makes his own preconceived notions of propriety the umpires of all his criticism. He is forever instituting unfair comparisons, and forgets he has left the old world for the new, a monarchy for a republic, Regent's Park for Broadway. Administer to an Englishman's *comfort*, (a word peculiarly his own,) and you secure his approbation. A clean napkin, a silver fork, a good dinner, and plenty of time to eat it in, will obtain from him a handsome compliment to the country and institutions under which such a happy disposition of things is to be met with. It is really astonishing to see what frivolous exceptions, what minutiae of domestic detail, occupy the thousand and one tourists' books that have been written about America; whilst the grand principle of republicanism, our political and social condition, and the rapid strides we are daily taking in the march of intellect and improvement, are wholly overlooked.

These remarks have been chiefly suggested to us by a careful perusal of the volume whose title we have placed at the head of this article; a book which we opened with every pleasurable anticipation, but closed with feelings of unmitigated disappointment. The first two chapters, entitled "Going Away," and "The Passage Out," are inimitable; herein we recognize the author of *Nicholas Nickleby* and the *Pickwick Papers*. His description of the cabin of the *Britannia*, but more particularly of his state-room, as contrasted with the apartment suggested to his imagination by "the highly varnished lithographic plan hanging up in the agent's counting-house in the city of London," struck us as truly ludicrous. "That this room of state, in short, could be anything but a cheerful jest of the Captain's, invented and put in practice for the better relish and enjoyment of the real state-room presently to be disclosed," was a truth which, for the moment, he could not bring his mind to bear upon or comprehend. And then the circumstantial account he gives of his sea-sickness, only to be appreciated by those who have experienced the sensation—how he lay in his birth all day long, in a perfect state of lethargy; insensible to any emotion, except "a kind of fiendish delight" at the fact of his wife being too ill to talk to him—how nothing could have surprised him. "If in the momentary illumination of any ray of intelligence that may have come upon me in the way of thoughts of home, a goblin postman, with a scarlet coat and bell, had come into that little kennel before me, broad awake in broad day, and apologizing for being damp through walking in the sea, had handed me a letter, directed to myself in familiar characters, I

am certain I should not have felt one atom of astonishment: I should have been perfectly satisfied. If Neptune himself had walked in, with a toasted shark upon his trident, I should have looked upon the event as one of the very commonest everyday occurrences."

By some effort wholly unintelligible to himself, he at last manages to get on deck. Whilst there, the Captain, whose part it is to administer consolation upon such occasions, approaches him—but it is folly to attempt the expression of the same ideas in other language than his own. "I saw by his gestures that he addressed me; but it was a long time before I could make out that he remonstrated against my standing up to my knees in water, as I was; of course I don't know why. I tried to thank him, but couldn't. I could only point to my boots—or wherever I supposed my boots to be—and say, in a plaintive voice, 'cork soles;' at the same time endeavoring, I am told, to sit down in the pool. Finding that I was quite insensible, and for the time a maniac, he humanely conducted me below."

Having quoted enough from these two chapters to show that the author of "American Notes," is the same Mr. Dickens whose name we have been accustomed to associate with the inimitable "Boz," (a fact which we feared might otherwise have been called into question,) we proceed more especially to discuss the merits of the following pages.

We suppose that no foreigner ever labored under so many disadvantages in his visit to this country, as did Mr. Dickens. Both from the hurried tour he took through but a limited portion of the Union, and the peculiar circumstances attending it, an adequate conception of either our men or manners, was to him wholly impossible. No sooner was his arrival announced in Boston harbor, than a *committee* was appointed to provide for his reception; and from that time forth, until six months afterwards, he was safely deposited on board the packet-ship George Washington, similar committees escorted him through each successive stage of his journey. What little he saw of American life, and the manner in which it was presented to him, fell as far short of the reality, as a theatrical performance differs from the matter-of-fact occurrences it is designed to represent. As well might we expect him to derive any idea of the grandeur and sublimity of a prairie on fire, from the *amateur* conflagration, which, we are told, was expressively got up for him by his well disposed friends of St. Louis, as to believe that his opinions of our national characteristics, as drawn from his very partial observations, are at all appreciable. Owing to these facts, Mr. Dickens has thrown no new light whatever upon

his subject; indeed, had he secured the assistance of Mrs. Trollope, and provided himself with a correct map of the United States, (in which latter case he would have been less likely to have made Baltimore the capitol of Maryland,) he might have concocted quite as good a book as the one before us, without having once moved beyond the precincts of Devonshire Terrace.

Mr. Dickens' love of humor has induced him too frequently to draw upon his highly imaginative fancy for his scenes and descriptions. He deals largely in hyperbole, and sometimes descends to the lowest caricatures. He gives, indiscriminately, the Yankee dialect to the Southern planter, and the Western slang to the inhabitants of the Middle States. We have no hesitation in saying, that no "elderly gentleman" in Pennsylvania, or anywhere else, ever gave utterance to such an exclamation as, "If here ain't the Harrisburg mail, at last, and dreadful bright and smart to look at, too, darn my mother!" Wherever an American opens his mouth, he is invariably made to usher in his remarks with, "I guess," or, "I reckon."

Throughout his book, Mr. Dickens seems to be struggling between a sense of gratitude and a spirit of detraction; the latter, however, sadly predominates. He is aware that there is such a thing as "damning with faint praise," a species of commendation which, in his "tolerable" and "so so" phrases, he displays to perfection. By way of compromise for his many absurd and unjust strictures upon our domestic peculiarities, he prefaces his "Notes" with a dedication to his friends in America, and concludes with a compliment to their courage, frankness, and hospitality. But this is poor satisfaction for the bitterness and sarcasm that intervenes.

Before concluding this review, we cannot refrain from communicating to our readers a discovery we have recently made, that seems to have escaped the attention of all preceding critics. We have incontestable proof, that our author, among his other qualifications, possesses, in an eminent degree, a talent for poetry—that he is a poet in spite of himself. No sooner does he attempt a strain of pathos, or become descriptive in his style, than he incontinently runs off into a succession of metrical cadences, that continue unbroken until the end of the period. This impropriety pervades the most of his later productions, and is particularly noticeable in his description of the interminable wanderings of little Nell, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," and his account of the Gordon riots, in "Barnaby Rudge." We give below, an extract from the volume before us, wherein he describes the Falls of Niagara, and how delightful it was



"To wander to and fro all day, and see  
 The cataracts from all points of view ; to stand  
 Upon the edge of the great horse-shoe fall,  
 Marking the hurried waters gathering strength  
 As they approached the verge, yet seeming, too,  
 To pause before it shot into the gulf  
 Below ;  
 Watching the river, as, stirred by no visible cause,  
 ———it heaved and eddied and awoke  
 The echoes, being troubled yet far down  
 Beneath the surface, by its giant leap.  
                     To have Niagara before me,  
 Lighted by the sun, and by the moon, and  
 In the day's decline, and gray, as evening  
 Slowly fell upon it ; to look upon  
 It every day, and wake up in the night,  
 And hear its ceaseless voice," &c.

It will be seen that we have arranged the lines in conformity with the rules of English blank verse. In his visit to the penitentiary near Philadelphia, he conjures up in one of the cells an ideal prisoner, (a sorry imitation of Sterne's "Captive,") and pictures the horrors of solitary confinement, in the same monotonous jingle. This is puerile, and highly reprehensible in an author of Mr. Dickens' reputation. During his passage down to New York, he converts the prison on Blackwell's Island into a madhouse, that he may make the lunatics "fling up their caps, and roar in sympathy with the headlong engine and the driving tide !" These are poetical licenses, and of course we intend no impeachment of Mr. Dickens' veracity.

The book is a hurried compilation. A want of system prevails throughout, and every page bears upon it the impress of carelessness and haste. A dash is at times the only preparation the reader has for a sudden change in the narrative. After he has accompanied the author safely home to England, he is unexpectedly transported back again to America, in a chapter on slavery ; and at the very conclusion of the book, he is startled by a silly anecdote, which, if not omitted altogether, should at least appear in a more appropriate place. We are sorry, both for Mr. Dickens' sake and our own, that he ever visited this country—for our own sake, because we had already pictured to our imagination the author of those admirable conceptions, which so lately have been the delight and wonder of the literary world ; and with this fanciful portrait we were quite content: it needed no confirmation, (not to say that it was dissipated,) by an acquaintance with the original. We are sorry for Mr.

Dickens' sake, because we are satisfied that he has acquired no additional fame, either at home or abroad, by the publication of his "American Notes."

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## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

'Tis sweet to think, an Angel band,  
From the unknown, the spirit land,  
With watchful care our steps attend,  
And every hour our lives defend.

They come, with morning's purple light,  
Nor leave when fall the shades of night ;  
But hovering still on noiseless wing,  
A spell of gladness o'er us fling.

In sleep, they come, with dreams of bliss,  
Too pure for such a world as this :  
And bring that land of beauty nigh,  
Ne'er seen except with Fancy's eye.

Or if a lonely watch we keep,  
Nor woo the soft embrace of sleep,  
They guide with a divine control,  
The midnight musings of the soul.

When sorely pressed with toil and strife,  
Upon the battle-field of life ;  
They, sweetly whispering in our ear,  
Proclaim the hour of triumph near.

If, lured by pleasure's siren song,  
We tread the path that thousands throng,  
They tell us, thus, of danger nigh—  
" The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

In hours of anguish and despair,  
When earthly friends neglect our prayer ;  
In soft, celestial tones we hear  
Words, that our drooping spirits cheer.

When memories of other years,  
Call from their fount affection's tears ;  
They tell us, " weep not for the past—  
We've joys for thee, that always last."

'Tis thus, that Heaven kindly sends  
 These unseen, ever constant friends:  
 They guard our way with holy power,  
 Nor leave us in the final hour.

They bear us, then, at Death's command,  
 To their bright home, the Spirit-land;  
 Where all the blest forever share  
 The joys that spring immortal there.

K.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LOWELL OFFERING AND MAGAZINE: Lowell, Mass.

WE have just received the October and November numbers of this periodical, edited by our fair countrywomen, as above mentioned. We have not been in the habit, heretofore, of noticing publications of this kind, but have deemed the present a proper occasion in which to dispense with the customary rule. The style and character of the work strike us as peculiarly fine. The articles in general are neatly and tastefully executed—two in particular, “The Task of Death,” and “The Portrait Gallery, No 1,” are deserving of the highest consideration. Here and there, indeed, we notice faults such as might be expected in a periodical to which years have not lent the advantage of experience—some inaccuracies of thought and expression—with an occasional deviation from the strict rules of propriety and elegance, in style and composition. These, however, we can charitably excuse—for why?

“A little nonsense, now and then,  
 Is relished by the wisest men.”

On the whole, we take leave of the Offering, heartily bidding the ladies God speed, in their endeavors to elevate the character of their countrywomen, not doubting that the Magazine which they edit, will be a credit to the institution with which it is connected, as it will add another star to our galaxy of literary fame.

R.

THE DARTMOUTH: Hanover, N. H.

THE November number of this College periodical has just reached us, containing, as usual, some very excellent articles. We think we see in this number a decided improvement over the former. Not to specify—Longfellow, Sheridan, Demosthenes, are decided hits. Success to you, Dartmouth!

R.

## EPILEGOMENA.

ONCE more, Classmates, after having allowed so long a time to elapse, we take our pen in hand, to indite a few words in respect to our Magazine. Five numbers have already been issued, and we have advanced far enough in our course, to take a *retrospective*, as well as prospective view of our situation and circumstances. When we commenced the publication of this periodical, we did it with fear and trembling—diffidence in respect to our own abilities, and apprehension in regard to the future. By the smiles of Providence, however, aided by our own industry, we have been enabled thus far to prosecute our enterprise, with what success, gentlemen, we leave you to determine. For the remainder, we shall endeavor to do our best, to equal the expectations of those who have honored us with their confidence, and befriended us with their kindness—a *kindness*, indeed, which we shall never forget.

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ  
Lustrabunt convexa—polus dum sidera pascet.

Senior Year! Is it possible, Classmates, that we have arrived at this period—that we have advanced thus far on our College course? The halcyon days of our youth—the bright anticipations of our Freshman and Sophomore sojourn—the gay, gorgeous pencilings of fancy in the future—have they come to this? It is even so, Classmates! We might be inclined, indeed, to be merry on the occasion, to congratulate ourselves on our present condition, but the occasion itself will not admit of it. Serious thoughts become us rather—reflections on ourselves, and our past history—we who are so soon to step forth on the arena of life! How short a time, comparatively, does it seem, since we first entered these walls—the retreat of science and learning—and exchanged the glad voice of greeting with each other, and with friends not yet forgotten! Merry voices then rung out upon the air—the careless, hearty laugh of childhood—amid the sports of the play ground—the full gush of youthful feeling and passion, that would not be restrained! Buoyant spirits there were among us—souls of reckless daring, ready to confront danger of every kind—alas! “vaulting ambition did o’erleap itself,” and they disappeared from among us—*forcibly*! Some linger with us still—and some

“Their graves are severed far and wide  
By mount, and stream, and sea.”

Blessings on those who remain! What though the joyousness of Freshman existence has been exchanged for the sober, staid gravity of Senior life, *hearts* never change, and the warm gush of feeling still flows responsive to the kindred flow of sentiment. Classmate! the spell which binds heart to heart! a link in the chain which unites kindred spirits—may the “last link” never be broken!

But we are moralizing. We will cut short the stream of our meditations, therefore, by a brief notice of the

“INAMORATI.”

This distinguished association met according to appointment, the other evening. But what they did—what resolutions they passed, where they met, or in what manner, we are alike ignorant. Ichabod, the scribe, who was to preserve the minutes of the meeting, being, as was supposed, somewhat *fuddled*, forgot to hand them over for publication; of course we are left in the dark as to their proceedings. Judging from circumstances, however, and from the fact, that previous to the time of the meeting, there was

observed to be considerable commotion among the members—indeed, one individual was seen slyly wending his way along a corner of a certain College—doubtless “hospitable thoughts intent,”—and still more from the innumerable number of eyes &c. that were seen outside the window, on the succeeding morning, giving evidence of something more than an intellectual repast. Alas ! alas ! how transient are the days of men ! the marble itself may crumble into ruin—the most durable structures cannot preserve the records of great deeds—the pen of the historian can scarce save us from mortality ;—by the way, there is a deeper meaning in Scott than is generally supposed—and the master of human nature felt that he would have left his sketch imperfect, had he not introduced one figure, Old Mortality ;—all we know of the matter that they met !!! “*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

Our Devil has just arrived from the press for our communication ; we close, therefore, with the following

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“Sir Philip Sidney,” is under consideration.

“Stanzas”—“Poetry and Physical Science”—unavoidably postponed to the next number.

“Claims of Music”—“Stanzas to Louise”—are respectfully declined.

“The Charade” is dispensed with. It is a rare specimen, however. Here follow some extracts :—

“But its name a still brighter enrollment can brag ;  
‘Tis inscribed on three stars of our national flag.”

“My second, though crowned with a halo of honor,  
No lady invokes the bright halo upon her.”

The author of “Lines on Tobacco,” is informed that we *es-chew* the article altogether. The “Vow of Jephtha” hath a milk and water sweetness. It might, perhaps, pass for very indifferent prose.

“I think of thee,” reminds us of our own love-lorn ditties, on the soft side of a potato patch—“long time ago.”

“T.” is declined.

¶ Speaking of the Devil, we have just received a communication, written in characteristic characters, which, we have no doubt, is from the distinguished personage himself, particularly as the flame of our candle burnt blue at the time, and a strong smell of brimstone was left behind in the apartment. It is as follows :

¶ The Editors of the Yale Literary will confer an everlasting obligation on the undersigned, giving their correspondents a hint to write plainer, hereafter. I can’t always decipher *quasi French* especially in *spooky* weather—and of course sometimes run afoul of a snag. The Editors are not to consider this a hint for themselves—oh, no !—they are privileged characters, and can write as they know how—the more illegible the better—as they can judge, from my success with them, how the chirography of their correspondents should be.

Yours to command,

THE DEVIL.

\*\*. On hand, two or three sets of back numbers.

¶ Communications for the next number, must be handed in *immediately*.

25 Cents.

1882

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

FOUNDED BY

1827

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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BALLAD LITERATURE.

IN every era, mind has found appropriate channels of communication. Man, in almost every condition, aspiring at more than merely to express in common talk, the thoughts that die with their utterance, has devised means of preserving in the popular mind the events that most affect his interest, or wake his curiosity. In the rude intellect, as in the polished, there seems ever to have dwelt a conviction, that some actions and occurrences were worthy of being snatched from forgetfulness. There have arisen in all times of which we have any knowledge, a class of men impelled by the double desire of preserving others' fame, and building up their own, to record as they best could, the most important transactions of their age. Their productions have fared like all the works of man; many have been swallowed up in their voyage down the current of years; many have been mutilated by the scythe of time; and some, escaping the wreck, have come down to us, bringing the story of ages past, and telling us that mind was even then active. At the tables of kings and chieftains sat the minstrel bard, and contributed to cheer the festive occasion by singing the glorious deeds flattering to the pride of the listeners. Greece, in her early days, as Homer sings, knew a similar custom. Blind Demodocus, at the hospitable board, struck his harp to the story of Ulysses' wanderings, while the unknown hero wept at the recital. In the rude times following the fall of the western empire, and long afterwards, was this profession in high repute. The scalds of the Northmen, the bards and harpers among the Britons, the Gallic troubadours, were the constant attendants of princes, and the prophets of the people. Their strains swelling in fierceness, gave a lion courage to the fighting warrior; their



lays, breathing a milder note, soothed the spirit of the dying hero.

In those early times, their songs and recitals were almost the only channels of knowledge. Humble appear to us the laborers designed principally for entertainment, yet from them is drawn the history of that age. No historian, in his retirement, sketches the busy world without, but the popular singer detailed, in a more attractive form, the stirring incidents of his own and preceding times, and transmitted them through his successors. The antiquary, penetrating into the remote past, and gathering many a flower in his way, finds few other instructors, and gladly receives their testimony as authentic.

Time, however, has swept away most of the productions of those remote periods. The wars they sang, the hair-bread 'scapes, warbled in stirring notes, making the heart beat faster, the story of affection, whose recital sent the warm blood more rapidly through the veins, have been recorded in a more durable form by the historian, or have sunk in the grave of oblivion. The rude singer has taught the inquisitive mind of later times the story of his age; but while we retain the substance of his tale, we have lost the expression which gave it interest and freshness. While the pen was unknown or unused, the song, is probable, oft-times passed away when the voice of the minstrel became hushed in death, and his harp hung silent in the cottage. But let praise be his. He acted well his part, when the world needed his services.

The ballads and old songs that have reached these times, are mostly of later origin. Those of England have the greatest interest, since they excite national feelings common to us with the mother country. They are the offspring principally of those times, when civilization was encroaching on primitive rudeness, when the land was filled with the stirring scenes which delight a brave and active people, when the rights of society and individuals were ill-defined, and the earls often made force the arbiter of their disputes. These old songs of all descriptions partake of the character of their age, and convey us back into the very scenes and feelings of those times. They are worthy of our study, as they show the progress of the civilization we are proud of, and of the language consecrated by many sublime works of genius. Through all the classes in which they are distinguished by antiquarians, run a few characteristics, which may be termed the elements of ballad literature.

A striking feature in these productions, is a spirit of rustic heroism and hardy daring. Springing up in periods of foreign wars and internal commotions, they extol with unmeasured

praise the many exploits and brave actions of the times. Their highest encomium on an individual, is the declaration, "to the wars he's gone—in the ranks of death you'll find him." The strifes of the borders, then so common between the "lairds" and earls, inspired many a song in praise of the chieftain's valor. In this class of productions is the well-known ballad of Chevy Chase, relating the battle in which "many thousand merry men were slaine under the greene woode tree," and the kings Harry and Jamy lost their noblest captains, the Lord Perse and the doughtie Douglas. But the spirit of the singer seems most kindled, when he celebrates the exploits and hardihood of the bold outlaw, who dared resist the high assumptions of power, and with his "hand-bowe shoot the kynge's deere in the royal forestes." With what pride does he dilate on the courage and humanity of Robin Hood, who gave the poor what he plundered from the rich; of good William of Cloudsly, who escaped from his burning cottage, and the hands of the sheriff; not forgetting either the outlaw's family, "hys wyfe faire Alyce, and hys children three." These are the songs which most engage the popular ear. They breathe a spirit of freedom, a love of independence, which ever wake a thrill of feeling among the hardy yeomanry.

But the clash of armor and the bow-string's sound, are not their only music. They delight also in the laugh of girls, and in the silvery voice of maidens. They are imbued with a sentiment of gallantry and devotion to the fair. Their times were the palmy days of chivalry, which had elevated woman from the low place given her in preceding ages, almost to that of a divinity. This feeling, united with the high esteem in which personal prowess was held, and the notions of valor peculiar to that period, made the knight a champion ever ready to enter the list in defense of his lady's honor. The smile of beauty, and the glance of woman's eye, moved many a valiant heart, and might ever command a multitude of lances. This is the spirit infused into the old ballads and songs. "Bewty" in the fair, is one of their favorite themes.

"—He had a faire daughter, of bewty most bright,  
And many a gallant brave suitor had her,  
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee,"

begins one—a specimen of this characteristic in songs, whose dates run from the earliest times, which have transmitted thought in this earliest mode of expressing it. The tender passion, and its fair object, have indeed often lent their charms to poetry of loftier pretensions, but never do they so affect the

artless and unperverted mind, as when described in the simplicity of the ballad. Here we see the feeling of love, as it gushes warm in the freshness of youth; there it seems moulded by artificial customs, or tinged with the colder prudence of subsequent life. The minstrel tells not when Hymen's altar is polluted by calculating selfishness, when Cupid is banished from the nuptial feast, and the god of bargains is invoked to preside; he mentions not the national or family policy which is served even by a union of affection; but, with a natural simplicity, he sings of the true love, and the bride's beauty.

But this species of literature receives much of its peculiar character from the feelings which later times have agreed to call superstition. Its web has a hue resulting from mingled colors, of which the shade given it by these feelings is not least distinguishable. The most beautiful trait of these songs may seem to be that just considered; while this may appear to give a darker tinge, and throw over them the sombre gloom we are apt to associate with it. But the superstition inwrought in their texture, is not that terrible kind which sprinkles its way with blood, and stalks like a stalwart giant over the crushed spirit of man—not that which oppresses human nature, when unenlightened by any glimmerings of truth—but a superstition purified somewhat by the refining nature of Christianity, freed from offensive and injurious qualities, and retaining much to please and captivate the imagination. As used by the ballad singer, it led to no enormity; it invented not a test of witchcraft, nor kindled the fire of persecution. It simply peopled the caves, the meadows, and the hill-born streams, all nature indeed, with an order of beings unlike man, yet conversant with his habits and feelings, and having power to benefit or injure him. These are the actors which enter much into the machinery of the ancient ballads. The fairies come forth from their lurking places into the pale moonlight, and hold their nightly revel on the green, in a ring which none dare enter. The noise of their horses' bridles is heard in the night, and the traveler stands aside till the fairy cavalcade has passed. He hears them singing:

“ We sleep in rose-buds soft and sweet,  
We revel in the stream,  
We wanton lightly on the wind,  
Or glide on a sunbeam ;”

and this was received most readily in those days of easy belief. Then it was not fiction, but reality. Nor was it less credible to the rude mind, that the spirit should leave the

church-yard at the noon of night, to extort satisfaction for an injury. Thus have these writings descended, tinged with a belief in superhuman beings. Philosophy had not then laid its chilling hand on those visions; and to us they appear, the beautiful creations of poetry. Philosophy—worthy of all praise for penetrating into the secret laws of nature, but never, as it seems now becoming fashionable to claim, a friend to poetry, or the exercise of imagination,

Simplicity of thought and expression is their prime attribute. They are the voice of nature; and the unaffected manner of their narration touches feelings common to every bosom. Who does not remember that in childhood he often left his boyish sports, and the toy, for a while his every thing, and with brother and sister gathered round the cheerful fire, to hear the fond grandame, or the faithful old servant, relate the story of by-gone days? Who has forgot the silence in the little circle, and the expressive look of every eye, while the song of ancient times drew the attention from all else, and the hour when youthful eyes should close in sleep, passed by unheeded? The tear-moistened cheek, told how the sensibilities were touched by such sad and simple stories as the "Children in the Wood," and what power dwells in thoughts true to nature, even of the humblest expression. Who, in the busy scenes and rough tumult of life, as he looks back on those simple and exquisite feelings of childhood, does not sigh that they have fled, and sometimes wish he could again enjoy those sunny hours?

And such was society in the hey-day of ballad popularity. Then was the infancy of modern time—the frolicsome period of its youth. The popular mind had the unsuspecting credulity of childhood. It received without inquiry the legends coming from an unknown source; it asked not whether the common belief in fairies and sprites—in brownies and witches, accompanied Odin from his ancient home on the Caspian, or sprang from Eastern notions of gentle, airy peris hovering round the gates of paradise; it simply believed and wondered. Nor was it fastidious to choose the most fitting language, or fond only of the swelling period, or the lofty measure. It loved the simplest diction, and the sweet, tiny music of simple verse, and still more the naked, artless thoughts, that thrill on the native feelings of the soul. To drink in fully the spirit of its own songs, we must leave the regular and refined present, and visit the very times of minstrelsy; as the man, to sympathize with the child, must, in thought, live again his own childhood. And why should these beautiful notions be torn from the rude mind? Why may not the peasant mother, when she sees a smile on the face of her sleeping infant, be happy in the thought, that an angel is whispering in its ear?

But what is their value—these old relics of error and superstition? Nothing, to him that has not a soul to be touched by the simple expression of feeling, whose heart never warms in contemplating the beautiful, who cannot overlook the imperfections of early efforts, but with cynic disposition, snaps at the effusions his own mind could never have poured forth. There are those who would tear every flower from the rough path of life—the earliest of spring, as well as the plant of centuries. For them no music sounds in the homely ballad. But there is music there, and it vibrates on the strings of the soul, which nature has tuned with her own hand. To the lover of history, also, they present a most interesting field of study. They are the treasury of ancient manners. The historian dwells in the palace, and takes his station beside the throne; he enters the national council, and attends the leaders of the armies; but he seldom descends among the people to depict the customs and feelings of lowly life. But the rude singer had a humble walk, and he makes the common manners the tissue of his song. But they are chiefly interesting as the germ of English literature. They have been studied deeply by the master spirits of our language. The immortal bard of Avon drew from them much of his inspiration; they floated in the marvelous fancy of Scotland's plough-boy poet; and the wizard of the North oft invoked their aid, when stretching forth his magic wand, he threw enchantment over many a spot in the past. They come with these commendations to our attention, to our study. At least, they promise to fill an hour with pleasure and instruction; to wake in the mind plunging into grave studies, its early feelings, and throw a kind of romantic spell over the "olden times."

## SONG OF THE PLEIADES.

We are sisters seven—our lot is on high,  
To circle and shine through the wide, wide sky,  
    Begemming the bosom of even.  
No voice of alarm ever startles our fear,  
For earth's loud commotion—it reaches not here;  
And we ever roll on, in our own blest sphere,  
    Through the azure halls of heaven.  
  
From the rude glare of Morn our eyelids we close,  
And retired in cerulean bowers repose—  
    Not a sorrow our hearts ever grieving—

Till the coming of evening again we discern,  
And the silver-faced planets begin to return ;  
Then our torches we light, and away while they burn,  
The star-dance merrily weaving.

Through the cold we look down, and like diamonds bright,  
Do we sparkle and flame in the brow of the night,  
Away where the frost never freezes ;  
In mid summer's glow, too, our vigils we keep,  
And in at the curtains our bright eyes peep,  
On the coy young maid as she lies in her sleep,  
And smiles at the kiss of the breezes.

Our radiance oft, with the pale taper blends,  
Where woman's affection unwearied bends  
O'er the sufferer's fevered pillow.  
And often some lone one, mournfully fair,  
Do we watch to the home of the dead repair,  
And grieve by the side of the marble there ;  
In the still night neath the willow.

Our beams go down where the solitudes are,  
And the beasts of the forest come forth from their lair,  
And havoc, and prey on each other.  
And the midnight assassin encounters our gaze,  
And his steel gleams bright in our own sweet rays,  
As he enters the chamber with wily pace,  
And strikes through the heart of a brother.

The star-learned sage, on the plains of Chaldee,  
Bared his brow to the nightfall our faces to see,  
And list to the secrets we taught him.  
And the half wrecked mariner raises his eye,  
And joys to discover our lamps in the sky ;  
For it tells him the storm-spirit now is past by ;  
And he smiles at the fears it wrought him.

Spread out to our gaze lie the nations exposed,  
And the secrets of midnight all widely disclosed,  
As nightly we pass to review them.  
Thus we shine on forever, in glory and pride,  
While the stars and the moonbeams attend at our side—  
But the Day-King is rising, our beauties to hide,  
Till the next coming eve shall renew them.

ORAIN.

## LITERARY CURIOSITY.\*

[Copy of a letter addressed by Professor Strong to the Freshman Class, in Yale College, in 1775, expressing his thanks for a *suit of clothes*, which they had presented him.]

Classi Recentium in Collegio Yalensi :

Salutem.

Humanissimi et optimae spei Juvenes :

Quum sit a vobis hodie munus sumptuosum et perquam nitidum mihi oblatum, idem ut pignus vestrae ergo me benevolentiae laetissime accipio, et summa gratitudine amplector. Ingratus quidem fuero, vestrae hujus munificentiae si unquam obliviscar et grata memoria non semper recordabor. Floreatis, Juvenes amandi, semperque floreat tota classis sub auspiciis benignissimis vestri Tutoris literatissimi.†

Virtutem et pietatem prae omnibus colite, Deum veneramini, et ea in quibus nunc estis studia diligentissime (ut facitis) persequemini, ut et vobis ipsis honori, parentibus aliisque amicis gaudio, rebusque publicis emolumento esse possitis. Et quamdiu inter hosce parietes Academicos versamini, et has sedes Musarum amoenissimas incolitis, nunquam vobis in ulla re vel petentibus, vel rogantibus, defuero ; sed contra, quantopere potuero, vestram felicitatem ac utilitatem edocendo et ad ingenuas excolendas artes et scientias cohortando promovere conabor. Et Deus Optimus Maximus faciat ut quamdiu hujus Academiae alumni exstiteritis, vitas ducatis suavissimas ; et quum vitam academicam, cursum scilicet quadriennium, perageritis, fructus vestrae industriae copiosissimos recipiatis, et in saecula saeculorum vita beatifica in coelis perpetuo perfruamini omnes.

Pupilli dilectissimi, pro hac vestra generositate eximia, etsi receptis beneficiis haud pares vel dignas, sincerissime tamen amplissimas nunc remitto ad vos gratias.

Sic rescribit,

NEHEMIAS STRONG.

Y. C., Julii 25<sup>to</sup>, 1775.

\* This article was accompanied by the following note, addressed to the Editors :

Gentlemen,—The following literary curiosity was handed me a few days since by the venerable Dr. Webster, and seems worthy, as a reminiscence of college life, to find a place on the pages of your Magazine. ALUMNUS.

† The Rev. Joseph Buckminster, afterwards a minister in Portsmouth, N. H.

## STANZAS.

I stood within a "place of graves," beside a monument  
That bore a name I once had loved; and o'er the hillock leant  
A blushing rose, that gently shed its perfume on the air,  
Yet drooped its head, as if it mourned for one that slumbered there.

I would have plucked it in its bloom, for sweet it were to keep  
A flower, that, in its pride, had watched that fair one's holy sleep,  
But that I deemed 'twere sad to see the friendly blossom fade,  
That once had bloomed in loveliness, where slept the buried maid.

And it were sacrilege, I ween, all carelessly to take  
The flower that, meeting other eyes, shall tearful memories wake.  
I could not of its beauty rob the grave where beauty sleeps,  
Upon whose blushing buds distil the tears that nature weeps.

Oh no, I could not rudely pluck the rose that, budding there,  
Had made the dwelling of the dead appear to me so fair;  
It may be that some sister soul delights to watch its bloom,  
And smiles amid her tears, to see the guardian of the tomb.

No, let it shed its fragrance here, and here its leaves be strown  
Upon her consecrated grave, for whom it bloomed alone;  
'Tis hallowed by the mourner's tear; its hues can only grace  
The sacred spot on which it grew—the maiden's resting place.

SS.

## POETRY AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

PHYSICAL Science, some maintain, is constantly invading the domain of poetry: removing the materials for its nobler creations; and limiting the sources of its influence and power. The opinion evidently has its rise in a misconception of the true elements of the poet's art—the sources of his inspiration. Science aims to unfold hidden facts—to expose error—to dispel ignorance by the light of discovery. Unless, then, *mystery* and *error* are essential ingredients, or the ground-work of poetry, Science is not its foe. We believe that "*Truth* is the great quickener and inspirer;" that the substitution of fact for theory or conjecture, sacrifices neither beauty, grandeur, nor power; consequently, that the *truths* which Science brings to light are more agreeable to the mind—better suited to the poet's use in rearing the fabric of his song. We consider that the discoveries of Physical Science have greatly extended the



province of poetry; unfolded new forms of Truth and Beauty; multiplied poetic themes; and furnished rich and ample stores of imagery and illustration. They have removed, as it were, the barriers which confined the mind to this nether world, and let it *free* to explore the outer regions of creation, whence it returns with enlarged conceptions of the extent and glory of the universe—with heightened reverence for the Creator, in view of His fathomless wisdom and Almighty power.

From its connection with our subject, we notice, in the first place, that view of poetry which makes it the product of an early and a dark age; which maintains, that "as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines." Macauley, in his article on Milton, we think, has broached on this subject doctrines which poorly comport with his fame as a critic, or with his brilliant and nervous style. He throws around the theory above mentioned, the charm of a striking illustration, admirably fitted to lead astray. I allude to his well-known comparison of poetry to the magic lantern; a *passage* apparently modeled after his own idea of poetry; to which, he says, "truth is essential, but it is the truth of *madness*—the reasonings are just, but the premises are false." In his view, no poet ever triumphed over greater *difficulties* than Milton. Because, forsooth, "He received a learned education; was a profound and elegant classical scholar; was initiated into all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature; and intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived." Serious stumbling blocks, indeed, in the road to poetic fame! Wonder of wonders, that "the fire of Milton's mind not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of its own fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance!" Strange, passing strange, that the great poet could so completely triumph over the disadvantage of living in an age of light! The truth is, no one, without inverting the instrument of his mental vision, can fail to perceive, that it is this very discipline of mind—this refinement of taste—this mass of information—this wonderful command of language, imagery, illustration—that gives its glory to every page—that gilds every line of *Paradise Lost*.

Knowledge, then, in its extended sense, we consider essential to the poet. That comprehensiveness of view, which brings within its field of vision the whole history of humanity; which fathoms the depths of the human mind, and traces to their source the passions and emotions of the soul; which ponders deeply the volume of creation, written with the finger of God, in characters of living light, and stamped with the impress of eternal truth.

So visionary are the notions which some entertain of poetry, that we are tempted to dwell for a while on its true nature and ends.

"A poet," says Wordsworth, "is a *man*, speaking to *men*." This part of his definition, particularly, we admire. It recalls the mind from its dreamy wandering, to the confines of truth and common sense. We have taken no unimportant step, when we have thus disabused the mind of its misty conceptions, and satisfied ourselves that, instead of some *etherial* being, the poet, after all, is but a *man*. The true poet is a lover of humanity. Blessed with a warmer heart—livelier sensibilities—a benevolence purer and more expansive—a deeper insight into the springs of human action, than the generality of mankind, he enters with his whole soul into all that concerns his fellow men; shares in their joys, and sympathizes in their woes. From the mourner's lip he would dash the cup of grief. The rugged way of honest and struggling poverty he would smooth. He would swell, as far as in him lies, the sum of individual happiness, and of general good. Contemplating man in his origin and sublime destiny, he would divert the sons of plenty, of want, of pleasure, of disappointment, and of care, from the vain pursuit of the fleeting joys of time; and point them to enduring possessions and eternal peace in brighter worlds. He would invoke the heavenly muse for aid to

"Assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man."

Are we told that the world awards the title of Poet to numbers who never aim thus to meliorate the condition of their race? True: but so far as they are deficient in the attributes we have specified, so far they fail to dignify, or they *disgrace* the name. They lack an essential element in the constitution of the true poet. Meteorlike, they flash athwart the sky with a transient, an unearthly glare. The true poet from a higher sphere radiates a serene and constant light. Such is the poet. What then is poetry?

Poetry, we are wont to regard, equally with prose, a *means* to an *end*. Without however attempting a definition, we will simply view it as the *instrument* which the poet employs to effect his end. Of the *nature* of this instrument—its Protean forms—its ever-changing hues—volumes might be written; but these are points which do not fall within the scope of a mere definition. Thought is *as essential* to the poet as to the writer of prose. Language is but the medium of thought; and this the poet employs in its full power. Some seem to consider, "elegant and decorated *language*, in meter," all that is essential

to good poetry; subordinating the matter to the manner; contrary to the fundamental principle of all composition, whether prose or verse. Not so Irving, when he says, "The true poet gives us the *choicest thoughts* in the choicest language"—thoughts which he beautifully styles "the spirit—the aroma" of the age in which he lives: "jewels," of which language is but the "casket" for transmitting them in "a portable form to posterity." The same writer, with characteristic humor, happily hits off the class of critics we have in mind, in the exclamation of the self-complacent, chuckling, little *quarto*—"mighty well! and so you would persuade me that the literature of an age is to be perpetuated by a vagabond deer-stealer! by a man *without learning*! by a *poet*—forsooth—a *poet*!"

It appears a favorite and common idea of poetry, that its primary aim is to *please*. Genuine poetry we maintain has a higher purpose. In *effecting* this purpose, it is true it imparts pleasure, by addressing, through the medium of language, those nobler affections of our nature, whose exercise is ever attended with the purest and most rational enjoyment. But the theory which limits poetry to the mere *art* of using words, as the Painter colors, expressly to set pleasing *pictures* before the mind, is like that which should represent the artisan as polishing the tempered blade, merely for the warrior to confound the gaping crowd by the amazing dexterity with which he *hews the air*! We go further. If the poet himself, either inadvertently or willfully, thus pervert his divine art, to all intents he hangs his harp upon the willows. It wails but a wild and mournful dirge. The poet renders language *effectual* to his purpose in various ways. He paints scenes to please the mental eye. He strikes that chord in the human soul which vibrates to sweet sounds, when, as the "Attic bird," he

"Trills his thick-warbled notes"—

or, like Milton's angels, pours out his thoughts in choral symphonies. He appeals to that striking feature of the mind, the principle of association; when, by some charmed name, or grand allusion, he fires a train of thought that summons "the burial places of the memory to give up their dead." The views we have suggested, we believe may be fortified by appeal to reason, and to the most admired poets, both of the present and of an earlier day. Such are Bryant, Wordsworth, Cowper. Milton—names to which Poesy may point as peerless brilliants in her crown.

We would cheerfully examine more at length the distinguishing features—the varied forms of development—the sublime creations, of this "imperial art." We would fain follow poetry

into the different provinces of its appropriate domain—external nature—the human heart—man as an individual and as a social being—but our limits forbid. We turn again to the discoveries of Physical Science.

In commencing, we remarked in substance, that some deem the progress of scientific discovery unfavorable in its influence upon poetry. This is merely one *particular* of that general theory which regards the extension of knowledge, and the development of reason, as prejudicial, if not fatal, to the imitative arts; among which poetry is placed. Our immediate business is with the specific charge; and we remark, that to us its unreasonableness appears evident when we consider, that mystery and error are not essential to poetry of the highest order—that science does not necessarily destroy the pleasing effect of certain representations of Nature, which time and poetic usage have hallowed; but which, instead of being based on scientific truth, paint outward objects as they appear; that where original poetic genius exists, it is absurd to suppose that its fire is quenched by the appropriate fuel for its support; that the empire of poetry has ever been, and will ever remain the same, so long as a human heart shall beat, or the frame of Nature stand, and the seasons roll their round.

Physical Science, in its various branches, is daily bringing to light new truths; some striking for their beauty, grandeur, or novelty; others important from their intimate connection with man's temporal comfort and enjoyment; others still, from the place which they hold in the economy of the universe: *all* furnishing aliment for the mind; exercising its faculties, rousing the imagination, refining the taste. One department acquaints us with the blooming wonders of the vegetable kingdom, from the flowers of every hue and clime, up to the cedar of Lebanon, or the monarch of our own forests. Another analyzes the various objects of which our senses have cognizance; nay, it takes a fragment of the globe itself, and resolves it into its elements before our eyes. One reads the records of ages in the barren rocks. Another collects the jewels of the mine; and the diamond, the amethyst, the emerald, the sapphire, sparkle in our sight. Another penetrates the mysteries of the skies, and before its patient search they disclose myriads of revolving worlds. It transports us to the remotest star, and a *new* heavens stretch above us. We rise to the faintest luminary in those heavens, and still we behold a new firmament of radiant spheres. To this phenomenon we can assign no limit. Each fixed star amid these countless hosts it rationally infers is a sun to a vast system which circles round it. All these systems, it nobly conceives, roll in harmony about a common centre—which, as

it sublimely, but reverently conjectures, may be the throne of God! This brief and imperfect sketch can impart but an inadequate idea of the ample materials for thought, elevated conception, and imagery, which Science furnishes the poetic mind.

Physical Science, in connection with Revelation, we believe is destined to effect an important revolution in Polite Literature. It was a favorite thought of Grimké, that nations will hereafter arise, whose literature, for richness and majesty, will far surpass that of any former age, because it will be founded on the Bible: "the only standard of immortal, all-pervading, immutable thought—the unerring standard of taste." Now the God of the Bible is the God of Nature :

" He gives its lustre to the insect's wing,  
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

But as we have remarked, it is the office of Physical Science to interpret Nature, to investigate her hidden mysteries and wonders, and thus expand our conceptions of the power, wisdom, benevolence, of Nature's God. The Poet then resorting for thought and inspiration to the unfailing source of truth and beauty ; and to Science for facts, imagery, and illustration, will address himself to themes commensurate with his loftiest powers. The Author of the human mind made not its highest faculties for nought. Nor can any theme more justly challenge the poet's skill, than that which would illustrate the energy and wisdom of the Creator ; or celebrate his goodness in "halleluiahs and hymns of praise." Milton's muse never plumed its wings for a holier flight than in that noble choral song which breathes the morning orisons of the first human pair :

" These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair," &c.

It is no mere poetic phantasm to anticipate a *day* when "error will have no place"—when the abuse of talents and gifts will be unknown—when the *poet* will strike his lyre only to themes worthy of his song. Time, with the revolving years, is hastening its *dawn*. Through the glass of Prophecy and of Christian hope we can discern its bright and morning star.

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## LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

THE latter half of the sixteenth century may be justly regarded as one of the brightest eras in the history of modern literature. In England, it was the Elizabethan age; in Italy, it was the period of the love, the imprisonment, and the madness of Tasso; and the heroic muse and melancholy fate of Camoëns, have given it a lustre in the eyes of the Portuguese, which even their cotemporaneous national misfortunes cannot obscure. But while the works of the master artists, who flocked about the court of the maiden Queen, are the objects of our earliest regard and our fondest admiration, while the praises of the Jerusalem Delivered are in every mouth, the *Lusiad*, the earliest modern epic, is scarcely known among us, and the name of its author, though connected with a sad story of hopeless love, of wrongs, and of privations, touches in our bosoms no chord of sympathy, awakes no feeling of sorrow. Let us turn, then, our attention from writers more familiar to our memory, and perhaps dearer to our hearts, and bestow it, for a time, on the bard of Portugal. Be assured, we shall not come back from our wanderings wearied with the monotony of the path, or disgusted with its nakedness and deformity. Though we may travel

“O’er seas where sail was never spread before,”

yet will we also tarry awhile, with the poet, at islands, whose green fields smile, and clear fountains sparkle in the light of an eternal sunshine, where the soft breath of the zephyr is always felt, and the flowers of spring are never-fading, we will stray along the banks of fairy rivers,

Where bright reflected in the pool below,  
The vermil apples tremble on the bough,—  
Where o’er the yellow sands the waters sleep,  
And primrose flowers inverted, dew-drops weep,—  
Where, murmuring o’er the pebbles, purls the stream,  
And silver trouts in playful curvings gleam;—

or we will seat ourselves upon some wave-washed cliff, and gaze out upon old ocean, by the pale moonlight, listening to his ceaseless moanings, and watching his swelling and heaving waves, as they lash each other on, and break even at our very feet. But first we will hearken to the story of the poet’s fortunes, as it has come down to us, after the lapse of three eventful centuries. There is a strange sort of pleasure, which we feel in reading the works of those eminent at once for exalted talents and for heavy calamities. The ballad of Sir Charles

Bawdin seems filled with a twofold beauty and tenderness, when we remember the fate of its unhappy author, "poor Chatterton," as Coleridge used to call him; and we read the Orphan with renewed interest and keener enjoyment, when we call to mind "sad Otway," friendless, hopeless, dying by the roadside of hunger. This is especially the case with the *Lusiad*, and its author, Luis de Camoëns. He was born at Lisbon, in 1524.\* That while yet an infant, he lost his father by shipwreck, that he was educated at the University of Coimbra, that he afterwards appeared at court, engaged in a love affair with a lady above his rank, and was consequently banished from Lisbon, is all that we have been able to learn concerning the earlier part of his life. In the seclusion to which he retired after his banishment, he commenced the *Lusiad*. A few years later, we find him fighting against the Moors in Africa, distinguishing himself by his activity and valor, and in the interval of freedom from military employments, continuing his great poem.

One hand the sword, and one the pen employed.

His conduct in Africa procured his recall to court; but disfigured by the loss of an eye, tormented by a hopeless passion, which was continually inflamed by the sight of its object, and distracted by poverty, by the ingratitude of a degenerate king, and by the intrigues of powerful enemies, he at length resolved to leave Portugal, and try his fortune in another land. A few months after he had formed this resolution, he set sail for India, and then, for the first time, his affairs seemed to prosper. But his evil fortune had not forsaken him. He published, perhaps imprudently, some satires against the officers of government at Goa, where he was residing. As a consequence, he was banished to one of the islands in the Chinese sea, but, at the intercession of his friends, he was afterwards removed to Macao, which was then in the possession of the Portuguese, and a small office, the profits of which were, however, adequate to his wishes, was there conferred upon him. Here Camoëns remained five years, during which time he completed the *Lusiad*, and amassed a small fortune. At length he obtained permission to return to Goa, but the ship, which he had laden with all his property, was wrecked upon the coast of Cochin China, and he himself barely escaped, carrying in one hand his manuscripts, while he sustained himself on a plank with the other. "If earthly immortality were worth as little as the ascetic moralists

\* There seems to be some doubt as to the date of Camoëns' birth. Mickle and Blake place that event in 1517, but Southey, whose authority we should prefer to that of both the above writers, positively assures us that it happened at Lisbon, in 1524.—*Life and Writings of Camoëns*, *Quarterly Review*, xxvii.

would tell us," exclaims Southey, from whom this portion of our narrative is taken, "then it had been happy for Camoëns, if the waters had closed over him forever." Though the unfortunate poet was treated in the kindest manner by the natives, a more unhappy situation than the one in which he was now placed, can hardly be imagined. He was stripped at once of all his wealth—wealth, for the sake of which he had quitted his native land, and toiled on through suffering and misfortune for ten long years—and, to complete his misery, he here heard of the death of his mistress, which took from him his last hope, for, through all his adversity, he had cherished a fond expectation of returning to Portugal, and, emboldened by riches, of once more laying claim to her hand. It was under these circumstances, as he walked along the banks of the Mecon, near the mouth of which he had been wrecked, that he composed his paraphrase of that most beautiful of Psalms, "By the waters of Babylon, we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O! Zion." After a series of calamities—shipwreck, poverty, imprisonment—he returned to Portugal in as deplorable a condition as when he left it. In 1572 he published the *Lusiad*, but even this, according to the statement of Southey, brought him no relief, and a few years later found him subsisting upon the bread which an old Indian servant begged from door to door, and in hourly danger of dying from starvation. In this situation he was discovered by some of his friends, who hastily conveyed him to a hospital, where a little after he died, uttering with his last breath a prayer for his country, over which the clouds of political slavery were then fast darkening. Thus perished Luis de Camoëns. "What can be a more lamentable thing," says an old Portuguese writer, "than to see great genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without having a winding-sheet to cover him, after having triumphed in India, and sailed five thousand five hundred leagues by sea! What a great lesson for those who weary themselves night and day in studying without profit, as a spider is weaving its web to catch flies!"\*

It is hard to form a correct judgment of the poetry of Camoëns, especially when known only through the cold medium of translation. Of his minor writings we shall say nothing. Hallam, whom Macauley calls "a judge, but a hanging judge," praises his sonnets; and Bouterwek represents them as "full of Petrarchic grace and tenderness, and molded with classic correctness."

The *Lusiad*, the great work of the poet, and that which lay

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\* Southey.



nearest his heart, demands our most especial attention. The machinery of this poem is, perhaps, the most singular of any in all the range of epic literature. Jupiter and Neptune, Mars, Bacchus, and Venus, figure conspicuously in it, yet so mixed up—if we may use the expression—with Jehovah, with Christ, and with the Blessed Virgin, that it is hardly possible to distinguish between them. The English translator, Mr. Mickle, has indeed assured us that the whole is but a lengthened allegory; but the license of even Spenserian allegory would hardly admit of such confusion. It is mainly as a descriptive poet, that Camoëns excels. In this he much resembles Spenser. There is the same gentleness of expression; the same soft beauty in the *Lusiad*, that we find in the *Faerie Queene*. The episode of the Island of Venus, is one of the most beautiful productions in any language; and when we affirm, that from it Tasso borrowed his gardens of Teneriffe, whither he makes Armida convey Rinaldo, that one remarkable passage he has almost literally translated, and that Spenser hath been equally free with this portion of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, we bestow upon the Portuguese poet the highest praise. Yet, in reading the *Lusiad*, we cannot but feel the want of some marked characters—there is no Rinaldo, no Tancred, no generous and devoted enemy, and “the mighty Gama” too often becomes insipid. Gentle, undulating hills, and narrow, flowery valleys; paths winding through shady groves; fountains, waterfalls, morning, evening, ocean at midnight; these things are painted with a master’s hand. But when such subjects are left, and we are merely following the narration, there is a lack of interest, for which even his descriptive beauties can hardly compensate. Yet he has, in one or two instances, shown himself capable of the highest flights of the imagination. The appearance of the Genius of the Ganges is a fine conception; and the introduction of the Phantom of the Cape, is equal to the noblest efforts of the poetic mind. The adventurous navigators are represented as gradually drawing near the Cape of Good Hope, coasted along shores never before visited by civilized man, amazed, bewildered, frightened by the strange aspect of nature, when, as the heights of the promontory are just in view, a black cloud overhangs the ship, darkness covers the ocean, the sun, moon, and stars, are extinguished, and from the bosom of the deep, a hideous gigantic form arises—the guardian spirit of the Cape. It foretells the many diasters which are to happen at that stormy place; declares that with the approach of man its dominion is ended, and sinks into the waves forever.

As a whole, the *Lusiad* doubtless abounds in faults, but its merits amply atone for its defects, and he who has not yet

perused it, has before him an unopened mine, whose ore is very rich—rich, though here and there alloyed with earthy matter—and though its bright surface be in some places stained and disfigured. As we turn over its pages, and dwell mournfully on the many and just complaints of the poet; as we hear him exclaiming, sadly,

No more the summer of my life remains,  
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins,  
Down the bleak stream of time, by woes on woes  
Winged on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,

we can almost see him bidding a tearful farewell to the lady of his love, and to his native country; we listen to the wind howling through the masts and cordage of his laboring vessel, and again behold that vessel dashed against the rocks of a distant shore, and the wrecked mariner struggling to preserve at once his manuscripts and his life; we accompany him to his prison at Goa; and when he is once more released and landed upon the soil of Portugal, we go with him from scene to scene—from the court to the beggar's hut, to the hospital; we hearken to his struggling utterance, and catch his last words: "I am ending the course of my life, but the world will bear witness how I have loved my country; I have returned not only to die on her bosom, but to die with her!"

PHI.

## ORIENTAL RESEARCHES;

OR,

### THE YALENSIEN DOWN EAST.

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver."—*Shakspeare*.

You must know, gentle reader, before entering at large upon this tale, that the writer, in the autumn of '41, having passed unscathed through the ordeal of College initiation, and served one full year under the banner of Yale, (not, however, "The Yale Banner,") began to consider himself sufficiently learned to commence traveling. Accordingly, after resolving himself, for a while, into a committee of the whole on ways and means, it finally seemed good unto him to wend away Down East, to where the sun rises, and taking a fair start with the Great Racer, go round with him and see the world. The few pages of his journal which are here submitted to your perusal, relate only to cer-

tain incidents connected with the Commencement anniversary of Raravan College, situated in the town of Quoddyville, state of Down East. The tourist has arrived at the city of Nebulone, upon the bay of Sourdabscott, renowned of old for fogs and codfish. Where, having been thus introduced, we leave him to figure for himself. And now, reader, if you would know farther of his whereabouts and whatabouts, "he is of age, ask him."

#### JOURNAL OF INCIDENTS DOWN EAST.

This being the week of the Commencement anniversary of Raravan College, I left Nebulone on Tuesday by stage for Quoddyville. This and the preceding day had been especially favored by the showers of heaven. The rain had fallen almost incessantly. And the fog, the sworn adversary of all decent human vitality, on my first arrival here, sat waiting upon the shore with open arms, nay, came out several miles upon the water to bid me welcome. And most faithfully did he attend me. It was in my food, and in my drink; and every article of dress and the skin itself was permeated and saturated with the insidious mist. When I walked by the wayside it hung—a thick dim veil—over all the objects of creation. I could hear the voices of fellow-beings, the roll of carriages, and the din of the city coming up around me out of the mist; but all, save the little circle about my own person, as invisible as the doings of the dead. I shut myself up in the sitting room, and took a newspaper to beguile the time; but was scarcely adjusted upon the sofa before this all-pervading spirit came rolling in at the window like the smoke of the pit. I fled to my bed-chamber; and lo! he was there. I buried my face amid the pillows; and still I smelled his suffocating breath. And in my sleep I dreamed the fingers of a giant were griping my throat, and waking found myself choking with fog.

Fogs, no doubt, have infested other places, and mystified other eyes than mine; but let any one have the experience, and he shall avow all other terrene clouds, that ever visit this mundane, to be blessed pillars of light, compared with your real, transcendental, Down East fog—impenetrable by the sun in his meridian glory. So thick, heavy, and palpable, one would give oath it could be shipped in crates to the West Indies; or cut in slices and trafficked in the streets for consolidated steam.

Such was the fog through which we were compelled to furrow our way to Quoddyville. A word or two should also be expended upon the roads—although perhaps they may meet with no better reception than is wont to befall good seed sown

by the way side. In a dry season, Down East is unrivaled by any other State in the Union in the highways she casts up. On this occasion, however, our whole journey lay along upon the upper superficies of a stratum of clay. So that although the road, when well baked in the sun, presented "a more excellent way" than pavement itself, being one continuous brick, smooth and solid; yet, under the copious dilution it was then experiencing, this prolonged brick was resolving itself into its constituent elements, affording now one continuous trough of mortar. At length, having spent nearly eight hours wallowing through this "horrible pit and miry clay," our driver shouted his final *whoa!* in front of The Wild Goose Hotel, Quoddyville. "And thereby hangs a tale." For once, upon a time since the recollection of many persons now living, the landlord of this same Wild Goose Hotel had become notoriously infamous as keeping one of the most unconscionable rum shanties in the land. His bar-room was the common reservoir of all the bloated and carbuncled vagabonds of the region, a scene of constant carousing, fighting, and drunkenness. 'Twas said, too, he kept other inebriating articles not manufactured in distilleries—although there is no question but they had been fermented, and sometimes contained alcohol. At all events, his house had proved the very vortex of ruin to many a high blood of Raravan College, and was regarded with a kind of religious horror by all good souls in Quoddyville—till a club of knowing dames, under the stimulating operation of a tea-party, conceived a plan of ridding the village of this crying pest. The obnoxious landlord, Col. Koon, was induced to enter into compact "to sell out," for a certain sum to be paid at or before a certain day appointed. A subscription was forthwith put in circulation to raise the required amount. Meetings were held for several nights in succession in the vestry of the Methodist Church, and an Anti-Colonel-Koon's-Wild-Goose-Tavern Society, duly organized. For several days the whole air of the place proclaimed that the Virtuosi of Quoddyville had taken up the conception of some unusually important manœuvre. And so it was. For long before "the appointed day" had arrived, the Treasurer of the Anti-Colonel-Koon's-Wild-Goose-Tavern Society, in open meeting, reported that the self-denying proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, and other gentlemen of cash in the town of Quoddyville, had benevolently advanced the requisite sum for purchasing the stand of the Wild Goose Tavern.

After the long and rapturous burst of applause that followed this report had sufficiently subsided, a committee was chosen to wait on Col. Koon, and demand the surrender of his bar-room, by virtue of the compact aforesaid. Mutual congratulations

were exchanged, and not a few tears of joy poured forth, that their community was so soon to be purgated of this moral Cataline; so that parents, who should hereafter entrust their sons to the bosom of Raravan College, might lay down at night and sleep in peace, unharassed by the dreadful fear that they were wasting their substance in riotous living in the pandemonian of the Wild Goose Tavern. Next morning, betimes, the official committee summoned the venal landlord into his counting-room, and opening their coffers before him, triumphantly demanded the fulfillment of the stipulated treaty. The little Colonel quietly pocketed the clever pile of cash, full twenty-five per cent. more than the establishment was worth, and taking his cap, very resignedly walked out, leaving the vacant bar-room and bed-chambers as a trophy of the zeal and valor of the Anti-Colonel-Koon's-Wild-Goose Tavern Society.

But alas! how often does the golden apple of mortal hope become ashes even in our teeth! The snaky Colonel just stepped across the street, into a more commodious building, already secretly purchased, at about half the price paid him for his former seat, where, flinging wide open his massy doors, he displayed a new and ampler bar-room, and chambers bestowed with such rare articles of furniture—animate and inanimate, *spiritual* and corporeal—as would hush the grumbling even of a Boz. And before the sun sat, the good people of Quoddyville, to their immeasurable chagrin, saw the sign of the Wild Goose Hotel, with its phoenix bird newly emblazoned, swinging proudly over a magnificent establishment, just opposite the late rescued mansion. So the last state of that man was worse than the first. And there still stood the Hydra Hotel; and there still, as we alighted, appeared the little burly landlord, grinning at the door.

Having unfolded this tale, I will now proceed with my journal of incidents—just as I then proceeded up street towards the Colleges, that is, with unstudied pace, through mud and over pine-plank sidewalks. I soon secured a lodgement for myself both in the house and good graces of a widow lady, Mrs. Farnlee, who very considerably condescended to inform me, she had made special preparation for the reception of distinguished gentlemen from abroad. “No doubt, Ma’am,” quoth I, as I beheld the rouge and ruffles in which she had disguised her “mortal coil.” How the first night passed away I am not able to state, as at an early hour I entered into conclave with the god of dreams, and continued the exercises till the gong of the breakfast bell summoned me forth again to the land of realities, to deal with “more substantial stuff than dreams are made of.”

At the hour of nine A. M. the church bell rang, announcing

the meeting of the Andalusian Society; and having my notions, touching the public meetings of literary societies, shaped chiefly upon the Yale model, methought I noticed here some few peculiarities. In the first place, I found the Colleges situated in an open sheep-pasture, and the bleating of the ewes and the tintinabulum of the bell-wether were heard beneath the very sanctuary droppings of the halls of science. Considered as "buildings made with hands," they differed not essentially from those of my own Alma Mater, except in number; for were they one less they could not be named in the plural. The Chapel, however, in size and construction, within and without, was, in sober truth, inferior to many a common wooden school-house. The magnitude of its bell may be judged from the fact, that two mischievous boys, not long since, having frequently been annoyed beyond all patience by its disrespectful jingle, just when they were giving the finishing touches to a labored piece of sleeping, plucked up their spirits, and tugged up their bodies to the pitiful eminence of the cupola, and then and there, with unholy hands, did lower the noisy nuisance down the lightning rod, and transport it a sabbath day's journey upon their shoulders, to its final deposit in a mud slough.

Now there was at this time, in the land of Down East, a much-traveled Doctor, who had just returned from a short call upon a few patients of his, on one of the Japanese Islands—bringing with him one of the natives to experiment upon at home. And he it was, with his native, that was to hold forth as orator to the Andalusian Society, on this occasion.

By this time a process was in operation in front of the pigmy chapel, which they instructed me was called, forming a procession. And, indeed, on closer observation, the several classes *did* seem to be arranging themselves into a line, and as it were in obedience to the laws of academic polarity; for I could not discover that any one was acting at all as master of ceremonies, but every one seemed, as the historian has it, to be his own "*dux et instigator*." "And why stand they here so long in the mud and fog?" I inquired; "has not the orator arrived?" "O! Sir," quoth my companion, "they are waiting the band of music." "So then you are to have music, eh?" "Certainly, Sir; do you march without music at Yale? We could not think of going in procession, Down East, without a band of music; and we shall probably, too, show you something splendid of that genus; for we have hired a brass band from over a hundred miles distant, to regale us with sweet sounds on this literary jubilee—lo! there they come." And there they did come, *to wit*: a flute, a clarionette, a common military drum, a trombone, and one or two other instruments of brass. "Now, Yale," thought

I, "thou art vanquished! the Philistines are upon thee, Samson!"—as the music 'gan pipe and the procession 'gan move. But all my sublime conceptions of the superior way of doing things at Raravan College, were soon to be dissipated. Hearing a commotion to the windward, I raised my eyes, and behold! there was the oracular Doctor, the orator of the day, in full trot, spanking through the puddles across the sheep-pasture, sadly discomfiting the ewes in his hot haste to overtake the procession; which having achieved, he fell in as rear guard, and marched up street to the church. His oration treated of the marvelous workings of the healing art among the Japans, particularly of his unrivaled success in removing singular excrescences from various parts of the bodies of the afflicted; all which was highly instructive and edifying to the honored members of the Andalusian Society; as was also the coppery Japanese, who, arrayed in his native costume, sat, during the performance, upon the stage, in front of the speaker, attracting universal attention. In about an hour and a half he had toiled through his Æsculapeiad, closing it, by way of peroration, with sundry professional remarks on the female population of Japan. And I found at dinner table that day, all lips declared it a magnificent oration, entailing everlasting honor on the literary taste of the Andalusian Society.

Next came off the anniversary of an association, entitled by its oral functionary for the day, "The Phi Beety Kappy Society." A Mr. Alias, of a neighboring State, was the elected orator, in whose default, however, a certain Judge McRuel had been substituted. And to form any sufficient idea of the assinine qualities of this Judge's genius, you must imagine an unfeigned Hudibras, or perhaps better, his donkey mouthing out a sober oration on a literary subject. You might have sung a psalm tune at the close of each sentence, without impinging at all upon the one next succeeding. His words came doling out, dull and monotonous as the wagging of an old-fashioned pendulum. And as for ideas, he shunned them as a mariner would avoid breakers. After about two hours, his oration began to operate upon the crowded audience, as would a dose of Brandereth's pills upon the bowels of a gorged glutton. In rehearsing the catalogue of the "Phi Beety Kappy" men of that Institution, when he came to the name of him for whom himself was acting proxy—"and Mr. Alias"—he remarked, "whose absence, as your orator, on this occasion, we all deeply deplore," "Amen!" shouted one of the congregation, *in clarâ voce*; at which a general wave of laughter passed over the audience, so disconcerting the little Judge, that he was compelled to hem thrice ere he could proceed. The President of the Society

sat looking a very "dejected pity at his side," ever and anon writhing his face like an old hag undergoing the operation of tooth extraction. Towards sunset the orator hit upon a new branch of the subject, upon which he longed to launch forth; but very discreetly feared lest the patience of his audience, as well as his own strength, was nearly exhausted, and therefore he would conclude by giving a brief history of the Alumni of that Institution. Then having imbibed a half pint of water, and clarified his nasal extremity, he proceeded to give a *virritim* biography of all the graduates of Raravan College, surnaming them very modestly, "*the wise men of the east.*" At length, when the day was well nigh spent, having used up his sixteenthly, and seventeenthly, and finally, and lastly, and once more, and in conclusion, he won great applause by ceasing the clack of his animal machinery, and resuming his seat.

After the encomiums passed upon the Judge's harangue, of the A. M., I felt a prurient curiosity to hear the judgment of the club upon this performance. And when the time came, I observed there was a little variety of opinion. Most, indeed, adjudged it a very able essay, replete with important information, though somewhat too erudite for undergraduates to comprehend. A few thought it rather too long; and I noticed one blockhead, a Freshman, I believe, who stubbornly persisted in affirming it was rather dull.

Thus passed the first day of my visit to Quoddyville. The few amusing incidents that occurred on the following evening and night, I think, on the whole, are not worth rescuing from the jaws of oblivion. Therefore my journal continues from the next morning.

This morn ushered in the day of days to Quoddyville. Its coming on was hailed about the College premises by the rumbling of drays, the bleating of sheep, and the firing of crackers. The area about the church was teeming with a greater medley of peddling geniuses, than ever vexed the righteous soul of the prophet by their Sunday traffic in Jerusalem. *Here*, were cart-loads of pears, apples, melons, and cucumbers. *There*, a tent of canvas was stretched over half an acre of cheese, butter, pumpkin-pies, gingerbread, and nut-cakes. *Here*, lay a squadron of hard-cider and beer barrels. *There*, a plantation of oysters and hot-coffee; and yonder, a brazen-piped auctioneer was crying off, "wooden combs, gimblets, razor straps, whips, jack-knives, shaving soap, paste blacking," &c., et cetera, ad infinitum. And in the midst of all this, in the loft of a joiner's shop, the celebrated ourang-outang was "open at all hours for exhibition." The "*wise men of the east*" were assembling from all quarters. And wise women, too, of every age and condition,



were fast making themselves visible about the Colleges; running now here, now there, wherever they saw others going. Just at this time the tide of immigration seemed to set for the chapel; and following the multitude, I found the occasion to be a volunteer musical performance; not, however, by the brass band, but by an individual undergraduate, who had taken up the notion of astounding the natives with his vocal powers, accompanied by a small organ that sat upon the floor in one corner of the room. Some forty or fifty boys and matrons, and old men and maidens, were crowded densely around the centre of attraction. The hindmost ranks mounted upon the tops of the benches, protruding their eyes, and gaping with eagerness to bless their vision with a view of this prodigy of tune. The little organ buzzed and muttered like a nest of humblebees, and even now are ringing in my ears the braying detonations of that young Apollo's voice, as he sung—

“ *We must have airy exercise to live, and thrive, and grow ;”*

tagging each stanza with a robustuous chorus of

“ *Fol lal laul lul lowl, and fol lul laul lul lar,*”

indefinitely produced; the grand diapason always terminating in an awfully melodious “*hurra !*” Thus was this royal melodrama continued for the space of one hour, after which the amateur saw fit to restrain his tuneful impetuosity; and a red-haired urchin, with one bare foot upon *this* seat, and the other upon *that*, lifted up his cap and shouted, “*the show is all over.*”

The next movement was a general influx to the libraries of the Andalusian and Procœan societies. These were rooms in the basement story of one of the Colleges, and seemed to be a kind of universal depot for all the valuables of the respective societies, containing various specimens, mineralogical, zoological, ornithological, ichthological, and divers other ologicals; besides not a few botanical, together with relics of antiquity and pictures of futurity; and also any quantity of miscellaneous curiosities, that could not be classed under either of the foregoing heads. The books and other literary matters, above mentioned, were deposited upon shelves built only against the walls of the room; leaving the whole interior area free from all incumbrances. And this was now completely crowded and bejammed with the two sexes promiscuously intermingled. Among the other rare articles of science of the Procœan Society, there was an Indian bow and arrows, and with these the ladies, generally, were more interested than with all the other literary specimens put together. I observed each fair one, as

she gazed upon it and handled it, grow suddenly sad and crest-fallen, as if suspicious the Procēan Society had robbed Cupid of his only efficient weapon.

The procession was formed under more propitious auspices than on the previous day, preceded, however, by the same brass band; and before it no one, not even ladies, were allowed to enter the body of the church. The rush of the waiting multitude was, therefore, still more amusing, being composed impartially of the two sexes. The instant the line of procession was broken, in came the impetuous bisexual torrent, bounding, pitching, rolling, and jamming, to the utmost peril of ribs and bonnets, and the utter annihilation of modesty. "One *cheff dee ouver*, that," burst from the throat of a boarding school Miss, as some half a score of the fair sex came tumbling into the slip behind me, without any regard to the centre of gravity, or the pronunciation of French. After the fury of the tumult was past, I beheld the President in the pulpit, accoutred in ancient style, with white square-cornered cravat, and triangular cap. The brass band stood forth in bās[e] relief, in the gallery; and whether it was that he had no taste for music, or on the principle of division of labor, or for what other cause I know not, but so it was, that the President had nothing to do with this same redoubtable brass band. The marshaling of this corps seemed to be totally committed to a huge, coarse-grained, potatoe digger, who, whenever their tuneful services were wanted, smote thrice upon the stage with his ponderous staff, and shouted *music!* in style right military. A few common airs and train-band marches were played, but not a word sung during the day—saving the afore-said "show" in the chapel.

It could not have been prejudice, that made the performances upon the stage seem to lack that manliness and maturity of thought, which from my former associations I was vainly led to expect. They certainly were puerile, strongly reminding one, that "education forms the *common* mind." The manner of the speakers was a tissue of unmingled awkwardness; and well it might be, as they are blest with no "lessons in elocution," from the day they enter the College lists, till they step upon the stage for public exhibition. In this instance, the performances would have been an excellent burlesque on oratory, were it not, that the buffoonery seemed too natural and altogether overdone. Often would the speaker, in the midst of a high-wrought sentence, while gesturing vehemently, lose himself, and stand with arms extended, waiting the voice of the prompter.

There was but one session, continuing from ten o'clock A. M., till about two P. M. And I noticed from several parts of the house, that the audience, especially the feminine portion thereof,

had stored their pockets with such substantial stuff as cheese and buttered biscuit, with which they did regale themselves extensively during the interludes by the brass band.

When the momentous hour came for conferring the degrees, the candidates ascended the stage by fours, and thumbing the corners of what seemed a quadrangular card of pasteboard, the President "opened his mouth and spake" the talismanic words, that transformed them from clowns to Baccalaureates, and put into their hands the sheepskin amulet that was to keep them so. Their custom in relation to the "secundus gradus" is sufficiently singular. I will record it, as it was told me by one of the then graduating class. "Every Fall," said he, "each student is taxed fifty cents, for the purpose of raising a fund to defray the expenses of a Master-of-Arts Dinner. This is a law of the corporation. And then, as they are obliged by the statutes to prepare a great dinner, so of course they must provide A. M's to eat it. For undergraduates, although the feast is furnished entirely at the twitch of their own purse-strings, may not so much as lick the crumbs that fall from the *Masters'* table. The Faculty therefore send letters hither and yon, through the State, to the recent Alumni, inquiring who of them can most conveniently come up to Quoddyville, and display their superlative capacities for mince pie and roast pig. Of the more worthy, it generally happens, that many are engaged in some useful occupation, which they cannot just then leave. Others are abroad, or sick, or for various reasons cannot come up to the feast, and *ergo*, can never become *Artium Magistri*. There is always, however, somewhere in the land, a modicum of educated loafers, who have nothing else to do than attend horse-races and commencements, and eat and sleep. And from these a sufficient number is collated to fulfill the complement, one of whom must deliver himself of an uncommon oration, at the close of the other commencement exercises. From the others, the only condition required is, that they gorge and batten themselves, at the expense of poor Freshmen, till they become truly great men, whatever were their former dimensions. And ever thereafter, an A. M. is condemned to dangle from the extreme end of their name, like jewels in the snout of a swine."

But nothing in my nostrils savored more strongly of the ludicrous, than to notice what a universal Coffee House, for all sorts and sexes, the Colleges became. The stairway, from the ground to the garret, was often densely thronged with Ladies and Gentlemen, and males and females tempestuously intermingling. In almost every room might be seen miscellaneous collections of the two sexes, singing songs, playing backgammon, bussing, smirking, "and various other things, too numerous to

mention." These things were common on any day of the week of Commencement, but especially was it true on Wednesday; and what rendered the farce still more ridiculous, was the motley character of the feminine multitude, comprising those of all stages of cultivation, from ladies such as she who wrought the "*cheff dee owver*" of the day before, down to creatures scarcely distinguished from the vegetable kingdom. These, having their ideas of the marvelous first excited by the wondrous paraphernalia of the library rooms, and thinking all the apartments contained articles equally curious and amusing, would rush up stairs in troops, and bolt in at the first open door, without ceremony or reserve. In this manner the rooms were most cruelly infested with these curiosity hunters. Students were obliged to make their doors all fast, in order to secure an opportunity to change dress, or attend to any private matters whatsoever, unmolested by females in search of something to see. I was occupying a chamber with a Raravaniensien, who was somewhat of a wag, when the door opened, and we found ourselves called upon by a score or so of the other sex. "*Any curiosities here to look at?*" inquired the foreman, or rather the forewoman, of the group, at the same time rolling wildly in their sockets a pair of lobster eyes. "No, my dears," replied the Raravaniensien, "none that we choose to exhibit just now." "Why, they told me down chamber," continued the vocal weed, "there was more curiosities up above." "O! well," rejoined my pro tempore chum, "there are more curiosities up above, no doubt, only keep going right straight up, till you find them." This was the ordinary method of getting rid of them, each one, in answer to their inquiries, directing them to the chamber above. And thus several parties, in the course of the day, were sent into the garret to search for curiosities, where, no doubt, their literary longings found high entertainment.

Such was the Commencement of Raravan College, for the Autumn of 1841. And 'twas strange to mark, how soon after the close of the exercises, the multitude dispersed, and the College halls were desolate. Trunk after trunk was handed down the stair-way, and I heard the roll of the carriage as they departed. And ere the sun sat, of all the busy feet and glad hearts, that so lately thronged those aisles, not a voice broke the stillness, not a footstep echoed through the silent halls. Not a sound was heard, save the tinkling of the sheep-bell, and a few straggling notes of music sailing in the air, as if sent from an angel's harp to console the lonely.

ORE.

## 'ΗΛΙΟΣ.

THE drowsy day-star, harbinger of morn,  
 His fading lamp in haste lights up again ;  
 How far through night that herald beam is borne !  
 Telling the shaded earth and silent main  
 The king of day shall soon resume his reign :  
 The dusky mount puts on a robe of gray,  
 And wide o'er gloomy dell and dewy plain,  
 Pierced with his many numbered arrowy ray,  
 Darkness rolls back his troops, and flees before the Day.

Then swiftly on the gazer's dazzled eye,  
 The sun leaps forth to run his mighty race ;  
 How like a giant, joying to o'erspy  
 The ample heavens—fit range for his proud pace ;  
 Bright is thine eye, as when thy burning gaze  
 Looked out upon the earth's primeval morn :  
 Twin brother thou of Time—thy glorious face,  
 While on his lagging wing are ages borne,  
 Preserves its placid front and golden beams unshorn.

On all things earthly death hath fixed his seal ;  
 O'er all that's beautiful hath breathed decay ;  
 There's nought so great or glorious but must feel  
 His withering touch, and sink to dust away.  
 Yon stalwart oak that mocks the tempest's sway,  
 Shaking his angry arm at every blast,  
 Prone on the ground his mighty form shall lay—  
 His lofty head to low dishonor cast,  
 And all his brawny limbs the prey of hinds at last.

Oh ! many an empire 'neath thy changeless eye,  
 Hath risen to glory, or to darkness gone ;—  
 With ceaseless flow Euphrates rolleth by,  
 Laving the ruins of proud Babylon.  
 Thou vocal river, ever rushing on,  
 With thy low dirge an empire's grave beside,  
 Canst thou not tell of battles lost and won,  
 Of bravery, beauty, splendor, wealth, and pride,  
 Of passions here that lived—to greatness grew—and died ?

Thou art the mirror of all human things,  
 As thy waves chase each other to the sea ;  
 So generations into being spring,  
 And swiftly pass to vast eternity.

Thou babbling wave—thy dulcet murm'ring be  
No true historian of man's decay—  
Brief is thy tarrying—transient thou as he ;  
In trembling haste thou dost the call obey,  
Of Ocean's restless voice, impatient of delay.

But yonder sits amid the noon-tide hours,  
The chronicler of time. How sad the while  
O'er these fall'n fane his yellow beams he pours,  
And desolation mocks with golden smile.  
Once here to crowded mart and busy toil,  
He numbered days and marked the rolling years ;  
Till leaguering foes, with their prevailing guile,  
Brought down her regal pride to dust and tears ;  
Yet shines he calmly on where scarce her tomb appears.

Ay, thou hast seen when earth was fair and young,  
When man was happy and of guileless soul,  
How glad the morning stars together sung,  
And 'angel shouts rang round the starry pole ;  
When to his blissful bower the tempter stole,  
And filled his breast with Passion's rebel throng ;  
Then sin's black current raged beyond control,  
Like some dark river rolling deep and strong,  
Till its mad volume leaps the broken crags among.

This morning, journeying from the orient lands,  
What scenes have met thine all-beholding eye—  
The wild Arab, that, scorched on desert sands,  
Distends his parched lips with wailing cry,  
His red eye shrinking from the brazen sky—  
The reckless Tartar on his bounding horse ;  
And China's myriad swarms have passed thee by,—  
And Afric's son—child of prophetic curse,—  
And realms of unknown name, ruled by despotic force.

And marble ruins o'er dead empires fall'n,  
And clouds and storms that hide thy face from men,  
And Europe's towns with life o'erflowing swoll'n ;  
Old Ocean greets thee on thy path ; and then  
Hesperia lies beneath thy far swept ken ;  
Palenque's nameless gods and sculptured stone,  
And last, Pacific's placid waves again  
Receive thee into rest—O mighty Sun !  
Rest from thy weary toil—the giant race is done.

N. R. N.



## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE name of Sir Philip Sidney is associated with many pleasing recollections. He was one of the greatest ornaments of the most glorious reign that England can boast ; one of the chief favorites of that great Queen, whom our parent nation has ever regarded with admiration.

He inherited from a long line of ancestors all their noble and knightly qualities, without their faults ; and may be considered as "the chain or connecting link which was interposed between the chivalric pageantry which had gone before, and the scarcely settled refinement which succeeded." He united all the accomplishment which youthful ardor and talent could acquire or bestow, "fascinating courts with the variety of his powers and address, leaving the learned astonished at his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace ;" in fact, he was the "beau ideal" of all that is noble and lovely. He was one of the few—who cannot be considered the partial and sole property of an individual people—in whom all nations are interested. He exalted his country in the eyes of other nations, and the country he honored, if she do her duty, will not be ungrateful. England ought, we cannot but think, ever will, place him among the noblest of her sons.

Criticism ought not to lay its blasting hands on the productions of such a man, were they even inferior to expectation. The hasty productions of one who died at so early an age, and was so deeply engaged in the affairs of active life, ought not to be brought into comparison with the master-pieces of professed authors. His whole object in writing was to make his readers wiser and better ; and his untimely fate should dispose us to look with favor on his works, which can be considered only as the fruits of youth. Yet his writings need no indulgence of any kind. His was an intellect holding in its grasp a knowledge of all arts and sciences, and having the power of delighting and enchanting his readers ; an imagination abounding in all the images of creation, and the fairest visions of human and more than human excellence ; a quick and lively sensibility ; a noble and generous heart, whose emotions gushed from their sacred fountain of feeling, with a spirit of joyous gladness.

His *Defense of Poesy*, says an able reviewer, is, perhaps, the most beautifully written prose composition of the Elizabethan age, impregnated with the very soul and spirit of poetry, and abounding with the richest adornments of fancy. One might think that there was no need for a composition of this kind ; and in this age of ours there would not ; but when Sir Philip

wrote, according to his own account, both poetry and its professors had been reduced to the lowest form of degradation in the public esteem. If we are to consider what our author says as true, "he had most just cause to make a pitiful defense of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, was fallen to be the laughing-stock of children." Its voice had become almost mute in England. With the exception of a few inferior poets, many years had passed without producing a single person worthy to receive the remembrance of posterity. It had become necessary for some powerful advocate to step into the breach and battle in the defense of the noblest of man's acquirements—to elevate it to that estimation which is its rightful property. Under these disadvantages, and in so noble a cause, did our author engage. And right manfully did he battle; he has reaped his reward in the success of his efforts, and in the imperishable renown of ages.

Soon after this period of darkness, the national literature of his father-land burst into a sudden blaze. His *Defense* paved the way for the appearance of Shakspeare and the great dramatists who succeeded him, by smoothing down the asperities of feeling which otherwise would have assailed them. And not only does this *Essay* excel in its object, but also in the purity and simplicity of its style, the strength and soundness of its reasoning, the rich fervor of its eloquence, and the variety and aptness of its illustrations. The *Defense of Poesy* may be regarded as a logical discourse, from beginning to end, embellished by all the graces of poetry and elegance. He begins by showing the antiquity of poetry, he examines the nature and object of it as an art, he contrasts fairly the arguments on both sides, and then rejects or admits, as the proof may seem to preponderate. It is indeed a beautiful piece, and well worthy of its author; and to those who can read it without pleasure and admiration, we can only apply the malediction against the contemners of poetry with which Sir Philip concludes it. "If you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry. then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang yourself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph."



The *Arcadia*, though not so uniformly pleasing and satisfactory, has always been considered the great foundation on which his fame must rest. There is not, indeed, so much uniformity in it as could be wished, yet there is perceptible throughout the whole work an "air of gentle pensiveness and of melancholy moralization," which wins and fascinates. How close the friendship between Musidorus and Pyrocles, the two heroes of the romance. And while we love and esteem Basilius, enriched with such domestic blessings, and happy in the love of his people, and Gynecia, rich in chastity and conjugal love, we cannot but detest the character of Cecropia, a proud and ambitious woman, who neglected no means, however vile, to gain her purposes. Our author has been eminently successful in picturing the soft and gentle emotions of friendship and love. His descriptions of nature and her scenery are universally natural and delightful. In reading them, it seems as if the gentle breezes, which are wont to hover over such scenes, had found a voice, and are painting to us the delights of their favorite haunts. We can almost see the verdant landscape, or the angry waves dashing their spray as if in mockery; we seem to hear the warbling of the birds, the whispers of the forest, and the murmuring of the streams; we are removed to other and more delightful climes; we are transported, in imagination, to the "shady groves of Arcady and bowery recesses of Tempe."

Attempts have been made to supply the defects existing in the third book of the *Arcadia*, but like all other imitations, they lack the spirit of originality; and, however closely they resemble the original at a superficial view, when we compare them more closely, we find that they have little of its peculiar character.

That the *Arcadia* has many faults, we do not pretend to deny. But we should remember that it was left unfinished, and by the premature death of its author, was deprived of those finishing touches and corrections which it would otherwise have had: and it is rather wonderful, taking into consideration the disadvantages under which it labored, that it is so comparatively faultless. And we may venture to pronounce Sir Philip Sidney, if not the best, one of the best and most happy prose writers of his time.

## THE GOLDEN AGE OF ARABIC LITERATURE.

WE find in the history of every highly cultivated nation, some era rendered glorious by a constellation of those stars, which, at other times, shine singly and with intervening years. To these periods we give the name of Golden Ages of Literature. Rome saw her golden age, when Augustus loved to lay aside the sceptre of his wide dominion, to listen to the recitals of Virgil or of Horace. France saw her's, when Louis XIV. assembled at his court Moliere and Racine, Pascal, Boileau, Corneille, and La Fontaine. England saw her's, when in the reign of "Good Queen Bess," the genius of a thousand years seemed concentrated in a single age—when Shakspeare and Bacon, Raleigh and Spenser, lived and wrote.

Yet never, in any nation, has there been an era so exclusively devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, as the Golden Age of Arabian Literature—the reigns of the Abasside Caliphs. Where, in the world's history, do we find libraries more acceptable tribute than silver and gold?—peace granted to a submissive enemy at the price of a philosopher?—and governors instructed to collect, not wealth, but books? Such instances of *royal* love of learning, are rare indeed. Philosophers, we know, can scorn the passing pageantry of earth for the immortal treasures of the mind; but the annals of declining empires teach us that courtly splendor is too often the pride of princes. It was left for Arabian monarchs to surpass all others in the encouragement of literature. The familiar name of Haroun Al Raschid, recalls in vivid colors the bright vision of our boyish day dreams. The gorgeousness of oriental luxury—the wonders of the Sultan's court—the fairy world of romance—all conspire to weave a tissue of splendid associations around his reign. We think of him, however, rather as the protector of injured ladies, than as the cherisher of learning; as the chastiser of faithless cadis, than the patron of philosophers. Yet these are attributes as worthy of commemoration, as that love of adventure which has made him immortal in the pages of the charming "Tales of the Thousand and One Nights."

Whilst Christian Europe, fallen from the height of her old renown, was enveloped in the darkness of those truly dark ages, learning and science had taken refuge in a land, that two centuries before had been equally degraded, but now stood forth the champion of knowledge. Under the illustrious Haroun, and his still more illustrious successor, Almamoun, the Augustus of the East, Bagdad became the nucleus of the literary world. Colleges and academies were founded. Philosophers

and scientific men of all nations, and of every tongue, were induced, by liberal offers, to make this Athens of the East their home. The court seemed not so much the fountain of power, as the resort of men of letters, and the abode of science. The sword was exchanged for the pen, and the gates that were a short time since traversed only by armies, now opened to admit caravans laden with precious manuscripts, the tribute of conquered provinces. Then knowledge was the direct passport to royal favor. The works of the most noted authors of antiquity were translated into Arabic. Amanuenses were continually employed transcribing rare or valuable productions. The drama alone, in the whole range of literature and science, was neglected. Codes of laws were digested; medicine became more practically understood; and the monarchs themselves superintended astronomical experiments.

Nor was this spirit of investigation confined to the East. The colleges of Bagdad did not enjoy undisputed sway in the empire of mind—the Arabs of Europe rivaling those of Asia in their onward course. The Ommiades of Spain strove with a noble emulation to outstrip the old line of Caliphs in the paths of science. Cordova, Seville, and Granada, eagerly contended for supremacy in Moorish literature, and even exceeded Bussora, Bagdad, and Cufa, in the inducements held out to learned men. The literati of Europe drew their stores of knowledge from these Arabs, who so recently had deluged the world with their barbarous hordes.

Other nations make slow and tedious progress; but they cast off, with a single effort, the trammels of ignorance, and from half civilized tribes were changed to polished nations. In the year 641, the great library of Alexandria perished, through the ruthless barbarism of Omar, and in 750, Affas, the first of his name, mounted the throne. The bigotry of Mohammedanism was now laid aside, and notwithstanding the injunctions of the careful prophet, Pagans and Christians were admitted to a fellowship in their privileges and pursuits. Not a town of importance, throughout the great eastern and western Arabic empires, was without its library; whilst every large city had its college, whither resorted, not the Mussulman alone, but the student of every land, who aimed to pierce the dark cloud that oppressed the energies of slumbering Europe. These two great luminaries were connected by a chain of lesser lights, that stretched along the northern shore of Africa. Though inferior to the great sources of learning, the schools of Cairo and Alexandria were not unworthy of the land of the Ptolemies; and even Carthage might look, without disdain, upon the cities that sprung up around her deserted site.

With their glory, their college and libraries have passed away. The fall of Granada, after five centuries of prosperity, shook the Arab power to its base. The returning wave recoiled upon Africa and Asia with a force that paralyzed their energies, and learning died away. The "last sigh of the Moor," as Boabdil el Chico bade farewell to his native land, sang a sad requiem to the departure of the Golden Age of Arab Literature. All that remains of that once noble structure, is the remembrance of Haroun Al Raschid, in the tales of the stroller, who lightens the sluggish hours of the again bigoted and benighted Mussulman, with the wonders unfolded to the jealous Sultan, by the matchless Sheherazade.

Nor is the rapidity of the rise of their Literature more wonderful than its immense extent. Every branch and province of science, every ramification of the arts, had its devotees. The number of works produced within the lapse of but a few years, seems almost incredible. It can only be accounted for by the fact, that they are the fruit of the labors of an empire stretching from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, and embracing the fairest half of the then known world; and, by the fertility of invention engendered by their sunny climate. These causes, aided by the enthusiastic and imaginative nature of the people, have given to the world a literature equaling in extent that of all Europe. We cannot but lament, that from this vast fund of knowledge we are permitted to draw so slightly, and that we must be content to gain our information, and form our opinions concerning Oriental writers, from translations, which, in whatever language they may be, can convey to the mind but faint impressions of the native force and dignity of the originals. The peculiar power of national idioms, the delicacies of style and wording, are either weakened or entirely lost. We see their beauties, it is true, but they are clouded, and viewed as it were through a veil, which reveals the striking characteristics, the form and features, but conceals the complexion with its ever-varying shades. Even in translations, however, we find much that is impressive, and much that is attractive; their lively and picturesque images are not those which we have seen in so many forms and shapes, that they have become as familiar as "household words," and our well-trained imaginations may even sometimes be startled by the boldness of their metaphors, as the jaded hack is terrified, almost to madness, by the appearance of the wild and uncurbed rover of the prairies. We look with admiration upon the spirit of the untamed steed, and let us not complain of the fire of the Eastern poet.

Nurtured in the love and veneration of poetry, the Arabs have ever held the bard in high esteem. Long ere the appear-

ance of the great impostor, the muses shed the softening influences of poetry upon their wandering tribes. Vieing with each other in the paths of poesy, as well as in the battle-field, the rise of a poet was hailed as a subject of general rejoicing, and made an occasion of congratulation to his family. Like the Provençal's "Court of Love," they had their court of poesy, where rival writers contended for the palm of victory, and the conqueror saw his verses, inscribed in letters of gold, suspended upon the walls of the holy temple at Mecca. Seven of these "Golden Poems" still exist, having escaped the withering touch of time, and prove that song and love were not unknown to these wild sons of Ishmael. Their rich and glowing imagery displays a depth of passion worthy of the days of chivalry, and puts to shame the cold effusions of more modern swains. The Epicurean voluptuousness at times exhibited, brings forcibly to mind the jovial odes of Horace, as may be seen in a few verses which have been thus translated by Sir W. Jones :

"But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play,  
Our nights, beguiled with pleasure, swam away;  
Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceived the time,  
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;  
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,  
Who touched her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;  
We sipped till morning purpled every plain,  
The damsels slumbered, but we sipped again.  
The waking birds that sang on every tree  
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we."

Indeed, we might often conceive that the pen of the old Roman, and not that of Leibid, or of Amru, had given birth to these soothing strains, did not the praises of the faithful steed, or camel, play a part in every effort of their muse, second only to the passionate pursuit of love. This, with the old Arab poets, was a most prolific theme. Every poem commenced either with the exultation of the favored, or the lamentations of the disconsolate lover. The beauty of his "well beloved," was extolled in a series of images; her face likened to the sun or moon, her cheeks to roses, her teeth to pearls, her lips to rubies, and her tearful eyes to violets, bending with dew; if they sang of peace or war, love was ever mingled with their tale.

Their roving pastoral life, and the scenes by which they were surrounded, gave a light and joyous character to the people. Dwelling in the Eden of the East, "Yernen," "the happy," they caught from nature the true spirit of poetry. Enjoying that leisure which seems the undisputed prerogative of a southern clime, and possessed of a language unsurpassed in richness or abundance, with minds in the highest degree romantic and im-

aginative, their feelings sought utterance in the strains of the poet. Even rhetoric, in the days of Arab splendor, put on the strange garb of verse. When writing sober prose, they still follow this poetic style, and throw an air of fairy-like romance around even the most abstruse sciences.

A proneness to leave the substance and pursue the shadow, is, it must be confessed, but too often visible in almost every Arab writer. Carried away by their ardor, they were too apt to follow the subtle windings of their fancies, to the neglect of the truth. More fluent than profound, delighted with the mysteries and sophism of the Aristotelian school, they lacked solidity, and if tried by the utilitarian tenets of the present day, we fear would find but little favor. Their style, though sparkling and abounding in striking metaphors and elegant images, wants that depth which distinguishes the authors of more northern lands.

The influence exerted by Arab literature over southern Europe, was undeniably great. From it the Provençals caught the lively measures and beautiful imagery, that give so true a charm to their sonnets, and by it rhyme was engrafted on their poetry. These obligations, however, are trivial, when compared with that which the world owes the followers of Mohammed for perpetuating and increasing the civilization which man had formerly acquired; for cultivating the arts of peace, whilst Christendom was employed only in wars, and for devoting themselves to the pursuits of literature, when all around was sunk in darkness. History there preserved the past, and added from time to time new treasures to her store. Philosophy kept by practice the intellect undimmed. Knowledge, which never in the world's history has been without some city of refuge, there found a home, whilst Europe was chained and debased.

The Arabians, by their literature springing from native talent, and enriched with the love of the past, imparted to the people that their arms had conquered, their own treasures. They swept the nations with resistless force, ruled for a time the widest empire that the world has seen, and passed away. But the spirit of learning survived their overthrow; they left behind them, though shrouded in gloom, the spark from which Europe's love of literature was rekindled, from which the fathers of Spanish and Italian song derived their inspiration, and from which proceeded the earliest tokens of the great revival of letters, which has rolled on in an unceasing triumph to the present day, and promises to roll on till

“ Death

On scorched pinions with the dead shall lie,  
And time, with all his years and centuries, has passed by.”

N.

## LOVERS AND THE LOVED.

AND what human being belongs not to both these classes? Love is more powerful than wealth. His domain is more extensive, his sway more unlimited, his authority more lasting, than those of kings. Riches cannot rule all hearts; kings have often fallen so low that none remained "so poor as do them reverence;" but few, very few, are obliged to bear the wretchedness of universal hatred. Love abides not merely in the dwellings of affluence and competence. He penetrates also the misery of the hovel, and sits down amid rags and want to comfort and to cheer the children of wretchedness. Mankind are all lovers, and all the objects of love.

But we attempt not now so vast a theme. If Love calls the world his plantation, and everywhere beautifies it with his gentle culture, he may well be said to have one field, on which he exercises his caprices, sowing it with smiles and tears, joys and sorrows, roses and thorns, in strange entanglement and confusion. Many know of no other domain of Love than this tangled patch; and the world calls those who wander here, lovers and loved. With these we have now to do. A youth himself, perhaps ourself a lover, we would lift a little the veil that hides the secrets of the youthful breast, spend some idle hours in classifying the lovers of our own sex, and glance, timidly indeed, at the fair ones who steal our hearts away.

Let us first pursue the course of the lover in general, looking at him in the extremes of age, the young and the old lover. The young lover, timid and blushing, thinks the girls all angels, and she whom he loves, a seraph. He is a creature of ecstasy and rapture. By day, he moans to the winds the praises of his charmer, or, reclining on the banks of some bubbling rill, commits to the sparkling ripples the precious burden of his love. At night, she comes to him in his dreams, some pure being of another world, and imparts such a thrill of joy as wakes him from his sleep. But he cries not, "Alas, it was a dream," for he deems the vision of his dreams the real image of his earthly love. He knows not, that in truth, 'tis the image that he loves, and not the mortal one whom his fancy invests with unearthly charms. But the deception is a sweet one. In her smiles he finds an exhaustless mine of delight, and her frowns—but he never sees her frown, and at the worst is only a little jealous when she smiles on another.

The young lover commonly has for the first object of his passion, a lady who has passed her teens. The ease and grace of her manners, the gentle dignity of her carriage, and her con-

versation marked by cheerfulness and the desire of pleasing, impress him with a sense of her superiority. He first admires, and then, almost ere he knows it, he is in love. He now seeks her company at every opportunity: at home, at church, taking sweet walks in the fields, he is ever at her side, yet never troublesome. The lady, who has unconsciously excited such a fervor of emotion within him, is indeed more than a common girl. She has the sagacity to discover his preference, and the sense to be pleased with the attentions of one whom she deems an ingenuous youth, although she little guesses the intensity of his love. The kiss which he has long tremblingly desired as a *pledge of affection*, (for his love is all too delicate for words,) she readily grants him as soon as asked, meaning a mark of favor and friendship, and utterly unaware of the tender construction he will put upon it. But this dream of love cannot always last. Providence sends her a lover suited to her age and taste, and our young friend must retire in silence, thankful that he has not uncovered to her gaze the fire that was consuming him, but still resolved to think her the fairest, purest, and best "of woman-kind." Or, if the vehemence of emotion overpowers his judgment, and he ventures to breathe to her his passion, and remind her of the kindness that excited his hopes, she will look astonished, and tell him, like Göethe's Margaret, "she only thought of him as a child."

But the buoyancy of the youthful heart is as strong as its passions, a kind provision of superior Wisdom, without which the intensity of the soul's young emotions would consume the body that encases it, long before manhood has schooled the heart to indifference, or steeled it against the crosses that environ us. For a while he perseveres in his resolution of constancy, and the cruelty of his mistress revives his poetic vein:

"Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' cruelty."

He is determined to be unhappy, but begins to feel the want of some one to whom he may tell his determination. He therefore takes a confidant into his secret, tells him that he shall never forget Amelia, and proves his sincerity by falling in love with Mary, the sweet Mary, only two years his senior, whom he meets every day on her way to school. Mary is a little—a very little—coquetish. She gives him a modest glance and a smile as they pass. His heart is not yet proof against smiles. By degrees, and much more rapidly than he is willing to confess to himself, the idea of Amelia gives place to thoughts of Mary. Hope hastens the conclusion:

"'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame  
Which beauty first conveyed."



For Amelia can never be his, and indeed he now sees the romance of that attachment, but never reflects that he is entering upon another scarcely less romantic, and indeed, if he knew the truth, scarcely less hopeless. For, what is most likely, Mary too is ignorant of his attachment. Their daily meetings are soon over, for she has left school; he misses her smiles and glances, the soft fuel of the flame, and although for a while he still pleases himself with the idea of love, and blushes red when they occasionally meet; yet soon another object catches his attention, he is forced to confess that the love of Mary was a passing delusion, consoles himself with the reflection that after all she was too old for him, and determines thenceforward to confine his affections to those younger than himself.

He is now fully embarked upon the ocean of Love, bound for an unknown port, yet ever fancying the haven still in view, and ever, as deceived by one false appearance, enticed and cheated by another. This indeed is not always the event. Many a lover, at this stage of his experience, exchanges the mistress of his imagination, the shadow in his own mind which he has hitherto loved, for a mere mortal wife.

If, however, the dominion of Fancy over him continue, he becomes in time the old lover. We call him still the *lover*, although most men consider him but a gallant, for love is now a habit with him, and who so entitled to the livery, as he who has worn himself out in the service?

The other sex are no longer angels and seraphs to his mind. They have grown up with him, and he knows—alas! sad knowledge!—their faults and foibles. His former sweethearts are now stout, substantial mothers, and the airiness, the romance of woman is gone. He remembers the visions of his youth; but when he looks upon what was once so beautiful, he recognizes not the forms that captivated then, but turns to girlhood again to find the creatures of his fancy. He now devotes his time to children just out of school; an ever constant beau, he makes his visits welcome by his services; till, in a fit of disgust, because the girl, who has grown up on his knee, marries the boy, whose pockets he has often filled with nuts and pennies, he proposes himself again to the spinster who long ago rejected him, is accepted, and, with his bachelor's coat, throws off the worn-out character of a lover.

Not always, however, does the old gallant reach even this measure of happiness. Oftentimes, disappointment in the unsatisfied search after perfection, renders him fearful and misanthropic, and sinks him into the confirmed old bachelor; and he vegetates for a while, the withered, dry, and useless stick, then drops at last into the grave, forgotten by the friends of his youth, and leaving none to bear his name and lineage to coming

times—a sad example of misdirected energy and wasted existence.

Enough of him. He has at best only an incidental relation to our subject, and we have described him chiefly by way of warning. Doubtless there are honest old bachelors, whom we must respect, though we cannot but pity, and wish they had fallen on happier times. But peace to their ashes! for they are living dead.

Reader, thus have we crossed the threshold of our subject. Or, to return to our simile of a thorny wilderness, we have, as it were, leaped the fence, and cast a general glance at those who wander within. The subdivisions still remain; many rare and curious varieties of lovers, at some of whom we may perhaps look at some future time again. And then, there are the ladies, whom we may well call deers and fawns, hunted up and down this strange enclosure. As we see one and another of these gentle ones caught in the toils of love, and sinking in their captors' arms, we may, perhaps, record for you what we can gather of their history; albeit, it pains us to see them shrink from our gaze, and, almost, like the caught antelope, "sigh in one breath tired life away."

Farewell, then; if you like our rude beginnings, you shall hear from us again. If not, still respect our *wish* to please.

#### EPILOGOMENA.

FAMEN, with infinite pains and anxiety, we have spread before thee our usual literary repast. And if thou hast partaken of its several viands, and found aught of solid food to satisfy the cravings of thy mental appetite, then art thou ready, doubtless, to taste the lighter dainties of the dessert. And while thou art merrily cracking thy nuts, or, perchance, an excellent joke with thy friend opposite, while thou art sipping—whatever suits thy palate—or filling the atmosphere with the *flagrant* aroma of the tortive weed, we bespeak thy attention to the hidden process which has prepared thee this public feast. Curious and long it is, embracing as many manipulations and mysterious rites as the incantation of Macbeth's witches. Nay, look not such astonishment, gentle reader: for surely we do not mingle in thy food "poisoned entrails," nor the "sweltered venom;" thanks to the punctuality and benevolence of our correspondents and ourselves.

Hark! for a thought just now strikes us—an event worthy of notice, surely, in these days of famine. We wonder how many sparkling eyes will glance over the pages of this Yale Magazine—how many minds will draw nutriment from its mental store. The Freshman, we doubt not, will count it one of the novelties of this new world to him, and peep into it with eager curiosity. The Sophomore—alas! good friend, our experience makes us fear thou must soon stoop from thy proud elevation—will *poke* his head a little space out of a triangle, to wet his lips and become *smart*.

The Junior will read, and then look wise, very wise indeed, and with his cool *philosophic* criticism, will enlighten those circling many a tea table. The Senior will put on overwhelming gravity, and, concentrating much wisdom in his eye-brows, will quickly be gifted with *intuition* into the pith of every subject. And the ladies, too,—we imagine we see their sweet faces smiling over our pages—their minds absorbed entirely in the breathing words—the flowing tresses falling over their peerless brows and rosy cheeks—and—but stop, or we shall be gone past recovery.

Readers, all, we wish you a happy New Year, and a pleasant Vacation. Go, and do your own pleasure—steal sheep—rob hen-roosts—any thing—but breathe not a word against our Magazine. And one thing we enjoin; fill your portfolios with all such adventures, for its pages.

“As yet 'twas midnight deep;” for half an hour we had been seated in our easy rocking chair, when we arose, and wrapping ourself in the woven fibres of abstracted sheep hair, descended into the piercing air without. The clouds rolled darkly, and the moon behind the black curtains, just dropping into her couch, threw a kind of ghastly light into the gloom. Listless we sauntered along, while our thoughts ran away into scenes of other times, like ants scattering from their disturbed hillock. Or anon, recovering our saneness, we trudged with somewhat of desperation over glassy ice and frozen ridges, to the imminent danger of legs, face, and neck, and with a noise not unlike the crashing concussion of north-bred icebergs. Headless whither we went, our evil genius guided our steps, or rather stumbles towards the place where the departed sleep; and as we passed along the eastern wall, and heard the moanings of some spirit among the long, pendant branches of the willows, and then looked up to the white building on the right, we began to feel—most uncomfortable—and wish ourself safe again in our own bed-room. Fear whispered us to turn about; but pride called us a fool for entertaining even a thought so unworthy a man of courage. And now proceeding along the narrow footpath between the canal and the ivy-covered wall, we had achieved more than half the perilous distance, and were congratulating ourself on our happy escape from all unpleasant obstacles, when lo! from behind the tower at the angle, darted a little, impish figure, the very impersonation of ugliness. Not a moment was to be lost: the thing was coming with savage eyes, and a horrid, *teethy* grin. Our first thought was to plunge into the canal, and find safety in drowning, but unfortunately the impenetrable ice was a serious hindrance. We thought of making a trusty knife acquainted with the goblin's throat, or—our own; but, vain thought, our arm hung motionless. We would have shrieked to the night air; but *vox faucibus hæsit*. And still it came—we felt its hot, brimstone breath—such agony—oh, never—

“What, asleep here in your chair, an hour after the time; up, or we'll expel you from the corps.” Yes, so it was; for opening our eyes, we saw Bufo scowlingly grinning before us, griping our shoulder like a fit of rheumatism, and shaking us like a real nor'-wester. We felt vexed; such a fright, when we had not stirred from our chair, nor seen a goblin, at all—none but Bufo! Concealing our chagrin as much as possible, we left our glimmering lamp, and accompanied our kind brother—who expressed on the way great surprise at our strange contortions in waking—to the chamber of dread deliberation. There sat the arbiters, stern as a Roman senate, especially the Speaker, who, as we entered, hitched up in his chair, and thrice uttering a portentous *ahem!* seemed ready to administer a severe reprimand for our offense; (though, between us, reader, he has nothing to say on *that* subject;) but on our relating the above, he pronounced the apparition a just *visitation for sin*, and desisted from his purpose.

We rubbed our eyes, and—looked. Phlogiston had something more than usual in the cock-loft, for his twinkling eye seemed to say, “we’re not through this night yet; more adventures to come, I assure you.” What it was, we could not tell; but that something was *to be done*, appeared conclusively from a pile of manuscripts on the table, whose order and neatness forcibly reminded one of a *distracted mouse-nest*. The hands of the spoilers had evidently been upon it, and made a thorough analysis, and now it was our task to pick out the sound paper currency—bank bills are sometimes found in mice-nests—and to wipe off the waste paper; so at it we went. “I mo-oo-ve,” said Fidget, yawning, “that the articles be read *audibly* by the Secretary, while we criticise *in mente*, or,  *viva voce*, as he proceeds.” “No!” shrieked that functionary, looking aghast at the paper stack before him, “unless you furnish three fifty-pound packages of Pesse’s candy, to lubricate a fellow’s throat with; what! make our poor pair of lungs use up all that wind, as if they were made of leather, like a smith’s bellows! I’ll see the communications in *purgatory* first, and you too.” But several sleepy hands passed the motion, and the honorable Secretary, after a solemn charge from the Speaker, and a promise of speedy reward from Phlogiston, grabbed a manuscript, and with a dogged air began to read.

“First, we have ‘The Maniac; a Tale,’ beginning thus: ‘In New Haven the City of Elms with a harbor of mud’”—“Stop,” cried Bufo, “let’s resolve that sentence *constitutently*; I hold it’s an extraordinary example of the *fall of greatness*. How lofty it begins, perched on the broad top of an elm; but its *latter end* is rather *soft*, and oh! how fallen!” How long Bufo would have continued in this strain, nobody *kens*; but the Secretary glancing along the track, then took fire and *burst* with a loud explosion—of mirth, and belching out, “clams and lobsters,” threw the “tale” under the table, and for the rest of the night was the best natured man in the company—thanks to our weak correspondent.

“Next,” continued he, “comes a piece of *poetry*, with the delicious title of, ‘A Christmas Offering to my Beloved.’ Its beginning is sweet as honey. I dare not read the first stanza: ‘twould bewitch you like Circe’s draught; and then woe to your godlike reason, so necessary on this occasion.” “Read,” shouted the others. “Silence,” growled the Speaker; “the Secretary will please make proper selections.” “Well, then,” he continued, while we sat wriggling like animalcules in the focus of the solar microscope, “in my opinion, the fellow has strange ideas of the *fitness of things*; he has mingled love with puddings, mince pies, and butter-cakes, in a manner analogous to the old fashioned way of making love in a tub; though, on the whole, his song is most *ex-hil-arating*, as the rowdy said, when his father made him *dig potatoes* in vacation.” He then read the following precious specimen, which was succeeded by a regular ha! ha!! and the sage conclusion that ‘twouldn’t do.

“And tell your cousin Nancy,  
I haven’t forgot that *cheese*:  
I oft do *toast* in fancy,  
*As crows roost on the trees.*

She makes the best of *cheeses*,  
As you do know and me;  
She chops it up and *squeezes*  
It—quite *naturally*.

“Well,” said the Secretary, wiping his eyes, when the uproar had subsided, “here’s another most suspicious looking thing, belonging probably to the same *genus*—it’s *poetry*, at least.” Scarcely had he spoken, when his whole frame shook convulsively, like a dog pulling in agony at a root, and a moment after he jumped from his chair, and battering his head against the ceiling, danced about the apartment like a cat with mittens on, or a parcel of popped corn in a frying-pan. A fine porcelain spit-box, purchased for the particular convenience of Phlogiston, he stamped into a thousand fragments; and its principal patron—who had often opened his *mouth* wide

and filled it—was well repaid for his liberality by a bountiful sprinkling of its *jet de juice*. An old Dutch “mirror,” that had often shown the physiognomies of the Inamorati, and their predecessors, suffered a collision with his fist—and its face broke out. And all the while, a most *unhuman* noise came from his stretching mouth, his eyes shone, and hair flew like the ancient Sibyls! “*He’s crazy! he’s mad!*” roared from every quarter: Ichabod rushed into the closet to find a *rope*; and Fidget, darting to the window, was about to cry out, “*Help! ho! the watch!*” when Phlogiston, whose left cheek stuck out with a huge antidote, snatched the paper that was the cause of all the uproar and—the *Secretary stood alone*—while the alarming document was read.

“As I went lorn, one *fri-day* morn,  
I had most wondrous luck;  
I caught a beast, and made a feast,  
Of what some call *wood chuck*.  
Oho. He! he! he!”

One *flare-up* followed, and there was awful silence. The Secretary looked like a cur detected in filching bacon, sneaking under the table, with his tail carefully protected by his legs; Phlogiston meditated sorrowfully on his new pants, well *wet* at first putting on, according to custom; and the Speaker, having got into an abstraction, was probably somewhere—in China. At last, Ichabod, who had long been laboring to concoct a new idea, sung out, “I’ve got it! I’ve got it!”—“a prodigious birth,” roared Bufo, “what’s coming?” “Alas!” continued Ichabod, “what *fools* we’ve been! for six long months have we all labored *officially* with head and hands like Guinea slaves. Think you, John Bull’s Parliament, or Uncle Sam’s Congress would have committed an act so reprehensible? Never. Let us, then, rise to our proper *dignity*, ascend above this *drudgery*, and shift it off into the hands of a *committee*.” “Agreed,” came from all quarters of the room; “move that Ichabod be its Chairman and all hands.” “Aye,” said the Speaker, “the committee will please report at the next meeting;” and Ichabod, who had unwittingly overlooked this probable conclusion, suddenly found himself overwhelmed with work for a fortnight, and looked just as any body else would, caught so dexterously in his own trap.

During this effectual burst of eloquence, Phlogiston, seizing his hat and cane, and carefully gliding to the door, was off, unnoticed by most of the Inamorati. Poor Ichabod looked the very image of despair, and when the Speaker proceeded to make the usual inquiry for miscellaneous business, the honors of his situation bursting on his mind, made him sob out, “For heaven’s sake, not yet—don’t, gentlemen, don’t inflict upon me the outrageous task of reading all these unreadable eternities—why, ’twill give me the *delirium tremens*, and alas for sweet vacation all used up in this villainous job; think of a month of precious existence wasted so—think of my home, where they all expect me next week—think of her, that lovely one, whom”—“stop,” said the Speaker, “that last consideration *unmans* us, and out of mere grace, we order the examination to proceed—so far, at least, that Ichabod can finish the rest in time to *kiss his lady*.”

Such being the stern decision, some half a dozen elbow points again pressed the groaning table. “Fidget,” said Bufo, “will you please to count these papers, and let me mark them down as you proceed, by fives. I should like to calculate the probable length of our term of imprisonment.” “Count them!” ejaculated Fidget, “I would as soon attempt to count the strokes of the morning prayer-bell, when it jingles its horrid din in our half-asleep ears; and I think, by the way, that *impudent dangler* will soon break up our deliberations, for I heard a cock crow, up town, long

since." "A cock!" replied the other; "no, 'twas only the echo of the Secretary's *rumpus*, though, 'pon honor, there's not much difference—none, if Diogenes would only feather him." During this *small* talk, Ichabod, in more sober mood, as became him, was diving into the papers, and now quietly said, "Here's an article that is very relevant to this subject, entitled, 'The Belle, a Story of the Springs.'" "Please read it," said the Speaker. And Ichabod carried the heroine, a dashing lady of unknown origin, while we followed attentively in her train, through all the cities of the Union and Canada; and seemed about to repeat the operation, when Bufo said he would like to inquire how far off the *end* was, and whether *Canada* was the most *direct* route to the "*Springs*." "The end," replied Ichabod, "is *cut off*, for it seems to be wanting, and, therefore, however far I go, I shall never reach it." "Move it be *infinitely* deferred, with a promise to call when she gets there," said Fidget. Passed unanimously.

"But here's a cart load yet," proceeded the Speaker; "how shall we *dispatch* these? in the gross, or singly?" "By lot," said one; "by weight," echoed another; "by Ichabod, the committee," rejoined a third; but that worthy individual had seized a manuscript *with both hands*, and was reading with all his might. "Let's follow his example," chimed in the rest; and a moment afterwards the old way was in successful practice again, after the trial of *Secretary* and *committee*; each of the *Inamorati* sat bolt upright, with a formidable roll of paper within an inch or two of his nose, scowling as he limped over the *unreadableness*. Even the Speaker condescended to crawl through the tardy lines of an Alexandrian poem on "*Laziness*." "The writer of this," said he, "shows that he has had great experience, and it's enough to make one a sluggard by induction; for the public good, then, it can't go." "I think that will do," said Bufo, laying down an essay; and just then we seemed to have struck a rich vein in the mine, for several fine articles came to hand. At last, the Speaker assorted the rejected, and found fourteen sonnets in imitation of Milton's, four epic poems, a multitude of essays on as many *new* subjects, a mystico-transcendental-out-of-sight disquisition on "The Spiritual," and innumerable smaller articles, besides those left for the comfort of Ichabod.

"Miscellaneous business in order," sounded gruffly from the Speaker. "Well, then," said Fidget, that date on the sixty-second page in the last number had better be corrected in *errata* at the end of the volume. The true date is 1783; I mean that in the seventh line from the foot. Though, on this matter, I move that all *mistakes* be attributed to our friend *the Devil*; who, in fact, is a very skillful necromancer, and sometimes makes the most curious transformations. I lately called at his *office*, and saw him, with one stroke, turn a hose into a nose, and an engine into an engineer; and the public were soon after astonished by the report, that 'the new engineer has a most beautiful, flexible *nose*, five inches in diameter, and *fifty rods* in length;' ha! ha! "The gentleman is out of order," said the Speaker; "it is highly improper to desecrate this literary sanctum, by such *dark* allusions." "Move his remarks be *expunged*," said Ichabod. "*Volat irrevocabile*," interposed Bufo, "his sulphurous majesty is abroad; he leaves a trail of!"

"*Hark!* what noise is that?" said Fidget; and hushed was every voice. Intensely we listened. "Did you hear any thing," whispered Ichabod, trembling in every limb, and looking all eyes. "Yes, and there! again it sounds." It *was* now perfectly audible, and seemed to come in hollow echoes from a vast depth, directly under us. We thought some imp was surely coming, commissioned to take vengeance on us for speaking thus lightly of his master. In the mean time, the noise increased like a coming earthquake; a slow, iron tread resounded through the hall

like thunder. Our hair began to bristle, and a pair of shining fire-balls seemed to blaze in every head. Stomp—crash—slam—up, up, 'twas coming deliberately, on the stairs. The Speaker, forgetting his dignity, tumbled from his seat, and was the first man to ensconce his precious person behind the *coffin*. The example was contagious. Ichabod rolling over the Speaker, and beyond the *tomb*, pitched into the closet, and tried to hide himself under a ton of coal. Bufo darting to our side of the room, crawled under the carpet, which shook with his trembling like a cranberry swamp; and Fidget leaping up, landed head first in a barrel half full of ashes, that stood by the open door of the coal room. Rap—rap—bang—now thundered on the door. "*Exorcizo te*," mumbled the Speaker. Bang—bang—again rattled the door, mingled with another sound, like the gurgling of some liquid in the process of *abolition*. At last, the man with gravest looks, humbly rising, and crossing himself thrice, advanced with trembling steps to the key-hole; and even ventured, with awful misgivings, to peep through the crack of the barely opened door—when he espied—not *some demon*, coming to vex our *souls*—but the thick lips of a *genuine son of Ham*; who was tugging up a long basket, full of good things, for the comfort of our *bodies*; and near by stood Phlogiston, grinning like a hyena, at the terrified looks of his friend. A mutual laugh dissipated the fright within; whereupon the squatters arose *en masse*, one brushing the ashes from his head, another dusting his coat, the Speaker rising from the *cerements*, and all *boasting of their courage*; to prove which, they kicked the nigger down stairs, having first secured the rich contents of his basket, upon which we made ourselves gloriously merry afterwards.

Ichabod was too much gorged by this latter operation, to *think* of recording the votes of the meeting. Indeed, had some waking wight at that late—or rather *early* hour—seen him reeling along, supported by two members of the body-guard, and another of the corps passing a few yards in advance, with a most formidable club, to clear the way of all vagrants, he might have entertained some strange suspicions; though we assure those concerned, that 'twas all *stuff*. As it was, we saw our brother safely stowed away and well *tucked up*, and then scattered to moralize. About a week afterwards, Ichabod ascended with slow steps to the council-chamber, and deposited in that department the following notices to correspondents.

"The *Tail of Affection*" is a mighty uncouth appendage. It don't wag at all becomingly. The lawful owner had better make a proper application of it to himself.

"Home—I love thee." Very likely; but we like not the "*withered stem*" in thy weedy garden, nor the jolting road to thy old hearth. We are out of patience with careless rhyme and jarring measure.

"Major Andro" is—*well executed*.

The paper on "Colt's Suicide," contains mature thought well expressed; but we do not deem it suitable for the Magazine.

"Winter" has no *shocking* faults, but it lacks *warmth*, and is of very common occurrence.

"The Goose-berry Bush," if published, would be strong enough to hang its author on. Out of *kindness* to him, therefore, we *reject* it.

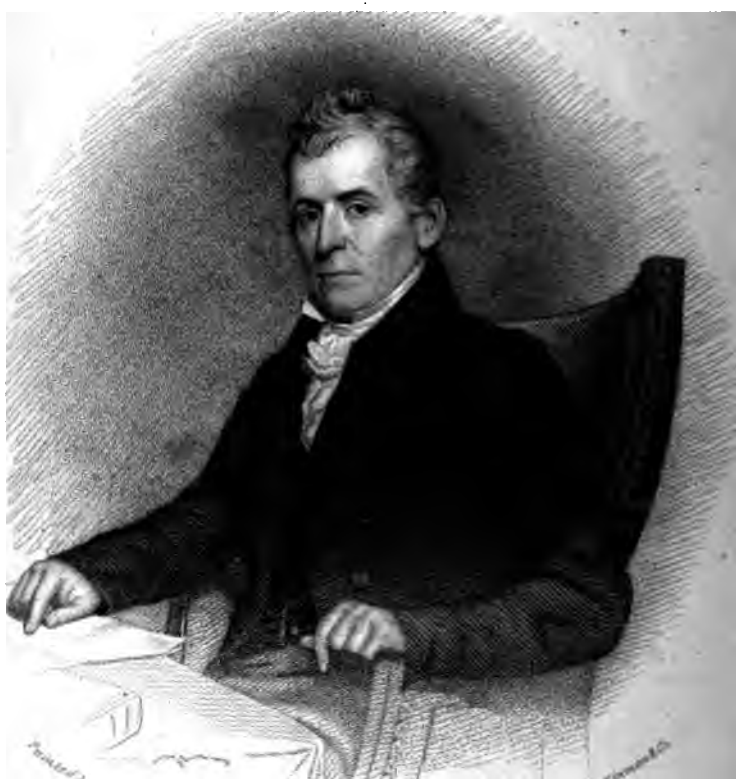
Several articles on hand are necessarily deferred. Some are under consideration.

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By the last page of the cover, it will be seen, that all communications should be sent through the Post Office. For obvious reasons, this rule must hereafter be strictly adhered to; and all articles must be *anonymous*.







JAMES L. KINGSLEY, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN YALE COLLEGE

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VIII.

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ENGLISH POETRY.

ALTHOUGH we have assumed English Poetry as our theme, it is not in contradistinction to that of every age and country. For wherever the true "Spirit of Posie" is found, it is the same; and whatever causes its developments to exhibit characteristics in one country, which they do not in another, must be referred, not to the inherent, immutable principles of Poetry itself, but to those extraneous circumstances arising from peculiarities of manners, characters, and languages. Art and continued practice may enable one poet to clothe the being of his creation in language more splendid, to give it a tinsel-like appearance, more attractive to the eye, or cause it to fall in cadences more musical upon the ear, than another, whose unfettered muse seeks alone the universal language of the imagination and the passions. Yet the one can never be considered a great poet, nor the other a mean one. The former may please the taste of the critic—the latter strikes a sympathetic chord in the heart of the man. We admire the magnificent diction of Pope, and the singular sweetness of his versification; but we love the strong natural feeling and beautiful thoughts of Chaucer, though lurking under the rough concealment of an unformed, unpolished language.

Descending to a later period to establish the truth of our principle, it will be sufficient to refer to Byron, whose towering fame has already begun to dwindle before a fast returning love for England's ancient poets. And though there are works of his destined to an existence cœxtensive with the proudest monuments of the literature of any country; still, their perpetuity depends not upon their containing within themselves the true spirit of poetry, but upon a kind of admiration for the singu-

larity of thought pervading the whole, and an indefinable interest in the man, from whose gigantic, but perverted intellect, they emanated. Ere long they will be regarded with a feeling akin to that with which the pyramids of the Egyptian deserts are viewed, at this remote period of time. Grand, gloomy, and forbidding, they are gazed upon with awe, admired for their architecture, for the grandeur of their design, and for the almost superhuman power necessary for their completion. But here, the feelings are checked and thrown back to wonder from what cause they originated, or for what purpose these vast piles were reared amid the wavy sands of a trackless desert. Like them, the mind of Byron rose vast and gloomy amid the wilderness of a heart, scathed and desolated by the fires of passion; and, like them, his works will endure, stern and isolated, a source of wonder and admiration to a few learned and misanthropic, for whom alone they will possess an interest, in every succeeding age.

Not so with Chaucer. He relied upon nature, and nature only, for the materials with which to lay his foundation for posthumous fame. He strove not to blacken and deform her fair face, by drawing from the vitiated current of his own thoughts, the colors with which he painted her features. He described her as she appeared to him, in all her grandeur and marvelous beauty; as she appears to all, who love her for that beauty and the wholesome lessons she teaches. The following example exhibits the unaffected simplicity of his own heart, and how faithfully were mirrored upon it, the self-same beauties, which, in all time, are wont to appeal, with so much force, to the hearts of all:—

“ And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,  
I was ware of the fairest medlar tree  
That ever yet in all my life I sie,  
As full of blossomes as it might be,  
Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile  
Fro bough to bough, and as him list he eet  
Here and there of buds and flowers sweet.”

This is but one, from a number of stanzas, all equally beautiful and true. Here is no pompousness of words, no apostrophizing, no morbid straining to produce a greater effect upon the reader than the scene itself produced upon the writer. The sentiments are simple, yet grand; beautiful, yet true; welling forth from the pure and unadulterated fountains of the heart; and because they are such, we love them; not only admire, but love them; for they strike upon that secret chord of the heart, which thrills responsive to the touch of beauty, in every human breast.

In the description of such a scene, the poet exhibits the true spirit of his muse. He rouses the passion for beauty, and sets imagination on the wing. The reader unconsciously places himself by his side, sees the same objects, experiences the same feelings, and is struck by the same beauties. In the same shady grove he hears the music of its winged denizens, as they gaily flutter "fro bough to bough," tearing open the unsullied bosoms of the flowers, to draw from thence the honey with which they sweetened their warbling notes, and then singing in "delightful harmony," till the whole place resounds with their music—and fully accords with the exclamation of the poet,

"That the voice to angels was most like."

The description of the stupendous scenery of the Alps, by Manfred, as he stands poised upon a giddy pinnacle of the Jungfrau, is sublime, and nothing more; and this, if we except the noble "Apostrophe to the Ocean," surpasses any thing in the way of natural description to be found in Byron. But who can sympathize with the maniac and misanthrope, in apostrophizing the magnificent objects by which he was surrounded? What chords of the human heart, but those of pity and contempt, vibrate to the language of the atheist and suicide? Not one of the nobler passions is stirred, and the imagination shrinks aghast from the mighty task imposed upon it. All beauty is obliterated by the scorplings of passion, enveloping it in its fiery folds. The true spirit of poetry is absent, when imagination and passion for beauty are crushed beneath the iron heels of selfishness and despair.

The truth of our principle, and the contrast between Chaucer and Byron, will appear equally strong, if reference be had to their delineations of the finer feelings of man's nature, his tenderness and love. It cannot now be determined what Byron *might* have been, had the star of his nativity been more propitious, or the course of his life less wayward and passionate. This, however, is certain, that he was utterly incapacitated for conceiving of either of the abovementioned feelings, save only as they are calculated to lacerate the heart, or spread dishonor and desolation around. Chaucer took these feelings as they really exist, and as all his readers conceive of them, the purest and noblest of which man's nature is capable. Hence, the following extract enlists all our sympathies, and rouses our warmest feelings; and it were strange indeed, if the author, whose imagination must have been wound up to an intensity almost painful, did not moisten the parchment upon which he penned these lines, with his own gushing tears. Certain it is, that they have called them forth from the eyes of many, whose hearts

beat to the music of the "minstrel of the olden time." It is the farewell of Arcite, in the "Knight's Tale," to his "ladye-love," after he had won her hand, and been mortally wounded in the conflict.

" Alas the wo ! alas the peines stronge,  
That I for you have suffered, and so longe !  
Alas the deth ! alas min Emilie !  
Alas departing of our compaignie ;  
Alas min hertes quene ! alas my wif !  
Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif !  
What is this world ? what axen men to have ?  
Now with his love, now in his colde grave  
Alone withouten any compaignie."

What, compared with this touching, dying farewell of the wounded knight, is that of the passionless Manfred, the sullen Lara, or the raving Giaour ? Cold, senseless, and unnatural. They rouse no tender feeling. They call forth no tear, to tell they were human, and fell beneath the accumulated weight of human wo. We cannot weep for those with whom there are no feelings in common with their race, or whose lives are a series of weaknesses and indulgencies of those passions which are the darkest stains on poor human nature, and serve to render foul and turgid the otherwise fair streams of life.

The unutterable grief of the fair Griselda, under the most poignant afflictions—her patient obedience to the brutal commands of her husband—the unaffected sweetness and readiness with which she lays aside the glittering robes of the princess, bids adieu to the proud mansion of her lord, again dons the rustic dress of her youth, and returns to the humble duties of her father's cottage, call forth the warmest feelings of sympathy and commiseration from every heart. But who weeps the death of the beautiful Haidee, inconsolable for the loss of her paramour—of the broken-hearted Medora, the mistress of an outlaw and a murderer, or the fearful doom of the incestuous Parasina ? We venture to say, none ! unless there are those to whom the world is an object of as much hatred as it was to Byron, for whom the path of life yields no sweets, and by whom no fellow creature ever felt one wrenching pang assuaged, one moment of bitter anguish soothed.

The comparison between the best of England's ancient, and the best of her modern poets, has been extended thus far for a twofold reason. It was necessary to show, in the first place, either by direct demonstration or by contrast, the truth of the principle assumed, and thus explain the ground of the subsequent deductions, that poetry is the language of the imagination

and the passions ; and in the second place, to exhibit at a glance the vast difference existing between the old, and, it may be added, the best poetry of England, and the new. Having accomplished this, we return again to the subject.

English poetry, says a distinguished modern writer, is as remarkable for its revolutions, as English politics. Without stopping to inquire where the analogy commences, when or where it ends, it will be sufficient to premise, that whereas the revolutions in the latter sprung from politics themselves, and were the legitimate results of the courses of policy pursued ; those in poetry, if any there were, had their origin in extraneous causes, over which poetry and the poet had no control. But we can find no revolution as yet having taken place in English poetry. All the changes it has undergone, and they are many, since Chaucer first framed his rude harp from a knotted branch of oak torn from one of the kingly forests of his time, and strung it with the discarded bow-strings of England's yeomanry, down to the period when Moore and Southey replaced the rugged bark of Albion's harp, with an oriental gilding, and its homely strings with the golden wires of India,—have only been transitions from one state to another, without losing its identity, or even its strongest characteristics ; although the latter have been waxing still more and more indistinct, since the time of Milton, when they flourished in their greatest purity and strength. Various have been the causes assigned for these transitions, by the different authors who have treated of the subject ; two of which, the changes which have taken place in the language and condition of the people, are fully adequate to account for them, and it is of consequence a bootless task to endeavor to find others, all of which must eventually be referred to the two most important and most obvious.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of poetry, that the most splendid poems in every language, have been produced when those languages were in a transition state, and the people passing from one phase of civilization to another. And did not the truth of this rest upon a basis too well established to be overthrown, it would to us seem hardly credible. Indeed, judged by the standard of modern poetry and modern criticism, such a circumstance is absolutely impossible. Now, beauty of style is substituted for strength of expression, brilliancy of language for splendor of imagery, tinsel for nature ; in a word, the corpse of poetry, tricked out in all the embellishments of life. That such was the fact, however, it is only requisite to call to mind the respective ages in which Homer, Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare lived and wrote.

When blind Mæonides first began to recite,



"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered,"

and,

"The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,  
Long exercised in woes,"

to the descendants of those who had worn away ten tedious years beneath the lofty towers of Ilium, or ten still more weary ones, by sea and land, with "godlike Ulysses," the language in which he sang bore no more resemblance to the polished Greek in which Plato afterwards wrote and Demosthenes declaimed, than did the massive language of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, to the silly translation of Dryden, or the original expressions of Shakespeare, to the same "done into modern."

The Doric, Ionic, and Æolic dialects are scattered through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, according to the taste or particular theme of the poet. And that, which at the first glance appears so disadvantageous to the poetic art, and so inconsistent with the development of true poetic feeling, was in fact an advantage, to which the great "Father of Poetry" owes, in a great measure, his imperishable fame. To describe the fierce battles, the tumults and loud alarms, that follow one another in quick succession during the time of the action of the *Iliad*, required a language, rough, discordant, and harsh. The Greek, as it subsequently existed, was far better adapted to the ravings of Medea, the pathetic complaints of Alcestis, or the sickly sophistry of the schools, than to convey any vivid idea of host encountering host on the embattled plain, of the thundering of horses and chariots, the rattling and shivering of armor, or the shoutings of victors. It required another language, grave, dignified, and weighty, to describe the councils of the Grecian chiefs, where the skill and wisdom of Ulysses, aided by the long experience of the Pylean sage, successfully withstood the headlong fury of the assembled warriors. For scenes of pathos and majestic calm, where the workings of the finer feelings of the heart were to be exhibited, still another dialect was wanted. The peculiar condition in which the Grecian language then was, placed all these at the disposal of the poet, and by thus bringing them together, and combining the richest portions of each, he gave a strength and variety to his poem, which have never been surpassed, if indeed equalled. Nor was this all. Homer accomplished for the Grecian language, what Dante and Petrarch afterwards did for the Italian. They united the discordant dialects of the different sections of their native countries, in a consistent and beautiful whole. But though this contributed largely to the spread of civilization, the production of brilliant oratory,

and the advancement of useful and scientific knowledge, it nevertheless divested the languages of their strength and power, and consequently struck a death-blow at the exhibition of the true spirit of poetry, the language of which, without these requisites, resembles the Promethean creation—it lacks the energy of the divine flame to bid it breathe and act.

The remarks here applied to Homer, Dante, and Petrarch, are equally applicable to the great poets of England. The four names preëminent in English poetry, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, are also her earlier poets. And though the same in power and energy, the same in poetic inspiration and enthusiasm, they were, nevertheless, as different in their developments of poetic feeling, as could well be imagined. The cause of this diversity, and of the surpassing excellence of their works, is to be found in their strict adherence to the principles already advanced. They brought in no artificial aid to assist them in moving the passions of others. They relied solely upon that universal language of the heart, understood and employed by all mankind. Beauty of style, and smoothness of versification, were disregarded as necessary requisites, from the feeling that the warm effusions of the imaginations, and the nobler language of the passions, would fall like soft music on the ear, and wake a sympathetic throb in every breast, though clothed in the homely garb of native English. To assist in the production of a poetry that should have this effect, the structure of the language in which they wrote, passing at that time from strength and power to refinement and taste, as well as the manners and condition of the people among whom they moved, were of no small consequence. But more than all, they wrote from the impulses of the heart, from an ardent love of nature, and from a warm affection towards their fellow-men. They were willing for their works to abide the verdict of posterity, to be given in accordance with the influence they should have upon the passions; and every subsequent age has borne witness to the truth of this principle, by cherishing the memory of these poets, and preserving their works, not alone on the dusty shelves of libraries, but upon the living, throbbing tablets of the heart.

Here, the subject might be closed, but it will not be inappropriate to glance briefly at the circumstances and peculiarities of these four children of England's muse, these writers, not only for all time, but for all men. Nor should it be deemed invidious towards others, whose names stand high on the scroll of poetic fame, that these fathers of English poetry have been selected as the worthiest and the best. It is done in accordance with the foregoing definition of the spirit of poetry, and because they belong to the same school, that of nature, in distinction from all others who are so plainly allied to the school of art.

It is difficult to conceive of circumstances more discouraging to the poet, than those by which Chaucer was surrounded, when his muse first plumed her wing for her upward flight. Like Dante, he stood upon the dividing line between barbarism and civilization, between darkness and light, and whatever of the latter is perceived in the works of either, bears evident marks of being shadowed by the gloom of the former. It is true, indeed, that during the long night of the dark ages, the spirit of poetry had not been buried in continual sleep. The wild, uncouth chants of the ancient Scandanavian Scalds had survived the utter destruction of the pagan rites they celebrated—the gay knights of Provence had struck the harp with deep effect, to the glittering pageantry of chivalry, or in the melting lays of love—the Cid Campedor—the “noble Bayard,” and the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne, had been sung in verse from one end of Christendom to the other—Cœur de Lion had trolled the songs of Europe upon the plains of Palestine, and within the walls of Acre, while the faithful Blondel had awoke the echoes of the same sweet notes under the Austrian prison of his gallant master. But here was no poetry for a whole people, in iron vassalage to their feudal lords—here were no notes to touch the inner chords of a heart chafing under a sense of wrong and oppression, and cause it to throb responsive to the strains of liberty and happiness; for there never was a line of true poetry, but it breathed the very spirit of freedom. Soon, however, the “day-spring” appeared from amidst the gloom. The chains of slavery began to disappear before the returning power of learning, and the enslaved to put on the appearance of men. At such a juncture, Chaucer stepped forth to essay a new and untried work, to produce a poetry for the people—and he succeeded. And had he failed, the attempt, at least, should have won for him the laurel wreath.

Chaucer, like Dante, is distinguished for great faithfulness of description, and minuteness of detail, at once pleasing and beautiful, but far surpasses him in intensity of feeling and sentiment. In the latter, he is inferior to no author whose works are extant, excepting Boccaccio, from whom he has derived one of his sweetest characters, the grief-stricken Griselda. Examples have already been given of these two striking characteristics of Chaucer, and others would serve rather to perplex than to strengthen. His poetry is nature’s self, arrayed in her own unostentatious garb. It was to his firm reliance upon nature, and the better feelings of his own heart, that enabled him to triumph over all the difficulties by which he was surrounded, and to win for himself an undying name. It was this, that enabled him to depict, in such a masterly manner, “the

grief and patience of Griselda, the faith of Constance, and the heroic perseverance of the little child, who, going to school through the streets of Jewry,

‘ Oh, *Alma Redemptoris mater*, loudly sung,’

and who, after his death, still triumphed in his song.”

Many were the aspirants to the poetic name during the long, dreary interval that elapsed from the time of Chaucer to that of Spenser, yet there were none of note. History has, indeed, preserved the names of Lydgate, Surry, Sackville, “ancient Gower,” and a few others; but they were all close imitators of the “older poet,” and consequently not entitled to rank in the same class with their master. Spenser wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, and bears nearly the same relation to Chaucer and English poetry, that Ariosto does to Dante and Italian song. Indeed, the “*Faerie Queene*” appears to have been modeled upon the “*Orlando Furioso*,” and many of its scenes and characters to have been taken from it, and though thrown into the cumbersome form of allegory, yet far surpassing its model. The style of Spenser shows, at a single view, the giant stride the English language had taken towards uniformity, as well as the transition which had taken place in the condition of the English nation, from a state of semi-barbarism to one of refinement and taste. Hence, Spenser lacks the strength and power of Chaucer, for which deficiency, however, he amply compensates by the vigor and brilliancy of his imagination; and here the truth of our definition of poetry receives a strong corroboration. It is to this, Spenser owes all his fame, as is fully evinced in the fine character of the “*Snow-white Una*,” in the first and best book, and in the descriptions of the Mask of Cupid, the Gardens of Adonis, the House of Pride, Belphebe, the Cave of Mammon, the Cave of Despair, etc. Had the author thrown his thoughts into some form other than that of allegory, he might, indeed, have produced a work less tedious to the reader, but could not have added a single wreath to the chaplet of his fame. The evidences of a giant intellect are seen in every stanza, and the true spirit of poetry, imagination, and passion, breathes in every line. Attempting the most difficult species of composition, with the almost certain expectation of failure, he signally triumphed; and there is no work of this character, excepting the imperishable *Pilgrim’s Progress* of the “inspired tinker of Elstow,” that is read with deeper interest, than the “*Faerie Queene*.” To what, then, does it owe its reputation? Mainly to the influence it exerts on every heart, and the pure, untinged language in which it was written.

Contemporary with Spenser, was England’s great dramatist,

and nature's confidant, Shakspeare. Not remarkable for any one great characteristic more than another, he exhibits a combination of brilliant qualities, too bright and dazzling to gaze long upon without pain. Though he has been, perhaps, surpassed in every particular quality, save only his skill as a dramatist, yet no one man ever united in the same person so many excellencies, or in so eminent a degree, as did Shakspeare. He had not the intensity of feeling seen in Chaucer, but he had more than Chaucer's strength and power of expression. He had not the vivid imagination of Spenser, but he could lead the imagination of others "captive at his will." He had not the elevation of Milton, but he could plunge to the lowest depths of human nature, and drag forth its vices and its virtues, its deformities and its beauties, to be "seen and read of all men." He had not the skill of Dryden or Pope, but he could touch the secret sympathies of the heart, and wring forth the reluctant tears, both of sorrow and of joy. His right to the niche of fame, in which he has been placed, is never questioned. His reputation as an author is inwoven with the very existence of the English language, nay, with that of all the languages of the civilized world; and wherever human feelings are indulged, or a heart is found to sympathize in all the vicissitudes of human life, there will the works of the "immortal bard of Avon" be cherished, and in that heart will his name be enshrined, as a household divinity.

Having extended these crude remarks to a greater length than was at first intended, we shall be constrained to reserve England's only Epic poet, Milton, for a separate article. And though it will leave our present subject incomplete, we would fain hope that our labor has not been in vain. It was undertaken out of deep reverence and love for Britain's older bards, and from sorrow, that, at the present day,

"All with one consent praise new-born gaude,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to Dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gold o'er-dusted."

The subject has expanded and extended itself so much in advancing, we dare not attempt to compress within our narrowed limits a notice of him, who, singing of man's redemption, presents "the height of that great argument," and strives to "vindicate the ways of God to man," until uplifted by his mighty subject he rises, to use his own magnificent language, "to a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." It would be alike unjust to the poet and to ourselves.

## THE CENTENARY OF AN OLD CLOCK.

THERE'S a weary old man in his elbow chair,  
    " His locks are thin and gray,"  
And his grandchild near him with golden hair—  
    A beautiful child—at play.

The old man museth of other years,  
    And thinks of the flight of time,  
As he watcheth the hands of the clock, and hears  
    The bell with its hourly chime.

The bell with its hourly chime hears he,  
    The pealing, ringing bell,  
That bringeth to thought and fantasy  
    The scenes he remembereth well.—  
He remembereth well his childhood's day,  
And the hurrying years that have sped away.

The hour is passing, and onward steals  
The hand that turns with the brazen wheels,  
To the point whence first, in its journey slow,  
It started an hundred years ago.  
The cunning hand that its motion gave,  
Hath forgotten its skill in the silent grave ;  
The heart of the builder hath ceased to beat,  
And hath rested long in its still retreat ;  
His hours all told on the sounding bell  
Of the clock himself had formed so well.  
But the pendulum still beats on, beats on,  
Nor wasted its strength, nor its motion gone ;  
Though the face of the dial is rusted and grim,  
The colors all faded, the figures all dim ;  
Though the clock hath grown old, and seemeth no more  
So cheerful and bright as it seemed of yore,  
Yet the wheels roll on with their steady pace,  
And the hands yet move o'er the dial face,  
And the bell yet soundeth that warning tone  
That told off the hours of the years long flown.  
It hath sounded aloud by night, by day,  
As time hath sped in his tireless way ;  
For a century past the hour hath told,  
As the hand came round on that dial old.  
It soundeth again, and the pendulum's note  
Seems half to cease, while the echoes float  
Through the ancient hall, till they die along,  
Still ringing and fading, and this is their song.

We wake the thoughts of other hours,  
Of happy scenes in summer bowers,  
Of smiling skies and fragrant flowers.—

The child looks up, but he cannot tell  
What the echoing bell hath said.  
The old man weepeth, he knoweth well  
That it sings of the long lost dead.

We've marked of time the ceaseless flight,  
At setting sun, at dawning light,  
At morn and noon, by day and night ;  
Through cycles of the ceaseless spheres  
Told hours of joy, told hours of tears,  
Now past, all past, a hundred years.

The boy returns to his childish plays,  
In innocence and glee :  
But the old man sighs at the solemn lays,  
For his heart is sad, and of other days  
He museth in memory.

And the pendulum beats with louder tone,  
As the hands of the dial move slowly on ;  
It knoweth no rest, no weariness fears,  
But starts for another hundred years.

SS.

### LITERARY CENSORSHIP.

ALMOST any thing, fitly directed and conducted, will prove beneficial, and there is nothing, which may not by perversion become a malady. Censure, dictated by good motives, rightly applied and lawful in itself, is always in season, and productive of advantage ; while, on the other hand, if called forth by vile or sinister designs, turned awry and dishonorably inflicted, and in its own very essence unfair, it awakens resistance without entailing improvement—it effects a smart without the amending influence. It is that chastening in wrath, which begets wrath. The press, too, is, in many instances, the greatest agency of good, which has ever been ushered upon the world. When truly free, it is to the human mind what the shower is to the soil—enriching it and assisting it to bring forth riches. (And here be it known, that by true freedom of the press, is and always must be meant, not freedom from all restriction, for this is licentiousness, a most degrading servitude, but freedom from the

necessity of restriction, just as "the best government is that which governs least.") But when the press is prostituted to interest, personal, local, or partisan, when it becomes the reflecting medium of false principle, or the courier of slander; when, in fine, it is in any way perverted, it is one of the blackest curses to which poor human nature is exposed.

If, then, we institute the inquiry, "Are reviews beneficial?" it is already answered. If a review combines the freedom which should always distinguish the press, with the fitness of lawful censure, its benefits are at once set down as invaluable, for no one can doubt, that fair animadversion in the literary world naturally tends to insure a sound and healthy literature; that when a standard of excellence has been once established, means should be employed to keep it unmoved in the domain of taste, and prevent stragglers and aliens from altering its position; that those who are unworthy should be debarred from the companionship and title of the true children of knowledge, and when they strive to rank themselves among these, should be made examples of; that the author is thus put on his guard against presumption, as well as the reader against imposture; that the taste of the multitude is thus invited to flow in the proper channel. By such aims and ends should criticism be regulated, for they will dignify it.

But before illustrating these thoughts, let us take a momentary survey of Reviews as they are, and contemplate their benefits, which some persons, whose faith is not commensurate with all that all can assert or infer, may deem slightly equivocal.

At the first glance, we perceive that the present track of criticism must be a delightful route for the critics themselves. They not only derive emolument from the unlimited vendue of their opinions and ipse-dixits of praise and dispraise; but then they can be so economical of their labor, (pardon us for using the hyperbole of all swift-tongued gossips, which always saves at least three sentences, each containing a simile;) for these literature-upon-literature-mongers have merely the task of combining the ingredients already furnished by the toil of others; and assisting the combination of the materials by a few gravely-expressed, yet commonplace dogmas; and interlarding the motley mass with occasional crusty or oily reflections upon the author as a man; and sprinkling over the whole a trifle of *sal* criticism, which, together with a slightly differing species of it—*sal* hypercriticism—is the cheapest drug in the world, though not for sale by the apothecaries; and then seasoning the haricot, thus prepared, with some few panegyrical references to Homer, Arabian Nights, Tasso, Daniel de Foe, Richard Baxter, McFingal, and authors uncertain, both in name, character, and style, and all



this as far as "ad libitum" can be carried. This done,—even as the blue-eyed goddess burst forth from the cranium of her cloud-gathering sire, armed and equipped, so from the cloudy brain of the cloud-gathering critic leaps forth the formidable review! The censor's name invests him with a kind of fearful dignity, and this is enough. Though the shrieks of scourged and disappointed aspirants follow his car as it rolls on, flowers are still strewn in the path, and glory follows it. In the words of Heeren, "Short-sighted critics frequently enjoy their cool shade, but a desert-stillness continues in fearful majesty forever to attest their credibility."

We farther see that they have, in the very nature of their profession, a grand resource. They are the Bedouins of literature. Feeding not on the broad field of universal nature, and gathering not the fresh delicacies of originality, they, cannibal like, fatten on their own kind, gloat over and subsist on the reputation of others, borrowed and ruined at the same instant :

" A coward brood, that mangle as they prey,  
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way.  
Aged and young, the living and the dead,  
No mercy find—these harpies must be fed."

Again, another advantage which accrues to Reviewers, consists in the convenient instrument which they wield for requiting those who have purchased or otherwise obtained their favor, and doing harm to those who are too poor or proud to buy their grace, or have otherwise incurred their displeasure. For we often see that one Review extols the very performance that another condemns and on good grounds. Of course both cannot be right, inasmuch as the same cannot be at the same time excellent and inferior. The secret is this : a taste for the author very properly and naturally involves a taste for all his productions, and if the author be at all odious, how can the productions of his brain be otherwise than unpleasant? The reviewer's pen is very often a triumphant weapon. Beware, then, of defying its keen point, for if thou provoke him who bears it, it may indeed be ill with thee! Agree with him quickly, if thou art at variance with him, for with regard to thee he has long used the prayer of patient and poetical Job, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book!"

And here we might, perhaps with some grace, administer a passing hint to the censor himself. Let not the nature of thy self-adopted office betray thee for a moment into the hallucination, that thou art actually capable of deciding the merits and demerits of every production of parturient mind, and hast really authority to immortalize or damn it, as thou thinkest fit. The

palaestra which thou hast chosen is, after all, a slippery one, and that which appears to thee to be on thy part a demolishing hug, may prove fatal only to thyself. On one side are bubbling up the sweet waters of praise ; on the other, yawns the paradise of fools. The adversary whom thou hast selected for attack, may prove too powerful, and thrust thee into the latter, instead of being hurled thither himself. Though he be unknown for prowess in the lists, believe not that latent coals are therefore dead. Though he be a stranger, turn him not with ignominy from thy door, remembering, that in the old time "some have entertained angels unawares."

Let us now turn to some more general advantages of Reviews, when considered in the same light as hitherto.

An obvious thought, which occurs here, is, that under present circumstances, the world of genius is blessed with a kind of usance for its loans to the world of thought. Every work in literature now issued is more than doubled within a few weeks. A treatise on any subject is utterly out-treated-on by the "notices" of it in our popular reviews. A history is increased to an unmanagable bulk by a modern criticism, so many and brilliant are the facts gratuitously added to its already bursting bigness. A poem is wholly reversified and re-imagined by the numerous censors who gather around as soon as it is formed and born. Very often for some unattractive series of musings-in-rhyme, we are helped in return to an elegant disquisition on the sublime art of poesy, which it does our souls good to study ; or to an instructive and finished history of verse and its masters ; or to an array of beautiful thoughts and allusions, which prove an acquisition to our memory, and an ornament to our store of literature. We need no reference to, or acquaintance with the classics of any language, for their spirit is all embodied, thrice refined, in the monthlies and quarterlies. The latter are the repositories of the genius and learning of every age and clime, and offer their contents to us in the most convenient and palatable shape. Thus is our actual estate in literature made more than twofold, and every writer of a new thing has the satisfaction of hearing his sentiments and statements re-echoed from a thousand parts of the world, perhaps increased, perhaps improved, perhaps clothed over and over again with strength and grace, which he in his humility never dreamed of bestowing upon them.

We also see that Reviews are beneficial in fostering and revealing to public view genius, which had otherwise slept listless on, amid the cobwebs and mould of obloquy. The works of writers whose intrinsic merit would never have claimed a smile, tear, or even a wakeful eye, are arrayed in startling beauties,

after having passed through the renovating mill of favorable criticism. The reader, before disgusted, now wonders at his stupidity in not detecting such transcendent charms of style, language, and matter, which the keen ken of the reviewer has discerned, and his amiable pen made clear and vivid. What Newton did for natural light, unwreathing and discovering all its before unseen splendors, critics have done for the beams of intellect, the light of mind :—

“Untwisted all the shining robe of day,  
And from the whitening, undistinguished blaze,  
Collecting every ray into his kind,  
To the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train  
Of parent colors.”

Let us now turn to another of the rich advantages of Reviews, to wit : assisting nature by enabling her most untutored children to converse with ease and depth upon the current literature of the day, as well as that which appeared in the era of the literary world of which it is written : “There were giants in those days.” This man cannot tell why, when he leaps into the air, he returns to the earth again ; yet mayhap he can discourse learnedly on the Latinity of Newton's Principia. That idle student, who has never waded through any thing besides a few romances, unless perhaps a pond or puddle, talks bitterly of the barbarous dialect and metaphysical unintelligibility of Thomas Carlyle. He glanced at an article in the last month's review. In this respect, Reviews are perfect “labor-saving machines,” affording a *tinge*, which is as good for all the practicable purposes of those who employ it, as a submersion. Although it might be urged by some over-punctilious persons, that the visible part of dress is not the only portion that requires cleansing, and that a smattering is not quite so good as a perfect acquaintance.

But to let this vein run out, let us seriously inquire, Are Reviews necessary ? To this it may be answered, Let every one form his own estimate of every literary performance by its effect on himself. If pleasant emotions accompany the perusal of any work, the book is good—no more is needed. But on this principle we should suffer mankind to live on in a state of primeval ignorance and barbarism, because the savage is happy in his harsh, untutored, and brutal manner of life, as well as he who is surrounded with all the comforts of a civilized society, because the former has no idea, and, consequently, no thirst for a higher condition of life. No ! so sure as more knowledge among a people insures more happiness—for the very good reason that more and wider avenues for happiness are laid

open—so sure is it that the more accurate our judgment, the better pleased are we in the exercise of our taste. They who believe what is bad, good, and are with this confidence content, are self-complaisant in error, and are to be undeceived rather than felicitated. Like the maniac, who laughs in wild glee at his bright-pictured dreams and clasps delicious phantoms, they are objects for compassion. We feel that the age when fustian-breathing Claudian was praised as the “*prægloriosissimus poeta*,” transcending Homer and Virgil and Horace, was indeed the evening of Rome’s literary glory, and that the shadows of the night had already begun to appear.

We think that taste should be regulated by strict laws, approved by the best judges, and that the transgression of such a code, as well as noble conformity to it, should be remarked—to be commended or condemned according to respective desert. Imagine the consequences which would ensue upon a want of a standard of taste in such an age as ours, when everybody is literary, and a large fraction of humanity write books. If the standard of taste should be for a moment shifted, if the bad in literature should for an instant occupy the name and station of the good, a literary anarchy would at once overrun us; the old and tried masters of mind would become utterly undervalued, and no fixed, universal value would be attached to the efforts of living intellect. A Dark Age of Literature would spread its dismal curtains over earth, and no ultra-popular polity, which has ever stained the history of government, could compare in rabid spirit and subverting tendency with the fierce democracy of books. It is the critic’s prerogative to keep the landmarks of true taste in view, to guard them against insidious designs and open assaillment. He does not himself establish the bounds which may not be passed, but merely acts as a sentinel to protect those already fixed. And although Reviews, like the press in general, often play the harlot; though rancor at times flows from the censor’s pen, and adulation colors his ink; though justice is often merged in a partiality, perhaps criminal, at all events selfish; it is to be remembered, that such is not the true design of criticism, and that this, when legitimately conducted, is the surest safeguard of our literature.

We would here remark, that there is no occasion for apprehending, that by giving sufferance to criticism we shall open a way for the discouragement of good literature. Intrinsic excellence defies the petty lashings of external rebuke, and the achievements of true genius are a house upon a rock. It is true that sensitive minds have ere now recoiled, and some even drooped, beneath the withering touch of the critic. But such occurrences are rare. Ill-starred Keats yielded in brokenness of heart to

the reviewer's scorn, and hid his face in the grave : but not so his works. The productions of his intellect survived the wreck of his clay, in spite of the buffetings with which they once met. That which was not attacked, fell a prey to attack, and that which received the blows, laughed at their fruitlessness. Genius, a part of the soul, partakes of its immortality. If example of this were needed, we might appeal to the career of Byron. His obnoxious title had drawn down upon the jealous eye of one,\* who has since proved himself the brightest star in the British Parliament, and his first literary efforts were most mercilessly mangled in the first review of the age. Like water thrown upon the magician's spell-fire, the attempt at quenching the flame of such a genius, only made it more consuming and fatal. It "licked up the water and the dust"—it waxed brighter and fiercer, and the chief praise of the effort to check is, that it proved fuel to the fire. In fact, it is even an advantage that good literature is exposed to criticism, for the review serves thus as an alembic, from which the pure gold issues, made purer and brighter by the test.

But it may be asked, who shall take upon himself the high prerogative of approving or condemning whatever emanates from the press. What Daniel shall come to judgment? It may also be urged, that those who have assumed the censor's chair, are unable to give birth to productions one hundredth part as good as those which they criticise, and commit worse errors than those for which they brand others; that the mouths of such should be stopped; that Haman should be hanged on the gallows which he has prepared for Mordecai. Here we reply: the imperfect preacher may admonish men of a "godly, righteous, and holy life,"—the landsman, who would sicken in a harbor, may point to the rock afar off in the sea, and say, "beware!"—the humble critic, also, by referring every thing to universally approved models of diction and thought, may discover excellencies and unveil defects.

Criticism, then, founded on truth and justice, is necessary for the health of our literature. It can be managed, too, with wis-

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\* "Brougham is a thunder-bolt," according to some wise man, and the decisive nature of his electrical propensities, was, doubtless, for the first time developed in the discharge of his battery upon Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which discharge received that vigorous response, called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Brougham, for many years subsequent to penning this review, was exulting in the belief, that he had convinced the world that a young *lord* was not necessarily a young poet. But oh! the uncertainty of human affairs! the foe of aristocracy not long after was helped to the same invidious prefix to his own name. "Cedant arma togæ"—let all hostility cease between men, when both have got the ermine!

dom, and without presumption. What qualities, then, should be eminent in a critic, to secure for his labors a correct influence?

It is not essential that the great critic of style should be a great master of it, for each is "*sui generis*," rare and distinct. A different series of qualifications make the matter-of-fact censor of poetry from those which constitute the spiritual poet. In fact, there is not even a fellowship between the twain. Farther, it is a notorious truth, that writers are incompetent judges of their own performances, for the very good reason that they are inclined to estimate them according to divers sensations which they experienced at the time of composing. This conceit strikes them as peculiarly happy, because the mood of mind they were in on a certain occasion, wrought for it a pleasing effect on their own feelings. That period seems instinct with dialectic soundness and sententious beauty, eloquence, and elegance, because it was elaborately executed, and the thought contained in it was, from its sudden conception, novelty, or some other cause, wonderfully impressive. In this view, authors would naturally appraise their writings incorrectly, for all literary productions are to be judged of by their effect on the minds of the world at large. But although a critic is not properly a kindred spirit with the criticised, nevertheless, he should be, to a degree, a master of literature, and practically acquainted with the constitution of good literature, and able to command a certain height of intellectual excellence in the efforts of his own mind; for an artist's eye can soonest measure the well and ill finished parts of a picture, and Rome's best rhetoricians were her greatest orators.

An important qualification of a critic, is to be well versed in all the valuable writings of great authors of all ages, so far as he can, and to form a proper judgment of their station in the world of literature; and it is his first duty to endeavor, by applying the line and compass of their literary excellence to those which may come after, and employing true logic, to give to others a consistent and well-defined echo of their own *just* opinion. For why should they, whose judgment is as sound and taste as correct as his, go to the reviewer? It is to find their own ideas made perspicuous and methodized, that the impression may be deeper, and the opinion formed more settled. It is better, far better, to consult one's own judgment, than a critic whose thoughts are as crude and confused as those of the heedless or cursory reader. But if the reviewer combines great research with keen discrimination, if he shows himself equally capable of appreciating what is commendable and free from liability to be imposed upon by the worthless, the review under his hand be-

comes what a review should always be—a history of literature: a history which might answer the same purpose with regard to literature, that the faithful chronicle of the past actions of governments and achievements of men, effects for succeeding ages, with regard to politics and individual character; teaching us, from the lips of experience, to shun the follies and emulate the excellencies of those who now are not, or are not as they were; showing us in what to place confidence and what to shun; in fine, giving us models of correctness and examples of imperfection, which will instruct us to judge rightly of all the works of mind which fall in our way.

Modern critics are inclined to make too many microscopic, and too few telescopic observations. That is, they remark slight irregularities of surface in the objects of their examination, and turn not their gaze sufficiently toward the “heaven of thought.” They love to linger upon spots where heedlessness has been somewhat treacherous to style, rather than cast themselves unreservedly in the flood of intellect and feeling. Any thing upon which it is possible to hang a lampoon or jest; any thing, which, by being ridiculous in itself, offers to their pleasantries an opportunity of being made more ridiculous: a point which may be censured, not so much for actual faultiness, as because it will serve well to attach a bon-mot to: these appear to be the Eden-flowers of modern critics; sweet morsels, worthy of being rolled under the tongue many times. Yet this is all ill-natured and unfair, since it is applying the scourge, where the rod only is needed, although it is true, that in so doing, the critic caters to the taste of the majority of his readers, who deem the faculty of ridiculing well, the acme of critical art.

It was one of the kings of Arragon, if our memory serves us well, who lay *in articulo mortis*, by the opinion of all the surgeons who had examined his wound. This wound was from a dagger, the point of which was broken off and was now festering in his liver. Some hired assassin, wishing to hurry the king's demise, plunged his poignard into the failing frame, and left the monarch, as he supposed, to die. But the poignard did better service. It opened a passage for the wound to discharge itself, and the king recovered. When pondering on the relation of the critic to the literature of an age, we have often brought in this allusion as a comparison. The censor seems to strike at the living body of mind—he does! but it is to make alive—to awaken a more animated existence.

In conclusion, we would say, that the refinement of taste, the elevation of the standard of literary excellence, the guardianship of the writer, and the guidance of the reader, the encouragement of the meritorious, and the dissuasion of the undeserving,

to be the grand objects of criticism, and none would hesitate to assert, that such criticism is not only beneficial, but needful. The reviewer, who advances to his post with such intent, is hailed by all as a Magnus Apollo, without the ambiguity of a heathen divinity, and not to be branded as one of those, who stand as sentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themselves upon giving Ignorance and Envy the first notice of a  
L. U. C.

## SHIPWRECK.

A gude ship Halcyon ;  
Tall and tall is she :  
Bonnie Halcyon sayles on  
In the mout ow're the sea.

There is that gay companie,  
We have hoisted sayle—  
Bonnie companie, how merrilie  
Sang and dare the gale !

There is among that crew :  
The youth is he ;  
O blest youth of a', I trowe,  
He went out to sea.

Now, as sayl'd that ship awa,  
He look'd out his ee,  
The waters pass him bye,  
His own land dimlie.

Dear ! the mariner's did say ;  
Maun never be  
Sae glad a companie,  
Said—na more wept he.

Stant isle they are bounde :  
Land of tourneyment ;  
Fast, and fast the ship sayl'd on—  
In the winds their breath they lent.

But, and oft the sun had sank,  
Dunk into the sea ;  
Rifflie yet that ship sayl'd on  
To destinie.

The stars look down aye smilingie,  
And ripples on the sea ;  
But ah ! that crew na more shall come  
Unto their own countrie.

For soone the cruell wind 'gan blaw,  
The "clouds wept" bitterlie,  
And dark waves moan'd fu' drear along—  
They moaned dismallie.

The storm did rage. That anc, na more  
Stood he sae quietlie.  
For soon death 'gan him for to glow're,  
To glow're right in his ee.

He look'd upon the heavens,  
He look'd upon the sea,  
And lang towards his owne countrie  
He look'd, but ne'er shall see.

By Tara's halls and Tara's streams,  
Full monie maids shall mourne ;  
But Tara lang maun weep its lord,  
E'er he again returne.

And now that ship's nigh to the strande,  
The strande of auld Englands,  
When fiercer yet the wind did blaw,  
Did blaw unto the lande.

But soon the night 'gan to grow dark,  
The stars na more look'd they  
Sae smilingie—the clouds 'gan a'  
To hide, na sparing ae.



* * * * *	Those bonnie mariners do lie, Where they for aye shall be.
And now the sun with sparkling raye Doth rise out of the sea ; But ah ! that gudellie companie, I trowe, na more he'll see.	Deep in the tombe of bur'ed waves They sank just likē a stone : But aye the sea shall sing their dirge, Till storme and tempest's done.
Downe, downe, full sev'nty fathoms downe, Downe in the deep green sea,	C. W.

### CLAIMS OF THE BIBLE ON THE SCHOLAR.

"Star of Eternity ! the only star  
By which the bark of man could navigate  
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss  
Securely."

*Pollak.*

THE scholar is, in many respects, an anomalous character. He lives in two worlds—the world within and the world without. He lives in the solitude of his study—in the deep silence of his own intellectual operations. In *this* life he is alone, and derives little sympathy from those of different pursuits. He lives, besides, as others do, in the great world around us. He is a *man* ; and he cannot rid himself, if he would, of the multifarious relations which all men must sustain to each other and to society at large.

To the scholar, in both these states of his existence, the BIBLE presents claims of no ordinary importance—peculiar in their nature, and constantly increasing in their demands upon his earnest attention.

It will be our aim, in this article, briefly to examine these claims. What, then, is that "inner world," wherein the scholar dwells, with silence and with solitude ? It is the world of his own thoughts, imaginations, and affections ; the world of patient reflection ; of long-continued, untiring study. It is a mental gymnasium, to which he retires for a season, that he may nerve and prepare himself for the more practical life of *action* which is to follow. To him who enters this school of preparation, his need of the Bible presents itself at the very threshold. He retires from the haunts of men for this sole purpose—that he may be conversant with truth. His aim is to draw *Truth* from its hiding places—deep in the forbidding caves of Nature ; enveloped in the beautiful drapery of the external world ; shining gorgeously, yet none the less deeply hidden, in the suns and systems which ceaselessly revolve with harmony so simple, yet

so inscrutable by mortal wisdom ; or even shrouded in the still more mysterious chambers of his own undying soul.

He who would find Wisdom, meets with many and great difficulties, from without and from within. Valuable truth seldom or never lies out upon the surface of things. Like the diamond or the pearl, it is obtained only by him who is content to delve long or dive deep for its possession.

No other motives for the endurance of this labor, are so powerful as those presented by the Bible.

But patient endurance is not the only requisite for the truth-seeker. She is veiled as surely, if not as frequently, by *moral*, as by mental or physical causes, from the inquiring eyes. He who *wishes* to engage in a certain course of conduct, is almost sure to find his *duty* leads him there. He who is anxious to find Truth in a particular direction, will be hardly persuaded that it lies in one directly opposite :—

“ For though with judgment we on things reflect,  
Our *Will* determines—not our Intellect ;  
Slaves to our passions, *Reason* we employ  
Only to compass what we would enjoy !”

Now the astronomer who aims at perfection, will not rest from his labors, till a purely achromatic glass reveals to his vision the heavenly body as it really is. So the honest scholar seeks something which shall present all truth to him in its real aspect, divested of every adventitious coloring in which his own desires, or hopes, or fears, would array it. This want the Bible supplies, with its imperative demands for honest sincerity in small things as well as great, and no less in the inmost heart than in the outward acts of life. The very beginner in the pursuit of knowledge, if he has ever turned his thoughts within, knows well that the most potent foe to his advancement is found in his own wild passions. Human nature, with its pride, its vanity, its contempt for others, and overweening confidence in self, is slow to learn the lesson which the great Bacon taught, when he said, as the result of his unequalled experience, “ It is no less true of the human kingdom of knowledge than of the spiritual kingdom of God, that he who would enter it must first become as a little child.”

We have thus far, to avoid circumlocution, spoken of all the objects of the scholar's aim, under the single comprehensive term, Truth ; a word in which is condensed all we know or can ever know, of the world in which we dwell and of those above us ; of man, in his relations to this world and his future destiny ; and of that infinite Being of benevolence, the Author of all these, and of that mind by which we are enabled to study them.

It has been seen that the Bible affords invaluable aid to the student of mere *human* knowledge, in stimulating to vigorous and patient effort; in enabling him to weigh evidence justly; and in fitting his mind for the reception of the truth elicited. The concurrence of the greatest minds which ever blessed the world, evinces that they most appreciate its value, who penetrate most deeply the mysteries of learning.

But there is another and a higher wisdom; which, while it immeasurably surpasses in value all worldly erudition, differs from it essentially in its nature, and in the pre-requisites for its reception in the soul. Far be it from us to underrate the importance of any branch of knowledge; yet how shall we duly estimate the value of this? Let one fill his mind with all other science, yet how empty is it, if this be wanting! Far as heaven is from earth, is that mind from the goal it was designed to reach. For it is this higher wisdom alone which subdues the warring passions; sets the mind at peace with itself and the world; reveals to man himself, and thus all other men. It is the fountain of morals; the only infallible and eternal rule of duty to ourselves, to others, and to God; it is the only revelation of destiny. How important, then, is it to the scholar, who is not only to decide his own, but is greatly to influence the dearest interests of others!

We called it essentially different from mere human knowledge, because it can be received only by the spiritual mind. Humble inquiry is the proper attitude for the learner in any department. It is *indispensable* in this.

The ancient philosophers required a preparatory discipline of fasting and silence from such as desired to enter their schools, and ascend the heights of their mysteries. He who would tread the holy ground of this inner court of knowledge, must come with singleness of heart, with child-like humility, earnest prayer, and purity of life. He can learn only from the Book itself, the spirit with which he must approach it. Let him do this, and he will find that He who formed the intellect, will guide it into the truth his own infinite mind has uttered: that the same

———"Mighty hand

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,"

will point out to him the path he seeks to tread. And this is his *only* directory.

We noticed, in the outset, the twofold life of the scholar. It is not confined to the study. He must not dim the fine gold of his talents, by seeking pleasure instead of usefulness. When he has donned his armor, he must go forth into the wide world to

battle. How many fields lie open before him ! Which shall he enter ? The Bible here comes to his aid ; points out the path of duty ; and, with its safe and wise instructions, shapes his aims of life. It is not true, as some suppose, that it would draw him from those intellectual pursuits which make up so large a share of his happiness. It demands, only, that his acquisitions be wisely applied. The Bible is, and, when rightly understood, has ever been, the greatest friend of learning. Science and Revelation go hand in hand : the truths of each afford mutual confirmation ; and, other things being equal, his progress in *all* knowledge will be greatest, who drinks most deeply from the wells of inspiration. Thus has it ever been :—

“ Piety has found  
Friends in the friends of science ; and true prayer  
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.”

The Bible claims the scholar's attention, on account of the *materials* it affords for his intellectual improvement. There is no department of literature which this book has not directly or incidentally advanced ; but it has lost nothing by so generously imparting. What an exhaustless treasury is it of apt *illustration* ! What *subjects* does it offer, to exercise the most tireless imagination ! What *models* are found upon its pages, worthy the imitation of the most gifted writer ! He who would influence man, may find here a transcript of the human mind, which is universal in its application, and could come only from Him who made it. As we dwell upon the record which was fifteen centuries in progress, under the inspiration of Omniscience, we seem to realize the promise of the tempter, and to “ become as gods ” in knowledge.

The Orator may here gain a deeper insight into the heart, than years of toil in the world can give him ; and find models of eloquence, which unaided man can never equal.

The Legislator can draw hence principles of government, whose foundation is in human nature ; and can trace the effect of their application, through succeeding centuries.

The Philosopher will here find a key to the solution of problems which baffled the keenest penetration of the ancient sages ; and, after making the greatest possible attainments, he will say with Newton, “ I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.”

The Divine finds here the only *doctrines* which can satisfy the wants of his race ; and *he* must labor long, who would equal in the power and success of his teachings, the Preacher of Galilee, and the humble fishermen, who were his earliest disciples.

It has been called the highest use of History, "to speak to the heart through the understanding: to make every character brought before us, promote the formation and consolidation of our own." How worthy of imitation, then, are the historians of the Bible! With what pleasure will every cultivated mind turn from the fallacy, prejudice, and injustice of modern history, to those records which Moses and the Evangelists have given—simple, candid, impressive!—neither extenuating the faults of friends, nor setting down in malice the bitter wrongs of enemies. How vivid are the pictures they present to the eye! We go back, with the prophet-historian, to the dawn of time; and from that formless void, we see creation's work begun and carried to its completion, amid the harmonious singing of the morning stars, the joyous shouting of the sons of God. What a multitude and variety of scenes, nowhere surpassed in interest, press each other on before us, through the ages of Bible history, ere we stand at last by the accursed cross, trembling with the shuddering earth, and peer through the darkness the sun refuses to illumine, upon the bleeding body of "the man of sorrows!"

The Poet may find in the sacred volume, themes worthy of the loftiest lyre. Our Christian bards have barely entered the field. It is still white to the harvest. He will find it, too, rich in poetic *models*, which he cannot study without interest and improvement. The Hebrew poetry is marked by an exalted internal grandeur, well befitting the vehicle of the most sublime and awful truths which God has ever revealed to man. Its primitive style of beauty is not calculated to please the fancy of the ignorant and thoughtless; but for the mind refined by study and reflection, it possesses a peculiar charm; and, considered merely as poetry, it has elicited the admiration of the learned in every age. In sublimity of thought, in majesty of expression, in beautiful simplicity and purity, it has never yet been equaled. Milton says of it,\* "Those frequent songs throughout the law and the prophets, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable." We wonder at the lofty genius of the Grecian muse; and our admiration kindles into love of the blind old wanderer on the banks of the Illissus, who moulded not only the minds of Greece, but of Italy. His verse has long "survived the gods whose deeds it celebrates;" and his influence and his fame will be co-extensive with the language of civilization. But the poetry of the Bible has even a deeper hold on the heart. It not only possesses grace of diction, but its foundation is in truth and appropriateness to the wants of man. The machinery involved in it

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\* "Against Prelaty;" Introd. to Bk. 2.

does not vary with revolving years, but is unchanging and lasting as eternity. Our finest poets are beginning to realize that stories of the fabled deities of old are "too low to elevate the mind, and too cold to kindle the imagination;" and the bacchanalian songs of the voluptuary are gradually yielding to the purer "airs of Palestina." Parnassus is often deserted for Mount Sion. From Castalia and the Helicon, they come to seek the dew of Hermon and the palmy banks of Jordan. Dodona and the Delphic groves yield no perennial flowers; nor can they boast a sweeter than the rose of Sharon! But why dwell upon the literary merits of the Bible, when one of England's most profound and judicious scholars\* has said of it, "The Scriptures, independently of their divine origin, contain more true sublimity; more exquisite beauty; more pure morality; more important history; and higher strains of poetry and elegance, than could be collected from all the other books ever composed in any age or idiom."

Has not such a book peculiar claims upon the attention of every scholar? claims which are constantly increasing with the advancing knowledge of the world, and the growing responsibility of men of learning and influence.

The ancients placed, in letters of gold, upon their proudest temple, the single sentence which they believed had come down from heaven. How deeply should the scholar engraven upon his heart this volume, bearing, on every page, the impress of Divinity!

Glorious as is intellectual power, how undesirable is it, when disjoined from virtue! Who would exchange the crown and harp of the humblest of earth's ransomed children, for the burning diadem and the tormenting sceptre of the "archangel ruined?" But the profound *Christian* scholar is humanity exalted nearest to Divinity. Even in this working-day world, he dwells above its atmosphere, and sees its mists far beneath him. The sacred book which has been the guide of his youth, the shield and weapon of his active manhood, is the comfort and solace of his latest years, and a loadstar of heavenly hope, when earth is fading from his vision, and on his eyelids is the shadow of death.

And when this heaven and this earth pass away, the word of eternal life, in which he has trusted, shall remain; its lustre undimmed by the attempts its enemies have made to blacken it; showing, with too painful clearness to those who persist in doubting, that it is not only true, but divine.

Then he who, in faith and patience, has toiled for knowledge here—seeing only through a glass, darkly—shall rest forever from his labors; and, in that world unclouded by ignorance or mystery, he shall know, even as he is known! CL.

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\* SIR WILLIAM JONES.

## ARABIA.

THE Past is the guide of the Present and the prophet of the Future. Age after age has listened to its teachings, and all have passed away, to become, in turn, mute oracles to others. It is the scholar's home—he ponders on its pregnant pages, and from every line he reaps a harvest of improvement and delight. He reads of powerful empires that have sprung from nothing, and learns a useful lesson of industry's omnipotence; he beholds the wrecks that strew the path of time, and learns that vice is as almighty to destroy as virtue to create. Yet the Past would be veiled as darkly as the Future, without the pen of history. This is the key that opens to the Present the treasures of departed ages—the chain which joins us to the men of other times, and its links should be as numerous as all the nations that the earth has known. Yet while a flood of light is poured upon the other nations of antiquity, while every tomb is hallowed by the ashes it contains, while every crumbling column tells to the traveler a tale of mighty deeds, and glorious memories of the olden time cling, like the ivy, to each ruined tower, Arabia is nearly disregarded; she who stretched her sceptre of new-born dominion over nations whose history is now familiar as a “household word,” is herself almost forgotten. We trust it will not long be thus. America, in history at least, is rivaling England, and we would rejoice to see a son of hers lay at her feet another trophy, by touching with new life the memorable scenes which mark Arabian history, till every period of the existence, and every trait in the character of that strange people, shall be as vividly and immortally portrayed, as have been the wars and chivalry of Spain, by the genius of Prescott. It is a subject truly worthy of our study, and it presents a field for history's noblest efforts. It is a land of sacred associations, and the name of Arabia should wake as deep emotion in the Christian scholar's heart, as the tombs of Grecian heroes, or the shrines and temples which mark the ruins of immortal Rome.

She can boast, indeed, no soil where every foot is consecrated by some warlike deed, and made immortal by some mouldering monument; but she can point you to her burning sands, and say that they were trodden by the chosen people, departing from their house of bondage. She cannot, it is true, display her Hill of Mars, which rang with eloquence in other times, whose echoes still are lingering in the hearts of men; but she can show a spot where a far mightier miracle was wrought—Mount Sinai, the stepping stone of the Eternal, beside which,

the proud Areopagus of Greece and "Rome's Imperial hill," must dwindle into nothing. She cannot boast her Pantheon, unmouldering as her hills, to teach her ancient system of Theology; but she can truly say that the Deities of Greece and Rome were less immortal than their Temples, and have long since vanished like their worshipers; while the Religion of the Prophet and the Creed of the Koran have maintained their ground for centuries, and are even now scarce tottering beneath the overwhelming power of Christianity. In whatever character we view them, whether as a people preserving to this day, after their own tremendous revolutions, and amid the constant changes of the world around them, their early habits and original simplicity—as a nation of conquerors, trampling to the earth the tottering power of other empires, and rearing on their ruins a magnificent dominion—or as the patrons of science, the champions of learning, and the preservers of the treasures of the Past, we shall find their history as rich in wonders as some fairy tale of their own sunny clime.

We mean not now to attempt even a sketch of the events that fill their pregnant annals; but we would briefly note the great transactions of the most important era of their being.

Their early history we cannot trace, for it is shrouded in the darkness of remote antiquity; we only know they sprang from that wild man of the desert, whose doom was enmity to all his race; we know that they have ever rejoiced in the simplicity of character which distinguishes the Arab at this day; and we know they never owned a conqueror's yoke, but trod their native soil free as the wild Sirocco of their plains. Fearless and unconcerned they pursued their simple occupations, while they could almost hear around them, even at their very borders, the din of war and the crash of falling thrones.

Greece had arisen to shake the world with the voice of her eloquence and the thunder of her arms; Macedonia had followed in the path of glory, and the power of both had gone. Rome in her turn had reached the summit of dominion, and in her turn had fallen; the Goth had ravaged her Western empire, and luxury had crumbled the very pillars of her Eastern power. Thus while the night of barbarism seemed fast following the day of ancient glory, a mighty change was wrought among the nations. A new light arose in the East, that seemed to be the herald of another dawn; yet it was but the meteor, flashing athwart the gathering gloom, and leaving deeper darkness.

Amid that simple people, on whom the rulers of the neighboring nations looked as we upon the wild tribes that linger on our western borders, a mind, rich in ambition's arts, and formed to wield a strange and powerful influence on the minds and



passions of mankind, was silently devising his plans of temporal and spiritual sway, and in his desert hermitage was weaving that mystic net which, he not vainly hoped, was to ensnare the world. Mahomet's mind was peculiarly fitted for the part he was to act. Sagacious in his counsels and far-reaching in his views, he looked beyond the confines of his native land of deserts. He saw that Roman glory had faded, and felt that the period was a crisis in the history of nations. He saw around him a race of hardy warriors, whose views were narrow, but their courage stern, and he felt that some powerful mind was only needed, to direct that mighty instrument, national ignorance. He saw, moreover, that the fabric of Pagan Theology was crumbled and forgotten, that the heathen heavens, with all their bright inhabitants, had passed away, and that Christianity had only shaken off the fetters of persecution, to struggle with corruption and fanaticism; and he felt that Religion was his surest pathway to the goal of his ambition; he felt that by wrapping himself in the cloak of an impostor, he would possess a double power, and might obtain the sovereignty of Earth, and share the throne of Heaven.

After his deep-laid schemes were pondered on, for many a weary year, he came before his people and announced his heavenly mission. The foundation stone of his religion was the famous motto, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." "On these two pillars," says the historian, "the one an eternal truth and the other an impious fiction, the religion of the East for centuries has rested." With this inscription graven on his standard he began his course;—a temporal and spiritual kingdom was his aim, and fanaticism, with all its wild and reckless impetuosity; ignorance, with its dark brood of evil passions; and war, with all its train of horrors, were the means he used. And his triumph was proportioned to the favorable circumstances of the time, and to his own untiring energy.

We dwell not on his series of successes. It is enough to say, his course was ever onward; from the most trivial beginnings, he rapidly attained the conquest of his country. Then he marshaled his hosts for foreign victories, and the result was certain. With a nation of wild warriors subservient to his nod—a people trained to war and swayed by superstition, against nations sundered by jealousies and weakened by long luxury, he planted firmly the foundations of his empire on the ruins he had made, and left to his successors the power and the materials to complete the structure. He lived to see the consummation of his wildest dreams of power, and died to leave a memory to be worshiped by posterity; and even though he had as black a heart as ever base hypocrisy has hidden; though the enthusi-

asm of gratified ambition was the spur that urged him onward in his strange career, yet it cannot be denied, that his efforts have been beneficial to his country and the world ;—to his country, for he raised it from the dust of degradation, to rank with the proudest nations of the earth ; and to the world, because his country's elevation afforded a channel through which the abundants streams of Ancient Literature have flowed to later times, when every other avenue was closed by the mental ruins of the Dark Ages.

We may perhaps better imagine the wondrous influence the Prophet wielded, if we compare him for a moment with him whom we are wont to call the "modern miracle." We look with mingled awe and wonder on Napoleon, arising in our very midst, and creating such a revolution among the nations of the Old World ; and yet Mahomet wrought far mightier and more enduring changes on his country and his age. The Prophet raised a rude and ignorant race to the summit of power, by the sole influence of his commanding genius over the sternest passions of the human heart. Napoleon had but to bend to his purposes a people fired by the wild spirit of freedom. Superstition was the engine of Mahomet's power, and himself his nation's god ; Napoleon made Liberty the people's idol, and bade them worship it—they bowed before this Juggernaut, and were crushed in their insatiation. Napoleon was removed from the scene of his ambition, and the storm whose spirit he had roused was hushed when he departed ; but the pilgrim still bows in adoration at the Prophet's tomb, and the Crescent at this hour is glittering on the Moslem Minarets.

The personal career of Mahomet seemed but the dawning glory of his name ; he had given to his people an impulse that nothing could resist ; his memory and his promises urged them onward in their course of conquest. Their history in the succeeding century is but a tale of wars and victories. Syria first yielded to the coming storm ; it swept Jerusalem with ruin, and her consecrated shrines became the altars for the immolation of their worshipers. Then mighty Persia fell, and Africa and Spain followed in quick succession. Europe, fast sinking into mental darkness, beheld with awe the Eastern inundation, and yet opposed no barrier to stay its progress. Degraded people and corrupted kings bowed down before it, as the traveler falls before the whirling sand-storm of the Arab's desert ; and when the successors of the Prophet, weary of conquest and glutted with renown, looked back upon their path of blood, they beheld themselves rulers of an empire which rivaled Alexander's great domain, when he stayed his sword of victory, and sighed for other worlds to conquer.

On the banks of the Ganges, and beside the broad Atlantic's waters, amid the temples of the Holy City and the hallowed shrines of Grecian greatness, on the classic strand of Italy and Egypt's venerable shores, the Mussulman's dominion was established, and their Prophet's name adored.

Then came another and a better era. As yet we have beheld them only as a race of robbers, wild with the enthusiasm of superstition and success, trampling on the ruins of surrounding nations, and "rioting in blood and butchery." A brighter page now opens in their history; it also is a page of wonders.

The Empire was divided into Caliphates, all independent, yet all bound together by the ties of a common faith. Bagdad arose, and with her appeared the meridian splendor of Arabian Literature. A change had been wrought in their intellectual nature, far greater and more wonderful than the revolution in their temporal fortunes. A race of robbers had gone forth, armed against the world; they ravaged classic ground, and in the very act they seemed to catch the spirit of the mighty dead. With stern adherence to their Koran's code, they burnt the Alexandrian library—the hoarded treasures of the ages gone—and ere long they were inspired with the wish to rear for themselves a prouder monument of learning than that they had destroyed—as though the plunderer of some sacred shrine should bow in worship there.

Haroun Alraschid was the Augustus of the Middle Ages. Poetry and Romance wove their fairest garlands, to adorn his court; History and Philosophy laid their noblest offerings at his feet; and Science shed a glory round his reign, and that of Almamoun, which even gleamed through the thick darkness of succeeding times. And when in after days Europe started from her slumbers, and mind threw off its shackles, the stores of learning that were gathered in the era of Arabian renown, and her bright example of untiring energy, were among the most powerful instruments of mental disenthralment. For this we praise those savage conquerors—for this is due to them the gratitude of all posterity.

But all experience warns us that Literature is born of luxury. Before Arabia's day of literary glory dawned, division had fearfully shattered her empire's broad foundations. Then came the reign of courtly splendor; war was forgotten in the nobler field of intellect, which spread its charms before them; and from the proud eminence they had attained in literature and science, they looked around them on a slumbering world. Europe was wrapped in ignorance, as in the pall of death; the energies of man seemed palsied, mind was fettered, and the noble spirit of the past—that fire which Dante's genius afterwards rekindled—

seemed to have gone forever. Arabia, like the Eastern star of old, appeared the only harbinger of hope in that long night of mental desolation; but it was blotted from the sky while in its very zenith; Arabia seemed the only link that was destined to connect the past and coming intellectual greatness of the world; but it was rudely sundered by the sword of barbarism. The Tartars rushed, like an avalanche, from the northern forests, and seized the sceptre, already quivering in the grasp of the corrupted Caliphs. The Turk had poured, in all his fierceness, upon Syria and Cairo, and at this day extends his iron rod of despotism from a falling throne. The Christian, too, roused from the lethargy of ages to unwonted energy, stormed the strong holds of the infidels, and Granada fell; the fair Queen of the West was "shorn of her beauty;" the halls of the Alhambra echoed no longer with the voice of song, and Genius stayed not to bless the conquerors, but left her favored haunts forever. The discovery of the New World was the era of the final ruin of the proudest empire of the Old. Arabia rose to sweep the nations with destruction, to found a powerful dynasty, and leave to other times a precious legacy of Literature. She fell to add another name to the long catalogue of the departed, and lend another precept to the warning lesson of the Past. All her proud deeds are blended with the world's history, and the Literature which gave her all her glory, has flowed into the foreign channels that have since been opened; like the icebergs of the North, old Ocean's Pyramids, which leave their polar home, and are melted by the sun which gilds them, only to add another drop to the wide "world of waters."

The Turk still rules in the East, though he wields but a broken sceptre; the Egyptian still bows to the Prophet, and Mecca is yet a holy city; but Christianity is rapidly advancing, and, we trust, ere long the day will dawn when the strong-holds of Superstition shall fall before it, and the banner of the Cross shall wave from Turkish Mosque and Pagan Temple.

Y.

#### THE DECLINE AND RESTORATION OF ELOQUENCE.

THE spirit of eloquence, which ruled in the palmy days of the old republics—that sublime power which gave to the ancient orators immortal fame—departed with the liberty and glory of Rome. Through the list of succeeding ages there is a waste in the history of oratory. The human intellect reached not its perfect stature—performed none of its mightiest achievements,

for the long period of a thousand years. During all that time the minds of men seemed devoted to inferior objects. Commanding spirits indeed arose, whose superiority was felt and acknowledged, whose ambition reached to noble ends, and who left the records of their career on the pages of history; but their glory is recorded *only* in the history of the past;—the undying power, the enduring life of genius is wanting. Their memories are wasting with their mouldering monuments. None were “enshrined in the hearts of men,” or became the admiration and model of succeeding ages. The causes of this decline of eloquence, and the present prospects of the orator, are themes not unworthy the American scholar.

The want of a classic language in those countries where the spirit of liberty survived, contributed much to retard the progress of eloquence, and quench the zeal of the orator. Without literature there can be nothing great and enduring in eloquence. As among the savage nations, unrecorded in the world's history, whom the ceaseless current of time hath swept down the stream of oblivion, there were some whose genius was not deficient in the fire and originality of master-spirits, but whose memories have perished with the nations in whose traditions they were celebrated; so, doubtless, in more civilized countries, some who in Greece would have shone as “bright particular stars” to all coming time, have lost much of deserved fame, because they spoke not in an immortal tongue.

Others may have remained in obscurity for want of a fitting occasion for the development of their talents. Great occasions arouse the dormant energies, call into vigorous action latent powers, and seem to create greatness. For want of these, there may have been some who wasted the spirit of the perfect orator in inactivity or in useless labors. Many others selected themes with which the mass of mankind had little or no sympathy, and their efforts and power are alike forgotten.

But there have not been wanting occasions more stirring than those which “roused to feeling and to fire” the spirit of Demosthenes, or woke to energy the Roman masters. Time was when the voice of the wandering hermit excited to intensest emotion the people of every land. When all that was proud in knight-hood, or active in loyalty, or impulsive in religion, swelled the theme of the orator, and roused the enthusiasm of his auditors; when the crusades engaged all thoughts, and the holy sepulchre was the object of every man's hopes and fears. But the spell passed from the minds of men, and, once broken, the charm which had bound them was lost forever. Of the hermit-monk we only know that his orations were the wildest of fanatical rhapsodies, and that the enthusiasm of his auditors was but the

infatuation of bigotry. His speeches are not even preserved among those collections of missals, creeds, confessions, and ecclesiastical records which slumber in the Vatican, and are valuable only as the chronicles of superstition.

It was this very dominion of fanaticism, this blind submission of reason to the empty pomp, the unmeaning form, and tinsel ornament that concealed and disfigured truth, which paralyzed the minds of men, and turned back for centuries the progress of civilization. If we examine the history of eloquence, we shall observe that its progress has been in some measure coincident with the advancement of truth, and that its most enduring triumphs have been achieved in nations the most refined and free. The power of the orator reached not its perfection amid the luxury of the East, and the gaudy servility of the Persian court. Literature was not indeed unknown, but the mind taught to debase its independence and humble its pride at the shrine of despotism, had lost the nobility and energy essential to true eloquence. Blindly devoted to king-worship, the servile subjects of monarchs equally servile, the inhabitants of the East have together remained in weakness and degradation, ignorant of all the glorious attainments of the nations of the West.

Nor yet did eloquence flourish amid the hoary Alps, although liberty fled from the luxury of the civilized world to dwell secure amid their fastnesses. The banks of the icy Danube were indeed the abode of freedom; the "strength of the hills" was her protection in the night of the Dark Ages; but it was not the time of her triumph: civil liberty was not accompanied by mental elevation—the soul was not wholly free. The history of the past fully establishes the conclusion, that eloquence and its sister arts attain their highest excellence amid the refinements of civilized life, where man appears in the true dignity of his nature; where his rights are best guarded, and his mind most ennobled. Eloquence which had flourished in the enlightened republic of Athens, forsook the land of its triumphs, when the liberty of that land departed. The pride of learning yet lingered in the schools of philosophy; it was no vain boast that the "arts of Greece had conquered the arms of Rome." The Latin mind was polished by her literature, inspired by her philosophy, and trained to eloquence by the countrymen of Demosthenes, according to the rules of Isocrates and Plato. But when Athens was only an inferior city, when its political importance was utterly lost, and its free spirit humbled, there was nothing left to encourage eloquence, and it perished. Rome, now civilized by the arts of Greece, aspired to a new victory, and shared with her the glory of literature. Then, too, eloquence flourished in the land where liberty had long made her abode.

To that era of liberty succeeded dreary years of political slavery. Government—no longer the simple protector of common right, the guardian of the people's cherished privileges—was either the prize of unceasing contest, or the hereditary possession of the victor ; and those sentiments of liberty which ancient valor maintained, were denounced as treason against the ordinances of heaven and the duties of man. The consequence was what might have been expected. Literature, Religion, the Arts, all that was conducive to the highest welfare of the human race, wasted away or were but feebly supported. Thus were the great pillars of eloquence removed. The lofty spirit which had nourished it, the taste and refinement which gave it beauty and immortality, were lost in the ensuing night of superstition and oppression.

Those were indeed "dark ages," when that boasted reason of which ancient philosophy was so proud as an emanation of divinity, had almost degenerated to instinct. When the tide of barbarism, flowing southward and westward, turned back the stream of civilization, swept over the abode of art and science, and left but here and there a solitary broken monument of literature on the fields of its fairest fame. Was it then a time—in that hour of humiliation—for the display of eloquence? Was it not to be expected that oratory should decline, when literature and liberty were well nigh lost?

The reformation in the south of France was the first signal of better days. It was a proof that the spirit of liberty was coming forth from her hiding place, to new triumphs—to more extensive and glorious dominion. The English revolution followed, and the theory of the divine right of kings fell forever. No unnatural prodigies, no dire calamities, testified the displeasure of heaven, so often denounced against the champions of liberty. Men awoke from the slumber of ages ; new efforts were put forth in science ; bold and original systems of truth were established ; a change came over the mental habits of men ; an influence commenced, which, however checked and diverted, yet tends to the elevation of the human race. The effect on eloquence was natural and powerful. From the ranks of the reformers tood forth those masters of English and modern oratory, who were the leading spirits in the great revolution. In elegance of language—the external form of eloquence—they doubtless yield to the orators of former times ; but they stand unrivaled for power of intellect, for the grandeur of their themes, and the importance of their achievements. The same spirit of liberty sprung spontaneous in our own land, among the early inhabitants of this western world. Resistance to aggression was the first principle of our nation. The bands of our early settlers fol-

lowed the guidance of liberty across the water. Their form of government, at first, perhaps, crude and destitute of system, was based on the principles of liberty, and the people have been essentially free ever since its adoption. Their indignant opposition to British oppression found a voice in Otis and Patrick Henry, who stood up as the champions of liberty, and whose names, if not so illustrious as those of the European orators, are by no means unworthy a tablet in the modern temple of fame.

Nor was France wanting in eloquence when rocked as with a tempest by the progress of the same free principles. The magic voice of Mirabeau thrilled the hearts of the French nation. He ruled like a giant amid that wild storm which his energies had contributed to raise. Born for the strife of conflicting parties, his element was the tumult of revolution. Had he fallen upon peaceful times, he would have lived unknown, or only wrought out his own destruction; but he was made for his era, and heralded the overthrow of the power of the house of Bourbon, whose line of kings had, for a thousand years, ruled France with a rod of iron. Those were fitting occasions for the display of eloquence, when the spontaneous outburst of freedom swept along, overwhelming the power of oppression; and when insulted human nature, "having plead in vain, rose up to judge and be avenged!"

Thus commenced the restoration of oratory. But they are doomed to disappointment, who look in modern days for the style of antiquity. The world is changed, and although human nature remains ever the same, different eras are marked by different mental habits. The people no longer assemble in the agora—the "fierce democratie" have taken the sober guise of republicans. In our days men aim to bring every thing to the standard of reason; they must see the "end from the beginning," ere they give loose to the passions. There is less of the generous daring of martial times—that love of bold adventure which characterizes the earlier stages of civilization. The modern stands not on the same ground with the ancient orator—he is expected to achieve other and still more difficult results. The court room is certainly not so fine a field as the popular assembly; deliberate bodies afford less encouragement to the aspirant, than the "Senatus Populique Romani."

In the eloquence of the pulpit we possess indeed a very great advantage over antiquity. The solemnity of eternity gives awe and dignity to its sacred themes, and touches every motive which can influence the soul of man. In the divinity of its commission it possesses a claim to which ancient oratory made no pretensions. Eloquence was the chosen agent of heaven to man; it bears the mysteries of other worlds—the designs and mandates



of superior beings. What the ancient mind but darkly beheld in its boldest flights, it has received fully to reveal. But although eloquence has gained ground in this respect, it has lost in another. In other days every thing new, whether in science, literature, or art, was taught by means of public speaking. At the public games they had not only exhibitions of bodily strength and agility, the contests of the *δρόμος* and the *παλαιστρῆαι*, but there were recited the dramas of the tragic writers, and there the young Grecian orators exercised their skill before the assembled multitude. The statesman, the historian, and the poet, all who sought influence or renown, were obliged to ascend the rostrum. But the whole system of instruction has been changed—the press has usurped in part the sphere of the orator; the art of printing disseminates knowledge with greater rapidity and efficiency; the graces of oratory are rendered unnecessary, and their cultivation discouraged.

But the *original* causes for the decline of eloquence are removed: it rests on a firmer basis than in ancient times. The land of liberty is again the abode of literature; the human mind is fast freeing itself from the thralldom which has so long enslaved it:—we have already surpassed the attainments of ancient philosophy, and, possessed of the literature of antiquity, we may hope, ere long, to rival the proud honors she yet wears alone. A different style of oratory is indeed required of us; one which shall move, not the heart only, but the judgment; and subdue to its own purposes even that reason which reigns supreme. But the abilities of the mind have increased with the change which has created the necessity; the intellect of the moderns is deeper and stronger than that of the ancients; our task is more difficult—its accomplishment will be more glorious.

We have no longer to fear the loss of literature. The light of ancient civilization was dim and feeble, compared with the effulgence of modern knowledge; it was often confined to a single nation, and its blessings monopolized by the nobility. But such in our days is the mental progress of the world, that we may well anticipate the complete civilization of mankind—the millennial era, which shall in some sort realize the dreams of the enthusiast, the visions of the poet, the hopes of the philanthropist, and the prayers of the Christian.

## A TRIP TO THE TROPICS:

OR,

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES.

## LETTER I.

My Cape letter.

OFF CAPE HENLOPEN, Dec. 16th, 184-.

DEAR BOB:—

The heave-ye-o of the sailors at the capstern bars, and the incessant clanking of the chain cable, as it was being dragged inch by inch on deck, satisfactorily advised me that we were weighing anchor, and were about to put out to sea; so, taking advantage of the last opportunity I had of communicating with you before leaving home, (I should have spared myself the mention of that word!) I hurried down into the cabin to write you a final adieu.

For the last twenty-four hours we have been safely at anchor in the Delaware Breakwater, after quite a perilous passage down the bay. The Breakwater is an artificial harbor, formed by a huge mass of stones thrown at the mouth of Delaware bay. It effectually resists the fury of the waves, and thus affords—but to attempt any thing like description, or even so much as to gather one's thoughts together, amidst premonitory symptoms of sea-sickness, is ridiculously absurd. Alas! yes, the vessel is evidently under way, and that horrible nausea attending the first voyage of a green-horn is beginning to evince itself—my brain reels—apparently I am seated on the axis of a revolving circle, about the periphery of which, the surrounding objects are dancing in the wildest confusion, without distinction of rank or character. The steward's pantry is pirouetting with the captain's state-room; and, with a sudden pitch of the vessel, a dozen of London Porter have actually stove into a basket of Champagne. No patent letter-writing machine ever turned out its duplicates with half the ease with which I am making indefinite multiplications of this precious epistle. If I may believe my own eyes, I am writing with three pens upon any number of sheets of paper. But happily here comes the pilot to my relief, so I will give him your letter without further ado—if I can possibly summon up energy enough to fold and direct it.

Excuse the chirography, and if some words appear in rather faded characters, attribute it to the fact of my having twice mistaken a wine-glass of Madeira for the ink-stand; and believe me

Your devoted friend and quondam chum,

PEREGRINE MANGO.

To Mr. ROBERT WRANGLE, Yale College.

## LETTER II.

A change of temperature—mistaken ideas of the ocean—a sail—the Horse Latitudes—a calm—sea sickness—a storm—the Bermudas—pastimes—porpoises—a dolphin—a breeze—the vitality of ships—Christmas day.

AT SEA, ON BOARD THE PACKET SHIP NEPTUNE, }  
Dec. 25th, 184—, Lat. 24° 3' N., Lon. 14° 5' 6" W. }

DEAR BOB:—

And dear me! what a transition! We cleared the Capes in a snow storm, and what with the sleet and rain of the night previous, our sails were so stiffly frozen to the yards, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could spread enough canvas to catch the wind. But now, would you believe it? I am seated on the quarter deck with my escrutoir at my side, whilst with every new breath of wind an awning flaps lazily between me and the scorching rays of a tropical sun. The thermometer has risen within the last few days from 32° to 64°, and, in consequence, we have doffed our winter gear for the lightest summer apparel. The sea, which has scarcely had time to be ruffled by the breeze that has just sprung up, (happily from the north-west,) presents an unbroken surface of slate-colored fluid. Like Lamb, who once paid a visit to—Margate, I believe, on purpose to satisfy a curiosity to see the ocean, I was sadly disappointed with my first view of “the briny deep.” Instead of that idea of immensity which the poets so sedulously inculcate, one feels rather oppressed with a sense of confinement. The vision is limited to a range of a few leagues in extent, bounded on all sides by the horizon, thus forming a distinct circle, which, like the card in the compass box, vacillates with every motion of the vessel; whilst there is nothing to vary this tedious monotony but an occasional sea-gull, that skims motionless along the surface of the water, or, perhaps, a strange sail in the distance. This latter variety has agreeably diversified to-day, and is the occasion of the letter I am now writing. Early in the morning the captain descried, by the aid of the spy-glass, a square rigged vessel bearing down hard upon us from the southeast, and as she carries American colors, in all probability bound to the United States. So I selected the biggest Mercer potatoe I could find in the hamper, to which I shall affix this letter, and if we come within a potatoe’s throw of each other, I will give it to the captain to heave aboard for me, as none but a sailor can form a true estimate of distances at sea.

We are now in the Horse Latitudes, where we have been becalmed for the last two days. These extend some degrees north and south of us, and are by far the worst feature of a voyage to southern ports. Yesterday, at table, Captain D—— gave us the origin of this singular name—whilst the mate, sitting on the figure-head, was whistling for a breeze, the sailors spinning

yarns in the fore-castle, and the vessel laying in every respect like the mystic bark, in the Ancient Mariner—

“A painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

At one time almost the only exportations from New England to the West Indies consisted of live stock, principally horses; but owing to the frequent calms that are common to these latitudes, a vessel thus freighted would sometimes be delayed a week or two beyond the time provided for; and, consequently, all the hay and oats being consumed, the horses were humanely thrown overboard to prevent them from dying by starvation. To encourage, therefore, the trade in horse-flesh, the authorities in several of the West India islands offered a *bonus* for the head of every horse that was destroyed under these circumstances. This law, however, was soon abolished, as it led to a speculation in horse heads direct, not very profitable to the islanders; that is to say, the Yankee skippers were not content to wait until (in jockey parlance) the horses had actually eaten their heads off.

But about the voyage. For the first few days out I was terribly sea-sick, you may be sure. On the second night we were overtaken by a storm; the wind blew up a perfect hurricane, and, though under double-reefed topsails, the masts threatened every instant to snap asunder. So the dead-lights were battened down, and every preparation made against the fury of the elements. But there was I, all the while, stowed away in the upper birth of my state-room, and, though separated from eternity only by an inch plank, insensible to any thing like fear, (one happy effect of sea-sickness,) for my most fervent aspirations were for the ship quietly to bilge, go down, and thus put an end to my misery. I was interrupted in the midst of these delightful reflections by a sudden pitch of the vessel, which almost threw me out of my birth, and a splashing noise overhead. I raised the blinds of my state-room and peeped into the cabin, when it became at once apparent that we had shipped a heavy sea; the floor was deluged with water, which poured down the companionway in a torrent, and dismay and confusion reigned around. Capt. D——, who was tying on his sou'wester and wrapping himself up in a mackintosh blanket, preparatory to a night on deck, assured the passengers gathered around him that there was no danger; but his jolly countenance lacked its usual composure, and the smile he summoned up was evidently forced and unnatural. Mrs. M——, a young West Indian widow, who had been spending the summer in the North, was perfectly frantic, and clasped her infant to her bosom as though with a final embrace; while her Catholic attendant was fervently telling over her beads in a corner, and calling upon every saint in the calen-

der for protection. Exciting as was the occasion, I looked upon the whole of this scene with a listless eye, with all the stupidity of intoxication; and doggedly turning over in my bed once more, endeavored to compose myself to sleep. On the next morning the sun rose in unobstructed splendor, and dispelled the gloom of the heavens above, as well as that which hung about the hearts of the captain, passengers, and crew.

After this, aided by the Gulf Stream and northerly winds, we sailed along pleasantly enough, without further interruption, coming, unexpectedly to me, in sight of the Bermudas—a fact that I should never have discovered, had not the captain insisted that what to all appearances was nothing more than a small cluster of clouds hanging above the horizon, was land. And there then were the “still vexed Bermoothes!” I strained my eyes in gazing upon them, until, leaving them far to leeward, they finally vanished in the distance. Next we entered these detestable Horse Latitudes, where, as I told you, we have been becalmed two days. To pass away the time we have had recourse to several kinds of amusement—among others, that of spearing porpoises. With commendable patience I stood for a full hour on the gunwale of the vessel, with the grains (a small harpoon) poised in my hand, waiting an opportunity to strike; but though several shoals of porpoises passed us, tauntingly displaying their hog-like backs above the water, yet none came within stroke of my instrument. This morning, however, the cook’s mate caught with a hook and line a beautiful dolphin; it struggled violently after it was thrown on deck, but soon became exhausted, and amidst its death throes exhibited as many varieties of hue and complexion, as an old lady’s changeable-silk gown. These, with the addition of two or three grampuses, a solitary Mother Carey’s chicken, for they seldom appear in fair weather, some masses of floating sea-weed, and innumerable flocks of flying fish, have varied in some measure the monotony of these stagnant waters. But now, thank heaven, we are scudding before the breeze, with our studding-sails set, as gallantly as may be; whilst the mainmast, in the plenitude of its bellying canvas and with a graceful pennon streaming from its head, looks, for all the world, like a jolly fat Falstaff holding on to the braces for support. So that we may be said *literally*

“To walk the waters like a thing of life.”

There is something life-like in the stride of a noble ship, such as our own, across the barren waste of waters. To hear the sailors talk of her, one would think that she was an animated creature indeed. “She understood me well,” exclaimed the captain, after the storm had subsided; “no sooner had I hauled to her main weather braces, and taken in her gaff-topsails, than she righted in a jiffy.”—“She’s all alive again!” exclaimed the

second mate, in an ecstasy of delight, only a few minutes ago, as the first breath of wind we had experienced for forty-eight hours gave a sensible and very exhilarating motion to the vessel. But hold—here comes the brig (for such she proves to be) that has been in sight since morning. The captain has just hailed her. She reports herself to be the *Henrietta*, five days from Porto Rico, bound to Boston, with a cargo of rum, sugar, and molasses. As she has, fortunately, slackened sail, I will still be able to bundle up my letter in time and have it tossed aboard. So

In haste, faithfully yours,

PEREGRINE MANGO.

TO MR. ROBERT WRANGLE, *Yale College*.

P. S. They want to persuade me that this is Christmas, a day that I have always been accustomed to think of in connexion with sleigh bells, blue noses, muffs, and penny trumpets. In commemoration of the occasion, Capt. D—— has promised us a treat—not of egg nog, but, what is much more in conformity with the height of the thermometer, of iced champagne; and instead of a snap-dragon, the steward gave us at dinner a frozen custard, by way of desert!

Our destination is Santa Cruz; whence, if wind and weather are propitious, you shall next hear from me.

P. M.

#### EPILEGOMENA.

Didst ever eat waffles of an evening, courteous reader? If so, *thou* canst fully sympathize with us, in the relation of the following veritable incidents in the life of an editor; and without controversy, we consider ourselves qualified to challenge either Mrs. Ratcliffe or Monk Lewis, or both combined, to make a larger draft on the credulity of their readers, than we shall make on thine. Again we repeat the query: didst ever eat waffles or Welsh rarebits of an evening? Then, we'll be bound, thou couldst not for the nonce appreciate the sentiment of the midnight poet, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, *balm*y sleep!" But list ye, one and all, while the veil is raised that conceals the *grave* and *reverend* editors from the rude gaze of thee—but no matter, comparisons are *odorous*, and we hasten to bring forth the *gist* of the whole matter.

The College clock, that unerring and unwearied monitor of indolence, had just gone eleven, and the minutes still remaining to complete another day, were fast following that long and terrible array, which, like snow flakes upon the surface of the sea, had disappeared in the abyss of eternity. At twelve, the "Inamorati" were to assemble in their *sanctum* and gravely discuss the merits and demerits of the various publications offered for their examination. Having supped, for the invigoration of the mental as well as physical system, rather plentifully upon one of the aforementioned edibles, we slowly took up our line of march for the appointed place, designing to muse over the troubles of the past, and indulge in some bright dreams of the future, previous to the assembling of our worthy colleagues.

We found the room unoccupied, save by its ordinary furniture, and congratulated

ourselves upon the prospect of one half hour's delicious and uninterrupted reverie ; so wheeling up a ponderous easy chair before the cheerful looking Olmsted, that stood glaring and blinking at us, with its one great Polyphemus-like eye, we threw ourselves into its capacious arms, and bending a philosophic gaze upon the old, familiar countenance of our radiator of heat, composed ourselves for an abstraction. But it wouldn't come ; for those two same old black barrels seemed to have conspired to prevent our referring to any other subject but the one immediately *before* us, and with a selfishness only paralleled by that of a genius, to monopolize all attention to themselves. Disappointed of our object here, by one of those sometimes involuntary movements of the muscles of the foot and leg, we wheeled around and bent our eyes upon a portrait of the whilom decapitated monarch of England, hanging upon the wall. Stern, gloomy, and mournful he looked down upon us, till something like pity moved within us for his varied and disastrous fate. We thought of Strafford and of Laud, leading him astray from the paths of honor—of his brilliant prospects when he mounted the throne—his gallant and devoted friends—his stern and matchless foes—his private virtues and his public faithlessness ; in our minds we fought over again the sanguinary fields of Marston Moor and Naseby, and dropt a tear for the tragic scenes of Whitehall.

Again failing in our purpose, we wheeled through another quadrant of the circle, and took a view of the pile of crumpled, scrawled manuscripts upon the table—at once the objects of loathing and of love ; and again our thoughts took a direction indicated by the sensible objects before us. We thought of the pleasant, easy life we led, ere the onerous task of catering for the intellectual appetite of hundreds was thrust upon us, and sighed full deeply, like the aged pilgrim in life's thorny ways, for scenes and pleasures once enjoyed, but return no more—of the averted eye and less cordial grasp of the hand of those who have been unsuccessful in their efforts to appear in the pages of the Magazine, as if they had been done foul wrong—of the cheerful looks of the successful, that tell as plainly as looks can tell, the heartfelt thanks they yield for the kindness shown the tender bantlings of their genius, and in some measure repay us for the sulky frowns of the former. We thought of the time, now rapidly approaching, when, as if an epitome of the world's wide stage, we should be compelled to step aside to make room for others ; and our faded, withered bays would be esteemed as rubbish, compared with the fresher, greener laurels of our successors.

Another slight transition of our thoughts brought them to dwell on the probable destiny of the Magazine, when the door of our domicile suddenly flew open with a jerk, and a current of cold night air saluted us with a greeting, chilling and inhospitable.

"Come in and shut that door," we sung out, as soon as we could recover breath, supposing it to be one of the "Inamorati" who had strayed along, perhaps with the same laudable purpose as ourselves. No one appearing, and thinking the wind had thus unceremoniously forced an entrance, we arose and closed the door, and returning relapsed again into a state of semi-unconsciousness.

Another five minutes and the door again came open with even greater violence, followed by the same impatient exclamation from us, and the same ominous silence, as before. About to rise, with an execration upon the dilapidated condition of College locks, we were prevented by hearing the door closed with the same violence it opened, and the step of some person coming round behind our chair. From a peculiarity in the step, we were aware it could not belong to any of the "Inamorati," and looked around in surprise to see who it was that thus intruded himself upon our privacy, with such a clattering of doors ; and surely no mortal wight ever beheld a more commanding figure, or a more strikingly marked countenance, than then met our bewildered view. Tall and straight, the stranger was clad in cloak and cap of "the newest

cut," and his manner, as he came forward into clearer light, was graceful and elegant in the extreme. But it was the face that riveted our attention, and once viewing it, we were as if spell-bound, and could not withdraw our eyes without difficulty. Dark, sallow complexion, as though its owner had always been exposed to the burning influence of the tropics—a nose, long, thin, and prominent, curved at the end like the bill of a hawk—eyes, whose intense gaze must be seen to be realized, compared with which, the flame of the galvanic battery is as a farthing rush-light, and in constant motion, they seemed to burn and blast wherever they fell—a mouth capacious, and the lips curled into a contemptuous sneer truly dreadful; but when he smiled, the whole expression of the face was changed, the intensity of the eye, the prominence of the nose, and the sneer of the lips, gave place to an appearance of mirth and gayety, and a *tout ensemble* perfectly captivating.

Amazed as much by the suddenness of the apparition, as by its aspect, we could do no more than point to a chair at the opposite side of the table, into which the stranger threw himself with perfect *non-chalance*; and without speaking, commenced one of the most intense scrutinies of our person that ever one poor editor endured, till we fairly quailed beneath his fiery glance, and deemed a hazel-nutshell all too vast of capacity wherein to ensconce our mortal body.

"How are you, old friend?" at length he said, when the scrutiny was ended, in a voice that made the blood in our veins tingle to the very finger's end, and seemed to come from full a hundred feet beneath the place where we sat. "Ha! ha! I see you don't recollect me. Ho! ho!"

"Really, Sir," said we, in the faintest voice possible, straining every nerve to rouse our manhood and appear cool and collected. "Really, Sir,—I am very sorry—but—but you appear to have the advantage of me, as I am unable to call to mind the circumstance of our ever having met before."

"Ah! yes, persons who have once *cut* me very rarely recollect me afterwards; but when I *do* get them back, I keep them, you know!" said he, placing his finger upon the side of—what we in courtesy have called *a nose*! and putting on a most diabolical expression of countenance. "You don't know me, eh! Why, we were *very* intimate some five or six years since, when you all of a sudden cut me; but even *now* I frequently contrive to throw myself in your way, and to see you as often as I can. But here is my card; and as I came upon business, since none of the 'Inamorati' are present (who *might*, perhaps, recognize me) but yourself, I suppose I must conform to modern etiquette and make myself known; though I generally prefer to remain *incog*."

Thus saying, he drew out a curiously wrought card case, made, as it appeared, from *asbestos*, and taking out a card threw it across the table. We looked at it, as it lay before us, supposing from its lustre it was made of *ivory*; a closer examination proved it of *isinglass*, upon which were scrawled some three or four mystic characters, standing, doubtless, for the *gentleman's* name; the meaning of which we were about as well qualified to divine as if they had been Sanscrit or Congocese. We attempted to raise it from the table, but it fell again far more rapidly than it was raised; for *hot water* upon the naked hand were ice or snow compared with it. "Well," thought we, looking in some dismay at our strange guest, "you must be a comfortable bed-fellow in a cold winter's night."

"I have come on a matter of business," continued he, taking out another *asbestos* case much larger than the former, "and as I have several little affairs on hand to-night, we had better get through with this as soon as possible."

"Certainly, Sir, most certainly," we replied, in no little alarm from such close proximity to so dangerous a character, while we looked wistfully towards the door, with the



hope that one, if not all the "Inamorati," were near, and if they could not relieve us from our unpleasant predicament, they would, at all events, share the same fate.

"Here," said he, not appearing to notice our alarm, "are some *literary trifles of mine*, 'composed at intervals in the pressure of more important duties,' and are consequently in rather a 'crude and unfinished state.' You can correct them at your leisure, you know!" accompanying this exclamation with a punch of our ribs, enough to have felled an ox, with a huge cane that had escaped our notice; and not remarking the spasmodic effect his facetiousness produced, he continued, drawing a manuscript from the *asbestos* case, "This is an essay on 'The high-toned *moral* sentiment of Bulwer's Falkland;' capital thing for *youth*, eh!"—another punch even more furious than the first. "This is a very excellent article on the tendency of Byron's Don Juan to cultivate the *virtuous affections* of the young of both sexes. Ho! ho! ho! you must certainly publish *that*, it will be *new*, *peculiar*, *startling*, and such things *take* now-a-days, you know! eh!"—another punch of the ribs, and another manuscript produced. "Ah! yes," he continued, as a smile of great self-complacency diffused itself over his features, "here is the master-piece, 'A critical examination into the *honorable*, *chivalrous*, and natural character of Goethe's Mephistophiles;' there's a *gentleman* for you, eh!"—another punch, which, coming so suddenly upon the previous ones, made our very bones ache, as if we had been hurried by witches for a whole "Walpurgis night."

"Really, Sir, indeed, I beg pardon, but"—

"But me no buts," said he, his coal-like eyes beginning to flash and scintillate like a grinder's stone; "what, you won't accept them, ha!—beware! if you reject them I will raise such a storm around you, you'll rue the day you did it; I'll accuse you of '*partiality*;' I'll say you are influenced by '*social connections*,' and by '*personal friendships*;' I'll"—

"Stop, stop," cried we, now rendered bold by our desperate situation, and not a little enraged by the repeated home thrusts from *that* iron pointed cane. "No, we won't accept them; they are not of the right stamp, and besides, our Magazine is full."

"Full!" he shrieked, in a tone of voice as much above, as the former had been below the ordinary tones of ordinary men, while a scowl of malice lowered on his brow, and he wreathed his lips into a sneer of ineffable contempt. "Full of what? Such trash as *that*?"—striking the pile of manuscripts with his formidable club—"why, look at them!"

And in sooth, that cane appeared endowed with qualities as wonderful as Prospero's wand. For the blow descending—presto!—quicker than thought, the leaves of the manuscripts began to rustle, as by a strong wind, and the latter detaching themselves from the mass, rose upright on the ends. Another wave of the cane, and an exceedingly diminutive pair of what appeared to be legs, protruded from the lower extremity of each, while the manuscripts themselves fell into an order, as for a dance; some in that of the good old-fashioned *country dance*; others in that of the more dignified *quadrille*; while the smaller and less unwieldy prepared themselves for the shadowy whirlings of the *waltz*.

Again the mysterious stranger swung his cudgel, and an essay on the "Origin and Uses of the Scotch Bagpipe," shuffled forth from the midst, and taking its station by the edge of the table, struck up the most harsh, discordant, and maddening jargon of notes that ever smote the tympanum of mortal ear. The effect was electrical; and if the music was discordant, it was nothing to the irregularity of the dancers. "The Character of Byron" having commenced the country dance with its partner, "The recollections of a *widow*, *fat*, *fair*, and *forty*!" seemed utterly regardless of time or order, and to betake itself indiscriminately to each and every feminine that came

in its way. This was highly resented by "The Character of Bulwer," which, for want of arms and fists wherewith to punish such *immoral* conduct, sought to overthrow the former, by pressing upon it with all the momentum acquired in the movements of the figure; but missing its object, and coming in contact with a "Review of Lady Bulwer's new novel," both, after several ineffectual attempts to recover their equilibrium, fell over the side of the table and were seen no more.

"Metaphysics," attempting to lead off the quadrille, was found utterly incapable of but one species of motion, upward and downward, like the piston of an upright cylinder. Its efforts in this department were perfectly astonishing; for, without the apparent movement of a single muscle, it would leap to an incredible height, and then descend again with the same rapidity, and in the self-same spot from whence it started. "The poetry of Moral Sentiment," though understanding the various evolutions of the figure, appeared to labor under some *internal* disorder, for it did nothing more than move in *solemn* pace and *slow*, and sometimes with a *limping* gait, through the dance. Political pieces characteristically, at the very first motion, shot like a star from its orbit and disappeared forever. Reviews, Critiques *et id omne genus*, though performing very well in ballancing to and turning partners, found it wholly impossible to move out of a certain fixed radius; and, consequently, spun round and round, till from pure exhaustion they fell prostrate, incapable of motion. "The Lone Idea," unable to procure a partner, endeavored to support its part alone; but failing in this, it lay calmly down and submitted to its *lonely* destiny.

The poetical effusions—heaven save the mark!—had arranged themselves for waltzes and gallopades, and the various movements among them were even more extraordinary than those already mentioned. No sooner had the music commenced, than nearly one half, from the mere force of atmospheric pressure, collapsed with a tremendous noise. All but two or three of those remaining, while whirling, buzzing, and *pirouetting*, unfortunately leaped beyond the sphere of attraction—some eight or ten inches above the table—and after two or three convulsive attempts to regain their starting point, shot rapidly on towards the "Limbo of Vanity," their velocity increasing in a *geometrical*, as their distance increased in an *arithmetical* ratio; and that the world might not be utterly unconscious of the *genius* contained in these airy nothings, they chaunted, in rising, a few lines from themselves.

The first that *bolted* was the "Serenade," which, in doleful strains, gave utterance to the following:

"The flickering  
Blaze, casting in its struggle 'twixt life and  
Death, a yellowish hue on all surrounding  
Objects, has just leaped out of existence."

And again:

"I hear the  
Mirthful laughter and carousing whoop of spirits  
Buoyant enough to leap out of bodies  
Material."

Once more:

"The restive steeds, impatient at the sound,  
Dart off at the twirl of the whip, and are  
Led on as 'twere by the magic of the charm."

"The Mental Murderer" thus discoursed:

"His frozen fingers clinched the *lie*,  
Which soon extinguished all its native *fire*,  
Unstrung its chords of light, and broke its *wire*—  
He then mechanically made a *lie*."

"Around the brightest poets dazling throne,  
Whose golden stars in fadeless splendor shone,  
He wandered musing noon, midnight, and morn,  
And made his mimic stars of *shineless* stone."

"Call you that poetry?" said our visitor, whirling round his mystic cane, and sending one manuscript one way, and another a different one, while his form appeared to

dilate to twice its former magnitude; "call you *that* poetry? Do you provoke my enmity, by calling such *trash* better than my writings?" Saying this, he made a *pirouette*, and thrusting out his leg, revealed—*miserabile dictu!*—the same identical *cleft-hoof*, the never-to-be-forgotten badge of Satanic royalty, which figures so largely in all nursery fables and "auld wives' tales." Again our stiffening hairs uprose, and our trembling knees gave indication of departing manhood. But we had no time for reflection on our delightful *l're-a-tete*; for quicker than thought, the said *doors-fet* coming in contact with our pericranium, with a force like a battering-ram, rendered us nearly senseless. Our eyes closed, while ten thousand *jack-o'-lanterns* appeared to dance before them; our ears rang with the tones of a hundred bells, while torrents of blood seemed to pour from our nostrils. "Haw! haw! haw!" was yelled forth, as from the brazen throats of a thousand fiends, who were amusing themselves by twitching and pinching various parts of our doomed body.

Suddenly there was silence, and we dared slowly to open our eyes, expecting to be greeted by a sight far more awful than was viewed by Faustus upon the summit of the Blockberg—but lo!—instead of fires and fiends, *there* stood the "Inamorati," grinning in very ecstasy. Bufo, with a ponderous pair of bellows, with which he was puffing away at our face with all his power; Phlogiston, whose ambrosial curls were far more tightly "kinked up" from the expansion of the face, armed with a straw, and Ichabod, whose thundering *ahem!* portended some new effort, brandished a feather; both of which *weapons* looked very like as if they had ere while been in pretty close contact with our nose and ears; while Flamingo, *erratic* Flamingo, was engaged in the very intellectual operation of administering sundry punches to different parts of our *corpus*, with that huge, silver-headed cane, to which he is so especially attached.

"Hallo!" we cried, springing to our feet and rubbing our eyes, "what's all this about?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Flamingo, "I thought we'd *wake* him. Here's a faithful editor, *snoring* away, while the rest have the work to do. But come, give us the dream; for all that kicking and stamping, that shaking and groaning for three precious hours, while we have been at work, was not for nought, I ween."

"The dream! the dream!" resounding from all sides, we yielded, although in a cold sweat from recent fear, yet rejoiced to find it but a *dream!* and immediately related what had occurred during our somnolent state; and strange, passing strange to relate, the order in which the manuscripts had been examined was the same as we have recorded in our dream. The relation made a deep impression upon them, when it was completed, with elongated visages, staring eyes, in pairs with arms closely locked, ever and anon casting timid glances around and behind them, left the *sanctum* solemnly and speechless, and wended on their way homewards, leaving behind the following notices to correspondents. [See on the cover.]

It had nearly escaped our mind, that on the day subsequent to the night when the preceding occurrences took place, Ichabod called at our domicile and put us on our word and honor, whether we really believed the foregoing to have been a dream, or that our sleep was induced by excessive fright from the reality of the appearance; and whether there was any likelihood of a *second* visitation; if so, he rather thought the pressing nature of his other engagements would compel him to resign his responsible office as editor. We were unable to solve his difficulties, as there was nothing to add to, or take from, what has been recorded.

Reader! In addressing thee for the last time in our official capacity, we would advise thee of two things, to wit: if the sublime science of Mesmerism is ever attacked in thy presence, thou canst decide the question at once, by adducing the foregoing circumstance in its support; and, secondly, don't eat waffles at night!

25 Cents.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE



"And now, my dear friends, I have to say  
a few words to you, my dear friends."

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CHIVALRY.

"No human quality is so well wove  
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it."—*Old Play.*

**MAN** is a progressive being, and we know of no study more interesting and instructive in its pursuit, than to trace the effect of those grand, moral, and physical causes which operate to the development of individual character, and in producing great or sudden mutations in the regulation and condition of society.

"The age of Chivalry is gone." Gone, with its joust and tournament, its romance and its marvel; gone, with its Christian zeal and enthusiastic loyalty; gone, with its martial spirit and recklessness of danger; but with them are gone, too, those mighty causes which called the institution into existence—lost and forgotten in the operation of counteracting influences. In looking into the institution of Chivalry, as it existed at one period in Europe, we cannot but admire the principles upon which it was based, and the determined spirit with which those principles were for a time acted upon and upheld. But its decay was necessary. This necessity existed not in its principles, for never had human institution a more just or noble ground-work; it existed not in the object for which it was established, for it was the amelioration of man's social condition; but it is rather to be found in that paltry, mean-souled love of self, the peculiarity of no age or clime, which led to that utter disregard of principle, that abject degeneracy of purpose, which characterized its later existence.

It was in theory, an institution calculated to call forth all the

nobler energies of man's nature. While the acolyte was never advanced, but with initiatory prayer, fasting, and purification, the better to prepare him for the discharge of high and noble duties, that Knight was held unworthy of his spurs, who could be guilty of a base or dishonorable action. Nor was this all; while it taught the youthful aspirant to leave to age

" Its subtleties,  
And gray-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood ;  
But be *you* candid as the morning sky,  
Ere the high sun sucks vapors up to stain it,"

it enjoined upon the spurred and belted of the order the noble and sublime duty, to aid the oppressed and captive, to protect the weak and defenseless, support the cause of justice and morality, and as a "ryght gude and worthy knight," to defend the Christian faith.

But the martial spirit which it encouraged, was at once the essential element of its existence as an institution, and the ultimate cause of its destruction. The estimate in which a brave and daring knight was held, the honor attached to the performance of bold and hazardous adventure, the respect and reverence, almost idolatrous, which a successful champion was sure to meet with, while it tended to create and animate a proud, martial spirit in the individual, operated directly to excite a feeling of independence, superiority, and self-importance, hostile to Chivalry in its principles, and dissonant with its spirit. The individual elevated in self-importance by approbation of his prowess, in the consciousness of his own power, became restive under the restraints and trammels of superior authority, and could ill brook the restriction of higher laws than those of his own making. Hence we see those phrensied strivings for supremacy, and that incessant jarring of the elements of social order. Religion degenerated into fanaticism, and interposed no barrier to the gratification of private passion ; self became the aim of every action, and the centre and object of all exertion.

The institution of Chivalry in its earlier existence, presents to the mind a picture of peculiar nobleness and beauty. Originating in the necessities of the then condition of the social system, it subdued the hot and reckless spirit of a rude and untutored age, and made the wildest passions subservient to the best of purposes. Its influence was not exerted to restrain or check a theretofore unbridled thirst for glory and love of military enterprise ; it the rather tended to cherish and encourage it ; but at the same time that it fostered the characteristic spirit of a ruder period, it inculcated also the necessity of devotion

and the duty of love. Thus were the asperities of society subdued, its rougher features in a manner softened, and its wild and warring elements controlled and harmonized. Military valor, which rioted before in reckless and ungovernable fury, became at once the handmaid of virtue and religion, and a spirit of generosity, love, and loyalty, was engrafted upon the theretofore intractable passion of the age.

But no human institution has yet had existence, howsoever pure it may have been in principle, and perfect in theory, but in time becomes deteriorated and degraded. The institution of Chivalry was not exempted from this universal destiny; and it is an instructive, though mournful task, to trace its sad, yet by no means remarkable, degeneracy. The titles of Knight-Bachelor, Banneret, and Baronet, are indices to successive mutations and innovations, and while the first may be considered the parent and proper degree of Chivalry, the last would seem to have been introduced to preserve a mere appearance of entity in a system whose vitality had become long since extinct. The earlier orders of the knighthood, in purpose and principle of action, present a remarkable contrast to those that existed at a later period. While we see those grand military associations, the Templars and Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, actuated at one time by the holiest and purest motives, earnest and self-denying in their efforts for the defense of justice, characterized by zealous loyalty and devotion; at another, "their love has degenerated into licentiousness, their spirit of loyalty and of freedom into tyranny and turmoil, their generosity and gallantry into hair-brained madness and absurdity." The orders of Teutonic knighthood likewise gave way before long-continued and frantic strivings for individual supremacy, and in the end, with such spirits as the Wild Boar of Ardennes, with his *Lanzk-necht* and *Schwarz-reiter* banditti, to assume it, Chivalry became but another name for aggression, rapine, and licentiousness.

Thus was Chivalry in its spirit and principles degraded and debased, and though other causes than the universal one to which we have alluded, operated its extinction as an institution, the limits to which we are in this article restricted, will not permit us to investigate their grand and effective influence. The discovery of gunpowder, that more than Archimedean lever, which has served to produce so many changes and revolutions in society and government, completely renovating, as it did, the then existent art and method of war, had a marked and prominent agency in causing its extinction. The mind, too, gradually breaking from a bondage which influenced and controlled man's every action, was, after the lapse of ages, slowly working its way to a higher and more refined intellectuality. Old habits



and modes of thought, in course of time gave way to new customs and new sentiments, militating directly against its institutional existence. And when, besides all this, we consider that in every phase and stage of society there will exist individual claims and interests, conflicting and discordant, and that it is beyond the power of any single institution, however well adapted to certain circumstances and exigencies, to render them at all times consonant and harmonious, we are compelled to marvel rather at its prolonged and vigorous prosperity, than its final overthrow.

But it is with the spirit of Chivalry, rather than its institution, that we have to do. As an institution, it has shared the lot of every human creation, and passed away; but its purer spirit, like the divine essence of our own nature, died not with its perishable tabernacle; but having created for itself a new body, still survives, the living soul of modern society, to beautify and harmonize all social intercourse, to fix and influence the modern estimate of human action.

The Chivalry of Modern times, then, in contradistinction to that which existed at a former period, is a voluntary principle of action—the spirit without the institution; the self-same principle that called into existence that beautiful establishment, is at the foundation of our present social system, and the Gentleman of to-day finds a noble prototype in the Knight of that romantic era. It was the peculiarity of Chivalry, as we have before observed, to engraft upon the military enthusiasm of the age, a regard for justice, zealousness in devotion, and purity of love, that have characterized no other period; and the habits and customs then formed, have had a striking effect upon society as it now exists. But here we would wish to notice a practice—believed almost universally to have originated in the ages of Chivalry: we allude to the *duello*—a custom than which none can be presented more absurd and ridiculous in itself, or more detrimental to the peace and happiness of society. This usage—which prevailed to such an alarming extent in Europe, until the last half century, but which is now rapidly waning before the progressive advances of society—was, according to Scott, more universal in its observance among the Gothic tribes, when Chivalry sprung into existence, and could date a more remote antiquity than any other custom. And so far is it, then, from being an essential characteristic of chivalrous and far-advanced society, that it owes its origin to the usages and sentiments peculiar to an earlier and ruder stage of social intercourse. It was on this, as on almost every other feature of pre-existent society, that Chivalry exerted an influence to soften and refine. Nothing could be more unjust and ridiculous, than the require-

ments of the Judicial Combat, as it existed prior to the establishment of this institution. If any charge was preferred against an individual, the truth or falsity of the allegation was made to depend upon the issue of a personal encounter, and the unsuccessful duelist, whether appellant or accuser, almost invariably suffered the penalty awarded to the crime alledged. The obvious defect of this appeal to the judgment of God, as it was termed, lay in its unequal operation: accused decrepitude was forced to battle with youthful vigor and activity—the quiet churchman with the skilled and accomplished warrior; and thus was worthy weakness sacrificed to law, while unrighteous strength was permitted to triumph in privileged immunity. To remedy, then, an inequality so hostile to social happiness, and to render the exactions of law more uniform and equitable, Chivalry, without sufficient power wholly to extirpate the evil, introduced the well-known system of Championship. Thus were the inconveniences and cruelties of the barbaric law, from which dueling arose, in a great measure evaded and mitigated by the action and influence of that very institution, which is supposed by many to have called it into being.

But there are some features in our modern social system, formed directly from the habits and sentiments of that remarkable era. Every man, when he now enters the world, is taught to believe that there are important individual duties to perform; that there are observances obligatory alike upon the greatest and meanest member of society; that there are civilities and courtesies which in his intercourse with his fellows he must ever carefully regard; and that station, wealth, or birth, however much they may command vulgar admiration and respect, will not excuse him for disregard of justice, or extenuate an encroachment on the rights and privileges of those who are by circumstance beneath him. The weaker sex, too, who in the darker periods of the world, are ever degraded into mere passive domestic menials, find in the spirit of Modern Chivalry that safety and protection which imbecility and defenselessness should ever find in manliness and strength; and it is by the beautiful influence of this same spirit, that they have been elevated from the lowness of station in which they were humbled by barbarian society, to a more equal communion with man in the great pleasures and business of life. In short, to use the language of another, “from the wild and overstrained courtesies of Chivalry, has been derived our present system of manners. It is not certainly faultless, and it is guarded by penalties which we must often regret as disproportionably severe. Yet it has a grace and dignity unknown to classic times, when women were slaves, and men coarse and vulgar, or overbearing and brutal, as suited

their own humor, without respect to that of the rest of society."

Deprive, then, the age of Chivalry of its military institution; soften its customs and usages by refining the intellect; elevate its sentiments by the introduction of a more rational religion; substitute moral for physical action; and we have before us an age the true counterpart of our own. Let the Knight of the thirteenth century lay aside his casque and corslet, his love of daring exploit, and his religious fanaticism; let him but snap asunder the chains of intellectual bondage, and bring the animal in better subjection to the mental man; and we have presented a beautiful and life-like portrait of the modern gentleman, with all his elevated dignity of character, his high-souled principles of action, his nice sense of honor, his love and generosity, his loyalty and devotion. The same noble motives that actuated the one, are now the spring of action to the other; and in the conduct and character of each, there is evinced a purity of purpose, delicacy of feeling, and regard for the rights of others in all social intercourse, that we have ever looked upon as the only legitimate offspring of a truly chivalrous spirit. But to give to character its proper estimate, we must bear in mind, that in its development and shading it is ever affected by peculiarity of circumstance and position, and that to paint true portraits of Knight and Gentleman, though the color of the ground in each picture be the same, and the outline even be marked by no essential variation, yet in the filling-up and finishing, a faithful limner would give to each peculiarities in feature and expression, coloring and shade. Thus, then, though at the foundation of each character we perceive the same correctness of principle, pureness of purpose, and high-toned sense of honor, yet we ever look for a certain variety in conduct and action, correspondent with the usages and sentiments of their respective ages. We consider, then, the modern gentleman as the only true index of the chivalrous spirit of our age—the Modern Knight of Modern Chivalry. Possessed of all the noble and more exalted characteristics of ancient knighthood, unassociated with its military fanaticism and bigoted religious zeal, his character should be refined in sentiment by the observance of a simpler, yet sublimer creed, elevated in thought and action, by the correcter taste of modern society, dignified and ennobled in every feature by the superior intellectuality and refinement of the age in which he lives.

## THE DREAM OF THE TRANCE.

Robin Day is a yeoman strong,  
 As an open soul and free;  
 Right hour of dance and song,  
 Gallant none than he—  
 Wells a charm on his fluent tongue,  
 Gladden revelry.  
 When curls on his lofty brow  
 Would profusion lie,  
 His wit's sparkling, social flow,  
 Shines up his magic eye.  
 Robin loved a gentle maid—  
 As a coy, secluded flower;  
 Her heart's words, in low voice said,  
 Reached in her ear 'neath the humble  
 Hade  
 Rustic woodland bower:  
 Siren, that lurks in the brimming  
 Bowl,  
 Is the pure love of his ardent soul.

At the early stir of the matin breeze  
 From the high tops of the sun-gilt trees,  
 He stands by a kingly oak,  
 Looks his head at each sturdy stroke.  
 Moves, with simultaneous ring,  
 Heeded back to each pond'rous swing  
 The woodman's axe. At close of day,  
 Down and hurled in wild array,  
 The forest giant lay—  
 The ivan bloom in dust defiled,  
 Their stately limbs despoiled.  
 The woodsman turned and grimly smiled,  
 Exulting eyes surveyed  
 The spread havoc he had made;  
 He and all unwearied trod  
 The merrils light his homeward road.

He came to the house of revelry,  
 The gay inn where frolic glee  
 And jocund songs went round;  
 The merrymen—lingers—turns to be  
 That jolly company,  
 To swell the chorus' sound.  
 He came slowly up the hall,  
 And faint his footsteps fall—

He stops as one in doubt;  
 For Ellen's mournful face was by,  
 His reverend sire's beseeching eye—  
 Then heard the boisterous shout:  
 "Ho! for our friend, young Robin Day!  
 Come, join thee, man, our meeting—  
 Let croaking care be far away,  
 And the bowl shall pledge our greeting."  
 But he with brave and manly heart  
 Can curb his passions strong;  
 He will not take the foremost part  
 In the revel mad and song.  
 Such were his thoughts in that fatal hour,  
 His stout heart swelling with conscious  
 Power.

Then he seized the bowl with hasty hand—  
 Its deathful dregs drained low,  
 And the whispered praise of the drunken  
 Band  
 Around the ring did go.  
 O! wild was the gleam of his lustrous eye,  
 His brain spun round, and reeling by  
 Old mountains came, and the dizzy sky,  
 And the firm-set, steady world—  
 The sun from his gilded throne on high,  
 Through the mingling maze was whirled:  
 His temples throbbed with feverish heat,  
 Heavy he fell to his hard plank-seat—  
 "More rum! more rum!" he cries.  
 "He'll be so good a customer,  
 If I humor his taste when he comes here,"  
 Quoth the man that dealt out wine and beer,  
 With a wink of his small gray eyes!  
 Then he held to his thirsty lips the cup,  
 Till he drank its burning contents up,  
 And settled back his head;  
 But he started back with blank amazement—  
 Why stares the youth with that ghastly gaze,  
 And settles back his head?

He listened long for his noiseless breath,  
 And watched the shades, like the shades  
 Of death,  
 Swim over his glassy eye:

"He's in a deep, deep swoon," he said,  
 "For his face is pale and his eye looks dead;  
 On a truss of straw beneath the shed  
 Lay him all silently,  
 For I fear me much 'twould spoil my trade,  
 If a man in my inn should die!"

In a narrow crib they laid him then,  
 Away from the gaze of curious men.  
 "'Tis only a swoon," said they;  
 And they left him to come to life again,  
 "For it's only a swoon," said they.  
 His brow is beaded with drops like rain,  
 His limbs are bound with a death-like chain;  
 Not a muscle moves, nor swells a vein—  
 How still the sleeper lies!  
 But his soul yet travels in joy or pain,  
 Journeying through Fancy's wild domain,  
 For the soul swoons not nor dies.

A gallant bark on a rolling sea,  
 When her helm is gone, and the gale blows  
 free,  
 O'er the black wave swings crazily,  
 At random to and fro:  
 So the dreaming soul in deep laid trance,  
 O'er Fancy's moon-lit broad expanse,  
 In rapid flight doth go;  
 Something of joy, but more of sorrow,  
 From the scenes of daily life doth borrow;  
 Thoughts of the past, and fears for the  
 morrow,  
 Together mingling flow;  
 Ay—wild is the work of the fervid brain,  
 For Reason hath gone from her old domain.  
 Now he hath won his bashful bride,  
 The fitting words have all been said—  
 She clings with a blush to his stalwart side,  
 She shrinks from his honest gaze of pride,  
 While the rustics shout for the merry ride  
 To be taken with sleigh and steed.  
 Hurra! hurra! for the merry ride  
 To be taken with sleigh and steed.

The moon of the winter is overhead,  
 Her smile is cold as the face of the dead  
 Over the plains of snow.  
 The tramp falls fast of the neighing horse,  
 As over the drifts in eager course,

With headlong speed they go.  
 The bells they rung both loud and clear,  
 They pealed with a joyous chime  
 An old wild tune, and its stirring cheer  
 Befits mad Frolick's mirthful ear,  
 In the merry winter time.

The furious speed of the gallant steeds,  
 Waxed gradually slower;  
 The noise and ront—the laugh and shout—  
 As fast grew low and lower.  
 For in the hush of that midnight hour,  
 The Demon of frost in the might of his  
 power,  
 Breathed over the gladsome train;  
 And their blood grew thick with mortal cold,  
 And the hearts that beat in their bosoms  
 bold,  
 Forgot their busy schemes of old—  
 Their schemes of love or gain.

Stiff and chill was each manly limb,  
 No more in the reeling waltz to swim,  
 Or move in the featly dance;  
 Each eyeball stared from its socket grim,  
 No soul beamed forth from their pupils dim,  
 Or stole with love's coy glance.  
 As in an oriental story,  
 Where heroes fight with giants gory,  
 And troops of warrior-kings before you  
 In swift succession run;  
 Some dark Magician waves a wand  
 No mortal prowess can withstand—  
 Each warrior drops his bloody brand,  
 And shrinks to breathless stone;  
 The lusty life through their veins that  
 courses,  
 Instant congeals at its gushing sources;  
 Their frowning brows and lofty air  
 Are wrought into life-like marble there—  
 So the deadly magic of frost that night,  
 Froze their warm hearts and bosoms light.

Yet Robin cannot choose to die,  
 He hath a charmed life—  
 He saw the dead in their death-sleep lie,  
 And he looked on them with envious eye;  
 He is bound to earth by no living tie,  
 But love for his new-wed wife—

ned and saw that Death's own bride  
 her cold weight on his trusting side.  
 It is the tread of his coal-black steed,  
 a moon of the winter is overhead,  
 kens aught from his winged speed  
 any a score of miles.  
 Bushed streets of the lonely town,  
 Trade and Wealth had, ages gone,  
 d their massive piles,  
 still on, the tireless horse  
 m and free his forward course.  
 here the tide of human life,  
 its varied passions rife,  
 n in its unceasing motion,  
 tless river to the ocean,  
 is the hum of vocal men,  
 it of Mirth, the din of Gain.

away ! he may not stay  
 on Desolation's sway :  
 sees white of the cold moonlight,  
 full many a ghastly sight.  
 The door of a drunken den  
 opened a score of sottish men :  
 Ah a stare of his maudlin eye,  
 azing on vacuity ;  
 Ah a bright, uplifted knife,  
 rderous aim at a brother's life ;  
 , agape with tipsy leer,  
 : fast hold of his pot of beer.  
 There stood one pale and weeping—  
 A wife—her vigils keeping  
 her recreant spouse ;  
 sen lines her features streak,  
 ars coursed down her pallid cheek,  
 : watching the wild carouse ;  
 t grief and deep despair  
 :ed in changeless pathos there.  
 man's love seems pure and strong  
 lmy hour of dance and song,  
 mightier, holier thing  
 res it on through want and wrong—  
 ghted hopes—by insults stung—  
 me the weight of injury long  
 ut one murmuring,  
 sees with its last faint breath  
 sch that paid her love with death.

22.

Sudden before the sleeper's soul  
 A thronged array confusedly stole,  
 And things that are or have not been,  
 Came and went from the troubled scene.  
 At last before his weary eye  
 A landscape sweet came smiling by,  
 And stopt before his aching vision,  
 To glad him with its light Elysian ;  
 There orange groves, and myrtle bowers,  
 And purple fruits, and fragrant flowers,  
 Spread their delights around ;  
 And fountains cast their jets in air,  
 And brilliant birds of plumage rare,  
 Their chorus swelled with tuneful care,  
 And most melodious sound ;  
 And spirit voices on viewless wing,  
 Sang praise to Heaven's Eternal King.  
 He looks on the landscape with longing eyes,  
 Till the lovely vision before him flies,  
 Then slow to consciousness he woke,  
 And on his wildered senses broke  
 The light of life once more.

The solemn moon went up the sky,  
 And the stars looked down from their sea-  
 try high,  
 As they looked in days of yore.  
 'Tis the same world his childhood knew,  
 But the world is gone his fancy drew ;  
 Thoughtful and still his homeward road,  
 With weary step the woodman trode,  
 And wiser, by the strange, wild flight  
 His soul had flown that silent night,  
 To shun the wrong and choose the right,  
 He lived the life of one who deems  
 That life hath warnings oft in dreams.  
 And when at last his love he wed,  
 It was not thus to bear her dead,  
 And pale, and cold, to his sad home ;  
 But clothed with loveliness and bloom,  
 Like morning ere the dew is gone,  
 Still glittering with the early sun,  
 While softly o'er the eastern skies,  
 Love's roseate blushes mantling rise.  
 Ah ! happy he to whom from Heaven,  
 An early warning thus is given.

HERMES EUTRES.

## BEN JONSON.

It is not our intention to write an eulogy upon Ben Jonson, or to attempt to prove that his works are superior to all contemporaneous and later productions. We are aware that the brightest gems of English poesy must be sought for in other mines; yet we are willing to admire the lustre of the sapphire, even while acknowledging the præminence of the diamond. We have always had a kindly feeling toward the rough old dramatist, and it was one of the ludicrous errors of our younger days, to confound him with the great English Lexicographer; a mistake not quite so unnatural as it might seem, for there was really much similarity in their characters. The same outward asperity, covering and often concealing the benevolence within, the same determined spirit of independence, and the same self-complacent, though well-meaning, obstinacy, existed in both. But the author of the Rambler never could have written a Volpone, nor could the Elizabethan satirist have composed a *Raselas*. It is our design to present a sketch of Jonson's life, and, as far as our powers will permit, to examine his writings; a task rendered somewhat difficult by the numbers who have preceded us, yet agreeable withal, as it cannot but draw us into closer acquaintance with one of our favorite authors.

Ben Jonson was born at Westminster, in 1574. His father, a Scotchman, died a little before the birth of the future poet, leaving the family in a state of great poverty, though not of actual want. The widow, after the usual term of mourning had expired, married a bricklayer in London. Jonson's education was superintended by a charitable friend, who observing, perhaps, some marks of genius in the boy, defrayed his expenses at school, and afterward sent him to the Cambridge University. Here he appears to have left him to himself, for the young collegian was obliged to quit the University, after a stay of some months, and turn his hand to bricklaying for a livelihood. The time which he had spent in his studies, however, had not been misimproved, and among his after associates, Jonson was distinguished for his classical learning and love of antiquity. His new occupation was of course little suited to the poet's genius, and speedily giving it up in disgust, he enlisted in the army. The life of a soldier seems to have accorded no better with his inclinations, than that of a bricklayer, for after serving a short time in Flanders, he returned home and commenced actor and parcel poet at a small theatre in London. Ben was but an indifferent actor, yet by furbishing up old plays, and occasionally taking one of the inferior parts himself, he contrived to gain a

subsistence for the next three years. It is known also that he married during this period, but of his conjugal felicity no record has been left. In 1596 appeared his first original drama, "Every man in his humor." This play, though the earliest of Jonson's productions, must undoubtedly be regarded as one of his best. Captain Bobadill is a perfectly unique conception, second only to Falstaff. He is the beau-ideal of the Elizabethan coxcomb—a species of biped sadly prevalent about the end of the sixteenth century. Lilly's Euphures had been published a few years before, and its empty conceits, its bombastic frivolity, its pedantic affectation, had become objects of highest admiration at court. Other authors made it their study and model, and persons of every degree and sex strove to catch the Euphuristic style of conversation. Never was there a fairer mark for satire; never was there a more successful hit than Jonson has made in this play. Bobadill is the very incarnation of Euphurism; it fits his mouth naturally; there is no straining to acquire it; it is in him; "*nascitur non fit*." But he is also more than this: he is a fool, a coward, and a liar, yet so palpably insignificant is he withal, that we cannot get angry with him, and even the smile of contempt is converted into laughter at his ridiculous extravagancies. His threadbare boasts have been so often repeated, that he actually believes them himself, and imagines everybody else is laboring under the same delusion. He has lied so long that he has forgotten how to speak the truth—falsehood has become as natural to him as existence. A complete coward, he thinks himself an Alexander or a Cæsar, and even when unmercifully beaten, without daring to offer resistance, he is not undeceived, for "By the foot o' Pharaoh! I was fascinated." He differs from Hudibras, for the latter excites but unmitigated laughter—we never feel inclined to despise him. He is unlike Don Quixote, for we cannot but pity the lunacy and admire the good sense of La Mancha's hero: but Bobadill is heartily scorned by every one, as well as heartily laughed at. It is said that Shakspeare intended to satirize this same folly of the age, in his "Love's Labor Lost." How far inferior Holofernes is to our Captain, let each one judge for himself. The other characters of the play, though unequal to Bobadill, are happily conceived and executed. The blunt, rough honesty of Downright and Justice Clement, the comic cunning of Brainworm, and the blind jealousy of Kitely, are finely depicted. Yet there is something wanting to give interest to the whole; it has not sufficient energy to invest it with a life-like air. Except in the case of Kitely, it never penetrates into the recesses of man's nature. It is not a naked statue revealing every portion of the frame, the fine muscles and the well-turned limbs, but a clothed and masked



figure, disclosing nought of what is within, though every fold of the doublet, every wrinkle of the coat, be chiseled to the life. It was about the time of the first appearance of this play, that Jonson and Shakspeare became intimately acquainted. It has been often asserted, that the former was meanly jealous of the superior powers of the latter; the charge contains its own refutation: such a feeling was entirely at variance with Ben's manly character; and the magnificent elegy which he composed upon the death of Shakspeare, some twenty years afterward, betrays too much real admiration and affection to be the work of a hypocrite. In 1599 appeared "Every man out of his humor;" in 1600, "Cynthia's Revels," and the year after, "The Poetaster, or his Arraignment." These plays are all satirical, and while they secured to their author some reputation and profit, they also gained him many enemies. Marston, Decker, and various smaller rhymers, vented their spleen upon him in odes, epigrams, and plays, to such an extent, that he at last resolved to give up comedy and turn his attention to tragedy. At the end of the *Poetaster* he tells us,

"Since the comic muse  
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try  
If tragedy hath a more kind aspect."

Accordingly, in 1603, "*Sejanus*" was produced. This drama is founded upon incidents in Roman history, and the exaltation and fall of *Sejanus*, one of the favorites of the Emperor *Tiberius*, form the subject of the plot. The first scene is, in our estimation, the best in the whole play. The independent spirit of the proud old Romans, *Sabinus*, *Silius*, *Cordus*, and *Arruntius*, is nobly contrasted with the cringing servility of *Satrius* and *Natta*. It was not yet fourscore years since the death of *Marcus Cato*, but already had the most degrading vices of slavery taken possession of the Imperial city. The streets which had been trod by *Scipio*, by *Pompey*, and by *Brutus*, were now filled with panders and flatterers, the base offspring of a licentious court. The Senate, that had been called a "body of kings," and had listened, within the memory of man, to the spirit-stirring voice of *Cicero*, was now employed only to sanction the edicts of a debauched tyrant. The populace had learned to shout the name of a royal favorite as readily and as loudly as it had ever done that of a republican consul. Elegance and refinement served only as cloaks for intemperance and lust. Amid this degeneracy and corruption, might be found here and there a Roman of the olden time—a man in whom the free spirit of the Past was not yet extinct. Such are the friends of *Agrippina*, widow of *Germanicus*. Love for her heroic husband, and admiration of her own virtues, had drawn them around her, and then in

the very court of Tiberius they stand, surrounded by profligacy and tyranny—the monuments of dead Freedom! Sejanus is aiming at the Imperial throne. He has gained the confidence of the credulous Tiberius, poisons Drusus, the heir-apparent, and at last turns his arts against the house of Agrippina. Sabinus is accused by hired informers, in the Senate-house, and foreseeing his fate, after reproaching Tiberius, in a speech worthy of Cato, stabs himself. Silius is butchered by the minions of Sejanus, Cordus thrown into prison, Arruntius threatened daily, when the career of the destroyer is stopped. His wives are all discovered; forsaken by the Emperor and Senate, he is given up to the enraged populace, and torn in pieces. The servility, pride, impiety, caprice, craftiness, and ambition which make up the character of Sejanus, are painted with a master's hand, and though the most conspicuous personage of the drama, we look upon him in his fearful fall, with no emotions of pity, no feeling but detestation.

Jonson was now in the prime of life, and one of a select circle which has not been equaled, since Ovid and Horace and Virgil met together in the courts of Augustus. Among them all there was but one man who could justly claim to be his superior—one to whom it was no disgrace to yield—the poet of all time—William Shakspeare. Upon the accession of James I. in 1603, our author was received into royal favor, and in 1616 was appointed Poet Laureate. Some of his best plays, and many of his Masques, were produced during the interval between these two dates. His life during the whole of James' reign, seems to have been passed quietly and at his ease. After the death of Shakspeare, in 1616, he stood at the head of the living poets, and became an object of much jealousy to numerous petty playwrights: he appears to have looked upon their malignant attacks in pretty much the same light that a mastiff would regard a troop of barking curs. But a sad reverse was awaiting him. In 1625, James died, and Ben immediately fell into neglect, poverty, and want. Disease too assailed him at this critical period, and for a time we entirely lose sight of him. In 1629, however, he appeared again with the play of the "New Inn." Misfortunes seem to have borne heavily upon his stout spirit, for the epilogue to this play contains such lines as these:

"The maker is sick and sad. But do him right,  
He meant to please you, for he sent things fit,  
In all the numbers both of sense and wit,  
If they have not miscarried. If they have,  
All that his faint and faltering tongue can crave,  
Is that you not impute it to his brain:  
That's yet unhurt; *although set round with pain,*  
*It cannot long hold out.*"

The "New Inn" was driven from the stage by the author's rivals, who had recovered strength during his sickness, and who were fearful of his superior powers, should he again gain the ascendant. "According to the fable," says Barry Cornwall, "the only animal that kicked at the dying lion, was the ass; let us hope," he adds, "that it was so on this occasion; and that none of those whose writings we have been accustomed to admire, took part in this uncharitable enmity." Jonson wrote only two plays for the stage after this period. Charles I. became his patron, and with the exception of a short interval of poverty in 1633, the remainder of his life flowed along smoothly enough. In 1635, he composed his celebrated pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd." The unfinished state of this poem, and the fact that it was the last production of the old Dramatist, for it was written in his sixty-first year, throw an interest around it, which is attached to no other of his works. As a pastoral, it is eminently beautiful. It carries us back into the olden days of Merry England, when the shouts of Robin Hood and his bold foresters waked the echoes in green Sherwood. The quiet cheerfulness of the shepherds, the jovial hilarity of the outlawed rangers, the innocent love of Amic, the malignity of the witch, the hunt, the revel, and the dance, and, mingled with the whole, the disordered countenance of the broken-hearted Eglamour, the sad shepherd, are all brought before the mind as in a sort of dreamy panorama. It affects us like one of those autumn days in New England, when not a cloud is visible, not a breath of air stirring, when the soft blue haze is mellowing the distant hill-tops into still finer indistinctness, and faintly revealing the changing hues of the forest leaves.

But the old poet's course was now well nigh ended; the thick dark locks that had once clustered around his temples, had fallen like summer foliage; the stout frame which labor and battle and sickness had not conquered, was gradually bending before the iron hand of Time, and in August, 1637, Ben Jonson died! It is a melancholy task to read the biography of a *man*, to go over the joys, hopes, and loves of youth; the sorrows, crosses, and enmities of manhood; the ambition, turmoil, and confusion of this weary world, invariably to arrive at the same stern conclusion—he died! all, every thing swallowed up in Death.

Of the character of Jonson, we shall say but little. Every man that knows his writings, must be familiar with the disposition and temper of their author. The picture that we have of him is a true index of what he was. The knit brow and dark eye betoken impatience and something of a lurking anger, but there is a thoughtful smile on the lips, and a frank expression on the whole countenance, which show the inward kindness

and self-possession. Ben Jonson might have been displeasing to a stranger, and sometimes might even overtax his friends; but those who knew him best, would assuredly love him most.

We have already spoken of the chief characteristics of his writings. Satiric comedy is evidently best suited to his genius, and that he has been most successful. One proof of his superiority to his contemporary dramatists, (always excepting Shakspeare,) is his want of their excessive vulgarity. In this respect he is as much above Massinger and Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, as they are superior to the playwrights of Charles Second's court. Some of his works, his Masques especially, are perhaps unsuited for modern ears; but there is nothing to be found in all his writings so low as some portions of Massinger's "Virgin Martyr," or any one of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas. His humor is of the genuine, hearty, English order; grim, but loving in its very grimness, sometimes severe, but always well-meaning. When personally attacked, his satire often degenerates into sarcasm, but the blow is no sooner struck, than repented of, and his anger never survives the occasion which called it forth. His repeated reconciliations with Marston, Decker, and Owen Felltham, may be adduced in proof of this. He is endowed too with a most exuberant fancy, a faculty which is especially exhibited in his Masques. Dreams and visions, passions, virtues, vices, start up embodied before the mind; gods and goddesses, witches, goblins, and personified objects of nature, appear upon the stage and play most "fantastic tricks." These Masques abound too in songs, which for completeness of thought and melody of versification, are unsurpassed by any thing in our language. The harmony of Jonson's rhyme indeed is most conspicuous—written as it was in an age when as yet Pope was not. Few authors of that period can boast of such flowing lines as these:

"The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,  
And so is the cat-a-mountain;  
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,  
And the frog keeps out of the fountain.  
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,  
The spindle is now a turning;  
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,  
But all the sky is a burning."

There is one remarkable trait of Jonson's which we cannot pass over. It is, his truth. There is nothing affected in his writings, nothing which he did not himself feel. He was disgusted with the follies and vices of his age, and he lashed them unsparingly; but he never spoke falsely, to give force to his satire—never confounded the right with the wrong. His was

no misanthropic heart, hating good and bad alike—he loved the former as deeply as he scorned the latter. He has been called the English Horace, and we think the title not unaptly given.

Such was Ben Jonson. “Nothing is wanted now, for the old poet, save a little earth for his body—a little charity for his name.” Calumniators have been busy with his memory, but, in our opinion, no one can be familiar with his life and writings, without loving as well as admiring him. He is endeared to our minds by a thousand recollections. He stood up in the courts of Elizabeth and James among such men as Spenser, Sidney, and Raleigh, Felltham, Cecil, and Bacon;—he was the companion, friend, and eulogist of Shakspeare. He saw the glory of the Virgin Queen; he witnessed the puerility, pedantry, and kindliness of her successor; and he walked an old, gray-headed man, among the courtiers of that prince who perished, in the sight of London’s thousands, on the scaffold at Whitehall. The dramatists of his age are indeed a goodly band: they stand together like a grove of English oaks; but there are among them two, whose broad branches and green foliage so far over-top the rest, that, when you look upon them, you lose sight of their companions; and on the trunk of one of these, the taller and more stately, is carved the name of Shakspeare; on the other, in rude characters, is engraved Ben Jonson. PHI.

#### SPIRIT-SOUNDS.

“For oft, ’tis said, in Kedron’s palmy vale  
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale.”—*Heber.*

SWEET on this flowery bank  
The silvery moonbeams lie,  
While far in heaven above  
The stars are in the sky.  
The stars are in the silent sky,  
And as I view the throng  
Of worlds around me—hark! I hear  
The night’s mysterious song!

How soothingly it floats  
Upon the evening air!  
And to my sorrowing soul  
A healing balm they bear,  
Those viewless voices of the night;  
Oh! how I love them now!  
For with a sister’s gentleness  
They calm my aching brow.

Oh ! how these plaintive strains  
Lull all my cares to rest,  
And drive distracting thoughts  
Far from my troubled breast !  
May I forever, spirit-sounds,  
Your holy influence feel,  
Until within the spirit-land,  
Before His throne I kneel.

C.

## ENGLISH PROSE WRITINGS.

THE period that elapsed from about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the Restoration, has generally been styled the Augustan age of English literature. It may also, and, perhaps, more properly, be called its creative age; for it was not till the Reformation had thrown off the shackles of Papal power, and dispelled the thick clouds of Superstition resting for centuries over the moral world, that the spell was broken which had bound the energies of the mind; not till then were produced those great works on which England principally rests her fame. Whether the struggle for freedom of thought and conscience was the cause of intellectual life, or both were the result of some gradual progress toward a better state of things, set in motion by remoter agencies, certain it is, that so soon as the violence of the storm had passed and the sky had cleared, there shone forth such an assemblage of bright stars, as have graced no subsequent period in the history of that or any other country. Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and Bacon, were the leaders of a host that stamped the vivid impress of originality on their age, and characterized it as preëminently one of invention. Genius seemed, in truth, rather to awaken from invigorating slumber in full maturity, than to commence its being; such was the energy and luxuriance it manifested during the seventy or eighty years that followed its sudden appearance. A sketch of the literature of this period would far exceed the limits we have assigned ourselves. We purpose to speak merely of its prose productions, and then briefly mention some of the more prominent qualities which distinguish from these the same class of writings of the present day.

That the early English prose works are now fallen into comparative neglect, is matter of common observation; and it is to be regretted, that the fastidiousness of modern taste, taking exception to some quaintness of style in them, has operated exten-

sively to set aside such invaluable contributions to literature. More serious charges, however, than difficulties of style, are alledged against them. Like all polemic writings, they too often treat of subjects that possess only a local interest, or, still worse, are marred by party spirit and bitter invective. Yet such objections, well grounded as they may be, ought not, we think, to be regarded as insuperable, especially since they may be easily accounted for and greatly palliated. The old English authors lived in those "troubulous times" which determined the characters of men, and tried their souls. As the champions of civil and religious liberty, they had far other work to do, than go in and quietly possess the land laid open to them by the hardy pioneers of the Reformation. They found heresies rife in church and state, threatening to subvert the labor of years. Corrupt institutions were still in existence, and demanding all their energies to break them down. It is not matter of wonder, therefore, that, placed in such a solemn crisis, and beset on every side by formidable enemies, these daring spirits should have been betrayed into the indulgence of party virulence; that the cause of literature should have suffered through their eagerness to advance the cause of freedom. "When God," says Milton, "commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall conceal."

On the other hand, we remark, that this stern conflict between good and evil was the source of many of the peculiar excellencies to be found in the writings of which we are speaking. Their unexampled energy and boldness, their stirring eloquence and earnestness, were all, doubtless, owing in some measure to the exigencies of no ordinary times. Hence it is, that though far from being deficient in individuality, they exhibit a remarkable affinity, which characterizes them as the productions of one class of intellect, and of one age. Authors of those days were, as a class, men of comprehensive, far-reaching minds, and vast learning, who were compelled, by the very position they occupied, to rely chiefly on their own resources. They wrote from full heads and full hearts, unsolicitous about fame, and without the fear of man before their eyes. Conscious of having important matter to communicate, they adopted that direct, earnest, and wrestling style which speaks continually of the solemn responsibilities they felt to be resting upon them. As a consequence of that happy independence, they set the seal of their own intellectual strength on all their works, pouring out original, splendid thoughts, in rich profusion. Indeed, it is the praise of their age, that it laid broad the foundations of literature by invention—rather than reared and adorned its super-

structure by art. With careless prodigality, it furnished materials for after-times to polish and arrange. Ordinary intellects may display their borrowed stores, and mould them into a thousand fantastic shapes—it is the prerogative of true genius alone to originate—such genius as breathes through the works of Milton, Barrow, Baxter, and Jeremy Taylor. These are inexhaustible mines, at which succeeding generations have wrought, abundantly repaid for the labor of bringing to light and refining the precious ores.

Nor would we fail to notice the variety and compass of language, which challenge our admiration, no less than the depth of thought in these writings. The full, majestic flow of sentences, copious even to a fault,

“In linked sweetness long drawn out,”

the vividness of painting, the energy with which strong conceptions are expressed in every variety of form, impress on the reader, at each step, the conviction, that the English language was a “pipe,” of which their authors knew all the “stops.” The incessant play of imagination, is another characteristic deserving of mention, and one which, but for the abundant specimens afforded in these old writers, of harmonious union, would be pronounced subversive of severe logic and impetuous argument. We can scarcely read a page, even of their controversial works, unpromising as are the titles of many of these, without being struck at the astonishing exuberance of their fancy. We are repeatedly startled at its power and activity in furnishing similes as unexpected as felicitous. Topics of the most abstruse and sterile nature come from its Midas’ touch replete with interest, irradiated with all the splendor of poetic imagery, brilliant allusions, and vivid conceptions. And, as imagination was not repressed by the vigorous exercise of reason, or the smothering influence of erudition, so was it not suffered to ride triumphant over the sterner faculties of the mind. The vine and the oak flourished together. The sprightliness which belongs to the first stages of literature, was combined with the strength of its maturity. The faults of these writings, for they are scarcely less prominent than their excellencies, demand a brief notice. We shall look in vain to them for complete models of style or argument. We may not expect to find them Apollos in letters. They may rather be compared to a rough hewn Jupiter, or a mutilated Torso. The outlines of heroic forms are not continuous, but discerned at intervals, and must be traced from detached points. Very often we find, in company with beautiful expressions and profound reasoning, utter puerilities both of thought and language, the whole presenting a strange mix-

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ture of "iron and clay," yet with this redeeming trait, that there is no blending, no chemical union, so to speak, of the component parts: they are only in proximity; the good is "good entire," and the bad—we wonder how men of genius could be guilty of it, or men of sense endure it. In very many instances, however, the defects alluded to were the result of excessive fertility of invention. In the hands of one possessed of superabundant materials, but without the principles of a judicious selection, a subject often becomes "dark from excess of light." The faults of style are, in a great measure, due to the age. Popular taste was not yet established and refined by a system of criticism. The most illiterate were fond of a learned array of authorities, though cited in support of truisms; not satisfied with a profuse, and, if we may use the term, a scenic display of epithets, similes, and high-flown metaphors, they demanded a sight of the machinery, also, by which these were produced, and delighted in nothing so much as in the mysteries of mood and figure, "set off," in the language of South, "with scraps of Greek and Latin, though not able to read so much of either as might save their necks upon occasion."

We come now to the second part of our subject, and here a difficulty presents itself. In considering the distinctive features of modern prose writings, we are liable to be led astray by such as are purely accidental. Our attention is naturally directed to the multitude of ephemeral productions teeming from the press, bubbles that float on the surface of the stream, whirled about by its innumerable eddies, giving no indication of the steady undercurrent. It needs, however, but a very superficial observation, to convince us that English literature has undergone a radical change since the heroic age we have described; indeed, its whole progress from that period, has been but a series of vicissitudes, as constantly recurring as the revolutions of taste, and as various as the Protean forms of fancy. The ideal of the present day is the practical, the popular. The inquiry becomes, not what literature will be enduring, but what is best adapted to meet the wants of the community and secure its patronage. Let its records be as fleeting as the Sybil's leaves, if they are either potent in moulding popular sentiment, or faithful in portraying manners and opinions as they are. Away with an aristocracy of letters, is the cry; its artificial forms, its conventional rules—let them be reduced to the standard of nature, from which they have so deplorably departed. And, happily, a change for the better, in some respects, has been the result. Authors are no longer intent upon doing war with each other, over the heads of the people, nor are their lives engrossed in an idle search after the "Elixir of immortality:" they are brought

into contact with the world, identified with its interests, and, by consequence, their works are truer exhibitions of real life, showing "the very body o' the time, his form and pressure." But good is ever mingled with evil. The results of this leveling process have been other than merely a filling up of the valleys. While the mind enjoys a broader field of action, its energies are, in effect, impaired, because they are never tasked to the "top of their bent," in any single effort. The inspiration of modern authors is less an inward impulse than the spur of outward incentives. They write for the sake of writing: from no other cause it happens, that they manifest so little, comparatively, of the high-toned enthusiasm, and the power of patient research, which are essential elements of intellectual greatness. In truth, this falls not within the sphere of their efforts. To furnish amusement for listless minds, to rouse the passions, to gratify an ever-growing thirst for novelty, to foster the spirit of fancied, self-sufficiency abroad, which, in its zeal to shun the appearance of submission to authority, renounces all deference to it—these are the labors which are appreciated and rewarded; and few are willing to court the odium or the neglect of contemporaries, trusting to the impartial decision of other ages; few can shut their ears against the clamors of ready applause, and listen to the distant voice of Fame,

"Whose sound is like the sea."

Again, we think depth as well as simplicity of thought, are made subordinate, in a greater or less degree, to elegance of style. How rarely do modern writers evince that luxuriance of invention, which made the writers of the seventeenth century the benefactors of all time; how rarely exhibit their keenness of vision, or the power of grasping a subject in its length and breadth! True, there is a more delicate finishing of parts, and a more judicious husbanding of resources; but impassioned eloquence poured from the soul, and touching the soul like a spell—alas! this is a bow of those elder times, which none are found able to draw. The elaborate essays of a Channing or a Macauley, may, indeed, interest intensely; nay, more, they may elicit involuntary exclamations of wonder at their endlessly recurring felicities of thought and expression; yet do they utterly fail to lead captive the reader, overpowered by his own deep emotions; he rises from their perusal enlightened, indeed, but still master of his feelings; his heart has not burned within him, nor is he conscious of that increase of mental vigor, which is felt in communing with the highest order of minds. Is it said they comprise all the elements of which are composed the works of Milton and Jeremy Taylor? So, it may be replied, did Shenstone's pleasure-ground contain, in kind, all the ele-

ments of Alpine scenery, but none of its wildness and grandeur, its masses of gloomy shades and dazzling lights. That transcendent skill and exquisite taste are displayed, we do not mean to deny. The *art* of writing was never better understood than it is now—but art alone is impotent to breathe into its creations the breath of life—and to an excessive reliance upon this, we doubt not, may be traced most of the faults of modern authors. Tameless is the inevitable consequence of that over-rigorous discipline, to which their imagination, and, in fine, all their mental faculties, are subjected. Thick-coming thoughts, instead of being poured forth in such artless effusion as would reveal the power and opulence of the mind which conceived them, are marshaled, and polished, and pruned into very meagerness and insipidity, or, worse than all, “the come tardy off” is attempted to be neutralized by the “overdone.” From the tedium of common-place ideas the writer takes refuge in mysticism, and descants on the glories that are visible only to “that inner eye;” or again, he resorts to an affected vivacity and quaintness of style, which, like the ludicrous starts of a puppet, are indicative of any thing but real animation. Art, it is true, enables him to sustain a “middle flight,” and avoid the inequalities which mar the works of the elder writers; but while it is asserted that he seldom “soars untrodden heights,” it is awarding but a negative kind of praise to add, neither does he plunge “ten thousand fathoms down.”

That this labored correctness of modern writers too often degenerates into a servile spirit, is due, in no small degree, to the influence of reviews. The narrow principles upon which many of them are conducted, their dictatorial tone, and their ambitious display of dissecting powers, have encouraged an anxious titling of “mint and cummin,” to the neglect of weightier matters. The careless independence of the seventeenth century has been exchanged for immoderate deference to the arbitrary rules of criticism. The rapidly increasing number of reviews adds daily to this evil; they are engrossing a disproportion of creative talents, and these in turn are diverting the attention of the public from original works to criticisms. The mind seems enamored of itself, and is intent on gazing upon its own image.

It is not our design, however, to enter upon the broad subject of criticism and reviews, nor to trace to a greater extent their influence upon the literature of the present day. It has been our simple endeavor to present to view some of the distinctive features which mark the literature of the past and present centuries. And we would fain hope that, ere long, attention will again be turned to those rich veins of thought, where the wealth of former days, and the treasures of an age itself, rich in intellectual stores, lie garnered up for the use of all succeeding times.

## AUTHORSHIP IN AMERICA.

WERE we permitted to read a complete history of the Lives of Authors, in all ages and countries, we should be surprised to discover how much they have been subject to the ills and hardships of life. The young and ardent scholar, who is looking forward to literature as a profession, would find much, we apprehend, in such a history, to cool his enthusiasm, and cast a shade over the bright dreams of his imagination. The flowers which he may have seen would wither away, and he would behold only thorns and barrenness. The poverty of authors is proverbial. While the purse-proud *millionaire* rolls along in wealth and luxury, the poor author, spurned by his aristocratic superiors, is enduring bitter privations, and wasting the energies of his life in his solitary study. Often do we see him scattering upon the world the treasures of a capacious intellect, adding wealth to his country's literature, and increasing the knowledge and happiness of man, yet receiving but scanty returns, and perhaps suffered to die in beggary, unhonored and unlamented.

Still there can be no nobler pursuit than that of literature, and some will be ever ready to make it their profession. He who feels within the irrepressible fires of genius, will endure want, wretchedness, nay, death itself, to gratify his burning aspirations. Sent on a high and holy mission, it is not for him to regard the petty inconveniences of life. He is writing for posterity; his voice is to be heard along the line of time for centuries after his body has mouldered with decay. What should that man care for toil and suffering, who is grasping after the precious boon of immortality, and striving to inscribe his name on the eternal records of the illustrious? Who can tell the rapture with which Homer, blind and poor, may have anticipated the future glory of his undying verse? What to Thucydides were banishment and degradation, while composing his matchless work, *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνι*, as in the confidence of genius, he has himself styled it? How richly Horace must have felt himself repaid for his labors, when he gave utterance to the exulting thought, "*non omnis moriar?*" We can imagine also the triumphant emotions of Tacitus, when he added these final words to one of his immortal productions, "*Agricola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit;*" and well can we conceive of the proud joy of Dante, while thinking that he was the dispenser of posthumous renown or infamy to those who treated him with neglect or persecution.

But all men are not gifted with the endowments of genius, and we may well doubt whether many do not shrink from the pro-

fession of authorship, through want of encouragement and patronage. In this country, our men of talents, aware that they could not live by authorship, or at most would obtain but a scanty subsistence, are preferring the war of party spirit, or the tumult and hum of business, to the quiet and ease of literary pursuits. We have few men among us, who are engaged solely in the field of letters. We boast of our poets—our Bryants, Hallecks, and Spragues, who possess souls filled with rich fountains of song—but not one of them is wedded to the muse. Deserting pursuits more congenial to their tastes, they engage in the thorny path of politics, or in the nice calculations of business, and offer up their incense on the altar of mammon. Occasionally they remind us in some noble lyric or wild dithyrambic, that they are in possession of impassioned spirits—that we still have among us those who can give utterance to the immortal conceptions of poetry; yet at times we almost fear, that “Melpomene and Euterpe, with their sister muses, have fled from the beautiful Praenestes and Aonian Aganippe, to dwell on Hyperborean plains, by the rapid Aufidus, or storm-bearing Bosphorus.” We have also prose writers, men of brilliant minds, and well qualified to adorn the highest walks of literature; but, for the most part, they depend on other pursuits for subsistence; nor can we wonder at this strange desertion of the field of letters, when we consider the uninviting prospect presented to the author.

The spirit of the times, we think, is decidedly injurious to our literature. We live in a practical age—an age in which the great cry is *utility*. The beauties of nature present charms, only so far as they subserve the march of improvement. The utilitarian, as he looks upon our lofty mountains, thinks not of their solemn grandeur and sublimity, but of their rich beds of minerals, and exhaustless stores of anthracite. He contemplates our majestic lakes and rivers, only in connection with steamboats, canals, and merchandise, and, as he beholds the spray, and listens to the deep thunderings of Niagara, he wonders at its mighty power for turning machinery, or perhaps exclaims with the enthusiastic tailor:

“Lord! what a place to sponge a coat!”

It is with feelings of pride and self-glorification, that he surveys our country, and regards the progress of improvement; the forests of centuries, bowing before our hardy pioneers; our boundless prairies and wild savannahs, smiling under the hand of civilization; rocks rent and mountains leveled, and the ocean, that once roared in tones of defiance to the timid mariner, now a crowded thoroughfare, bearing continually on its bosom mul-

itudes of fearless souls. He considers the man of letters a drone—a non-producer and useless member of society—unless he can be adapted to the Procrustean bed of utility. He looks upon Poetry, Fiction, and Romance, as sentimental nonsense, suited only to the atmosphere of a boarding school. The author who ventures before that great Feadladeen, the public, must expect that his production will meet the scorching criticism of the practical man, and be approved or condemned by the utilitarian standard. *Cui bono?* What is its use? is the interrogation it must meet. While the man who can raise the loudest cry about internal improvement, is the subject of universal adulation, he who is bringing glory upon his country, and engraving her name on the eternal marble, is greeted with a passing sneer, and made a mark for the scorn and contempt of the multitude. It is evident that such a spirit must discourage our authors, and exercise a restraining and blighting influence upon our literature.

Not only do we live in a practical age, but there is a kind of wild excitement pervading every department of life. So rapid has been our progress in science and art, that our dormant energies have been aroused, and a feeling of high enthusiasm imparted to every member of society. As we behold the impetuous steam-horse dashing along over mountains and rivers, a kind of electric joy shoots through our veins, animating every nerve, and we begin to despise the plodding movements of our ancestors, and pity their ignorance and barbarism. Wealth is the great object of pursuit; every one is worshipping at the shrine of the almighty dollar. Our literary men have a higher regard for gold and silver, than for the treasures of the intellect. Our poets can talk more easily about land speculations, bank investments, and railroad stocks, than about dactyls and anapests, tropes and metaphors. We have not that quiet and steadiness so necessary to success in literary pursuits. The author is inspired with the spirit of enterprise; he plunges into the whirl of business, and labors to increase the ferment of society. He finds few allurements in his study, and acquires a disrelish for the abstractions of authorship. When he looks around him, and sees many more lucrative employments; when he finds his earlier associates suddenly and with little effort obtaining wealth and distinction, it can hardly be expected, that he should do otherwise than engage in the universal scramble for property. In England and Germany these causes operate far less against literary efforts. There, society is in a state of rest, and inducements are held out sufficient to call forth men of talents, and cause them to join with ardor in the toils of authorship. Every department of letters is filled with the aspiring and ambitious,

and the consequence is, that their literatures are strong, well-developed, and the noblest in the world. But we can console ourselves with the thought, that our country is in its youth, and that our people are yet engaged in the noise and bustle of preparation. Our literature started into being but yesterday, nor can it be expected, that it should at once attain the strength and vigor of manhood. When time shall have hallowed the earlier events in our country's history; when the struggles of the Pilgrims and the wild scenes of the Revolution shall be covered with the haze of antiquity; when the shrill war-whoop and startling coronach of the Red Man shall be heard no more; when the tall pines of Oregon shall have fallen, and the fearless emigrant found a resting place by the waters of the Pacific; when cool experience and hoary wisdom shall have succeeded the zeal and ardor of youth; when, in short, centuries have been added to our country's age, then may we expect a literature, wonderful in energy, unsurpassed in richness, and national in its character.

The profession of authorship in this country would present far more attractions to the literary man, were proper notice taken of the indisputable rights of authors. Far from believing with Mr. Gregsbury, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, that "the creation of the pocket belong to one man, or one family, but the creations of the brain belong to the people at large," it is our opinion, that there is such a thing as literary property, and that it would become our national councils to acknowledge its existence by the enactment of an international copy right law. The want of such a law, we cannot but believe, is putting a fearful check upon the growth of our literature. Foreign works fill the market, and as they are furnished at a much lower price than native productions, they find ready purchasers, and obtain an extensive circulation; while the works of our own authors, for the most part, remain on the shelves of the booksellers. The consequence is, that our literary men, unrewarded and discouraged, are compelled to abandon their favorite pursuit for others, which will yield them adequate returns for their labors. That we have gifted minds amongst us, no one can doubt, when he regards the thousand and one fragmentary and fugitive productions, which are continually appearing in our periodicals, giving us ample evidence, that our men of letters, were suitable inducements held out, would bring honor to themselves and their country, by more enduring works. If they could be placed on an equal footing with the writers of the old world, they would come forth from the ranks of political combatants, and, entering a nobler field of exertion, the *savans* of England would soon confess, that we have talents in this country, worthy of admiration and respect.

By this introduction of foreign works, the opinions, tastes, and feelings of foreigners also find admittance, and are freely circulated amongst our own people. Much that we get from abroad is but sickly trash—the offals of courts, and the productions of witlings and sciolists. Owing to the high admiration which we entertain for every thing that comes from such a source, our literature is in danger of losing those distinctive features of nationality, which it should be our delight to preserve and cherish, and of becoming an imitative one, an exotic, as it were, struggling for existence in an uncongenial soil, and drawing sustenance from other than its native springs. But with an international copy right, this trash would scarcely find a place among us; the falsehoods and slanders of travelers, who take but a superficial view of our country and her institutions, would be limited in their influence, and we should have an independent and national literature of our own. Our men of learning and genius would come forward and stamp the age with their influence—men who have confidence in their own abilities, and can think, examine, and write for themselves. They would frown down the petty scribblers of foreign courts with their sneers and insults, and exact from them the tribute of respect. We should soon have, what we so much need, more esteem for ourselves, and our young writers, rising in their strength, and breaking away from habits of imitation and servility, would put forth their native and untried energies, in bold and successful efforts.

Not only does our literature call loudly for this international law, but it would be a most just and righteous enactment. We are depriving the author of what is honestly his due; nor can we wonder at the contempt which foreigners entertain towards us, while we are treating them with so much injustice. We can, indeed, pilfer from them with impunity, but our country is gaining no honor by refusing to extend to them this act of equity—for it is but an evidence of the universal cupidity and avarice by which our people are governed. While we see all our periodicals, hebdomadal and daily, city mammoth and country Lilliputian, crowded with foreign productions, bringing in rich returns to the publishers, we must expect this law will meet with opposition; still, every argument that can be urged against it, will be sordid in its nature, and without weight in an honorable mind. It is to be hoped, then, that our statesmen will pay that attention to this subject, which is commensurate with its importance—that the time will soon come, when we may have this provision in our statute books, imparting an impulse to the growth of our literature, and adding new lustre to our national honor.



We possess the materials, and can have a noble literature, if we will but appropriate and mould them to our use. No country presents a richer field for the amateurs of science and art, or more abundant themes for the poet and novelist, than our own. We cannot, indeed, boast of baronial castles and gloomy cathedrals; we have no ivied column or fretted arch, famed in story and in song, to tell us of far-off antiquity; no monumental wonders, covered with the dust of time, to remind us of the glorious deeds of our ancestors; and no historic associations, to link us with the memories of another age. Ours is not a worn-out world; every thing here wears the hue of freshness and youth. We have a scenery, rich, grand, and magnificent, diversified with touching beauties, and surpassing even the wildest dreams of the imagination. Mountains, rivers, and inland seas—foaming cataracts and placid lakes—lone and interminable forests, that have never rung with the voice of civilization, and mighty cities, crowded with a busy population, where the notes of happiness are continually ascending, like incense to heaven—wilderness and plain—all are ready for the use of the moulding and creating intellect. And we have still amongst us the remnants of that race who once peopled these shores—the lion-hearted sons of the forest. What themes for poetry do they present! With what wonderful effect their sufferings and their fate might be woven into the tale of fiction! Their wild traditions and legends—their strange customs and traits of character—their battle cry and death yell—their unyielding courage, which no terrors could overcome, and their rapid disappearance before the march of civilization—all these furnish themes such as the most fertile imagination would never have conceived. Then we have our own eventful history—the clarion peal of the Revolution, and the glad song of liberty—our border wars, and all the dangers our young republic has passed through to gain a foothold among the nations of the earth, and her glorious prospects, which no coloring of words could exaggerate, and which are sufficient to awaken the highest enthusiasm in the mind of the patriotic author. Have we not, then, amongst us rich materials for an indigenous Literature? And why may we not make use of them, ere foreigners shall snatch them from our grasp? Let our authors leave the exhausted soil of the old world, and turn their attention to their native land. They will find here no starving population, no idle and disgusting Lazzaroni, but a happy and interesting people, calling upon them to perpetuate the glories of their country, and weave for themselves a proud garland of fame.

The lover of his country is regarding the condition and progress of our literature with intense interest. He need not de-

The future is bright with hope, and time will unfold splendid results. The restraints which are now felt, will, ere long, be removed, and our authors will be stimulated to noble exertions. The historian will come forward and record in living words the annals of our republic. The biographer will silently record the names of our mighty men, and leave them to the gaze of posterity. The novelist will extend his wand over the realms of intellect, interweaving the events of history with the fictions of his imagination. And the poet will catch the harmonies of the groves and streams, and, as if inspired, pour forth strains which will wake a responsive note in every patriotic heart. Some world-wide genius will yet arise from among us, and hasten the coming of a brighter day in our literature. These are no idle dreams. The omens have been watched, and they are favorable; the oracle has been consulted, and in the plainest language the Pythoness tell us of a glorious future. Σ

THE ANGEL'S LAMENT.

A tone of woe on the dying gale,  
 With notes of sorrow and words of wail ;  
 An angel spirit in anguish grieves,  
 And singeth the dirge of the soul it leaves.  
 The dirge of a soul that refused to hear  
 Its guardian angel that whispered near,  
 And turned to the crime no dying moans,  
 Nor pleading prayer, nor anguished groans,  
 Nor penance, nor saving blood atones.

“ No more, no more with a faithful eye,  
 And a soul of love may I hover nigh,  
 Unseen, unknown, with a noiseless wing,  
 The message of warning and grace to bring ;  
 The man I have watched in his riper years,  
 The youth that I guarded through peril and fears,  
 The child that I loved in days of yore,  
 I may guard and love—no more—no more !

“ I watched the couch where, in quiet laid,  
 The infant slept while the mother prayed ;  
 And I told in heaven the prayers and tears  
 That her soul poured out in its love and fears ;  
 But his guileless days are forever flown,  
 And a spell of death o'er his soul is thrown,  
 And the innocent hopes that his childhood bore,  
 Shall return to his heart, no more—no more !

"An angel of mercy I waited long,  
 To bear his return to the angel throng ;  
 And oft, in his fear, when his eye was dim,  
 I whispered of pardon and love for him ;  
 But he sinned the sin that no mortal may,  
 And return again from his downward way ;  
 And the Saviour's blood o'er his guilt may pour  
 From its fountain of healing, no more—no more !

"And years, long years o'er his head may roll,  
 Yet bring no hope to his blighted soul ;  
 They shall steal along with their hours of care,  
 And of reckless mirth, and of wild despair ;  
 But the same sealed doom, like a baleful cloud,  
 His pathway shall shadow, his hopes enshroud ;  
 For his seasons of pardon and love are o'er,  
 And mercy is offered, no more—no more !

"My mission is ended, and I return  
 To the radiant throne where the seraphs burn,  
 Where the songs of bliss are forever rolled  
 From the sounding wires of the harps of gold ;  
 And he, 'mid the anguish of endless pain,  
 Shall long for the mercy he scorned in vain ;  
 The love he hath slighted, in vain implore ;  
 I may come with my message, no more—no more !"

No more ! no more ! and the spirit bright,  
 From the self-destroyed, beareth up his flight ;  
 And the echo dies on the mortal ear—  
 Yet still in my musing, I seem to hear  
 The angel wail, on his journey home,  
 As he sweeps along through the starry dome,  
 The fate of the spirit lost deplore,  
 And strangely sound on the crystal shore  
 Of the regions of glory—"no more—no more !"

88.

## INFLUENCE OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Ich liebe mein Vaterland !*

VATERLAND ! What volumes of meaning are comprehended in that name ! And ever, as its solemn tones fall on our ear, a deep seriousness steals over our hearts, the pulse beats slower in our veins, and we shrink in trembling awe, while the home of deep, mysterious thought, rises dim and spectre-like before us. 'Tis not a land of vine-clad hills and sunny skies, of courtly,

gallant knights and gay, light-hearted ladies fair, but over the dreary forests and humid plains of that strange, thoughtful people, hangs an eternal cloud, rising incessant from the German Meerschaum,

"On which no rainbow ever sat,  
No sunshine ever gleamed."

We look back long ages into the history of the bold Teutonic race, and strange sights come crowding on our vision. That fierce, warrior race, of giant form, in mail and brazen armor clad, five hundred years ago, waging exterminating war with the merciless Guelphs—the ancient castles, with their frowning battlements, looking grimly down from every stronghold of nature—the ghosts of a hundred thousand victims, whose blood has dyed the German soil, condemned for witchcraft—and in later times, the wild, uproarious Burschentide, which, with shout and song, and a glorious "Live thou hoch!" to Fatherland, comes sweeping by—all in that distant cloud-land appear in dim, shadowy outline, exciting our wonder, and opening a boundless field, where the fancy may revel in its wild vagaries. But we pass lightly over these topics to another, which more nearly concerns us, that of the influence of German literature, which we shall now consider.

It is but yesterday that German literature obtained a name among us. Less than a century has elapsed since it could claim a distinct existence in its native land.

In 1750, that country was without a national literature, or it was known only as a laughing stock and reproach. At best, it was only scholastic and common place, giving no indications of the high rank which it was destined soon to attain. Books there were, it is true, theological, antiquarian, speculative, and even practical works, for the people. But we look in vain for men of lasting fame, writing on subjects of general interest, or advancing new and independent theories.

For two centuries after the Reformation, German genius strangely slumbered, while that of surrounding nations displayed the greatest activity. But it slumbered only, and was not extinguished. It was the calm repose of the powerful giant, after an Herculean effort, reinvigorating his exhausted energies for a more striking display of strength. Such a display has been made by the German mind during the last century. Shaking off the slumber of ages, a host of illustrious names at once appeared, astonishing the world by their bold achievements and success in the field of literature.

Like Minerva from the brain of Jove, they leaped at once in complete armor, and the full strength of mature age, into the

field of conflict, and fought with such hopeful, manly earnestness, that they have won for their Fatherland the first rank in national literature. In the van stood Lessing, Göethe, and Schiller, whose writings alone would constitute a literature of which any nation might justly be proud. Endowed with mighty intellectual power, far-reaching vision, and an undaunted spirit to grapple with error, they were hailed as the deliverers of their country from her intellectual bondage.

But speedy as has been the growth of German literature, it now exerts a more commanding influence than that of any other nation. Not that German authors are read more extensively, or with greater interest, among the people at large, than those of other nations, for such is not the case. But that writers who sway public sentiment, both at home and abroad, are imbibing more deeply the spirit of this literature, is manifestly evident. In England, this is more especially true. It is but a few years since the German language was there looked upon with contempt, German sentiment and metaphysics made the subjects of disdainful criticism, and German poetry proscribed as unnatural and affected. But public sentiment has undergone a radical and wide-spread change.

All deep thinkers there, (and, indeed, we may add, throughout Europe,) are now familiar with the language in which the mightiest intellects of the past century have poured forth their treasures to the world. The spirit which breathe through German authors, has pervaded every department of English literature. Coleridge has drank deep at the fountains of German philosophy, and, in his own vigorous mind, matured a system, which, if it has not shaken the theories of Locke, Stewart, and Brown, has, at least, led men to inquire, whether there may not be important truths in this science, of which these philosophers never dreamed.

It is true, that Coleridge, by the skillful use of language, and the splendid fascinations of a scholastic and philosophic diction, has advanced some truths as original, which were first discovered by his predecessors, in this field of inquiry. But it is also true, that many of his speculations can claim not only the merit of originality, but have led to the most important results. That spirit of inquiry alone, which has been aroused, has been of incalculable benefit. The attention has been directed to the fact, that there is knowledge in man, that is not derived from the senses. It has been discovered, that there are mysteries unsolved—dark places in the mind, which are not to be enlightened by re-modeling the shallow systems of by-gone philosophers, but which demand the highest efforts of earnest, vigorous thought.

But if we consider the popular literature of the day, we shall

find the influence of the German spirit more strikingly apparent. Carlyle, with his earnest, inquiring mind, directed by a warm and glowing heart, stands the representative and interpreter of this spirit—the great Hierophant, who would disclose to us, by his devout teaching, the mysteries and divine wisdom of this “modern Holy Land.” He has been the ministering priest at the altar of its sacred temples, and caught the inspiration of the hallowed fire which has kindled thereon. To say that he is most familiar with the great minds of Germany, is not enough—he breathes the same spirit with them, proposes to himself the same high ends, and, in the full strength and manly vigor of our Saxon tongue, pours forth the deep and earnest thoughts of an independent spirit. The all-pervading sentiment of his writings, is, the *dignity and worth of man*, and a hopeful looking for a higher destiny than he has yet attained. Disdaining, in his earnest pursuit of this one object, to follow in the beaten track of his predecessors, or be governed by the nice distinctions of a shallow criticism, he has boldly struck out for himself a new path, and dared to speak the feelings of his heart, in a style peculiarly his own. We believe this style, to a considerable extent, to be unnatural and affected, that many of his views are visionary and even dangerous, and should not be received without the most careful examination. But yet there is a magic in his pen, an irresistible charm, which rivets our attention, leading us still onward and upward, and forcing us to admire, even where we cannot assent. The writings of this great man bear the impress of profound thought, a sincere and trusting heart, aiming at high and worthy purposes, and manfully battling for the truth, against every form of error, by which the mind is kept in bondage. It were well for us more diligently to study such authors, and especially the literature whose spirit they breathe, for we shall find much there that is best for man—the heart speaking to the heart, and kindling in the divinity within, more ardent aspirations after the highest good.

It is not difficult to account for the wide influence which German literature has acquired, and the still more extensive sway which it is yet destined to exert. It contains within itself the elements of a popularity, world-wide and time-enduring. It rests on no superficial foundation. Whatever stability and finish, profound scholarship, and a long course of severe mental discipline, can give to any literature, is possessed by that of Germany. Those famous Universities, where the German mind has been maturing for the mighty efforts it has put forth during the last century, are of no recent origin. Five hundred years ago, Heidelberg could boast its scholars of illustrious name. Even earlier than this, under the Hohenstaufen emperors, was a glo-

rious period in the history of German literature. True, the songs of those early bards were but small and rude beginnings, compared with the efforts of later times, and can hardly be considered as forming a distinct national literature. Yet we cannot but admire that noble race of heroes, who, while waging an exterminating war with the Guelphs, cultivated with such ardor the arts and sciences, which had risen upon the ruins of ancient civilization.

In the lyric and patriotic songs of this period, which sprung from the traditions relating to the times of Nibelungen and Attila, and the bloody period of Northern mythology, we trace the first germs of German poetry, which has since attained such perfection. They breathe the same free spirit, the same glowing warmth and true German heart, which we see displayed in Schiller and Göethe; and from these ancient lays are drawn some of the most beautiful artistic creations of which Germany can boast. Nor is German literature wanting in classic elegance and purity. Indeed, no nation more abounds in beautiful translations from ancient authors, or has illustrated them with more profound criticisms and learned annotations.

With equal ardor have they applied themselves to the study of whatever is valuable in the modern literature of foreign nations. Shakspeare is understood as well, and appreciated as highly among the Germans, as at home. Tasso has there won greener laurels and more enduring fame, than in his native land; and Franklin takes his stand side by side with those who are ranked as stars of the first magnitude in their Fatherland.

But the most striking characteristic of German literature, which præeminently distinguishes it from that of other nations, and which has, more than any thing else, given it its commanding influence, is *freedom of thought and earnestness*. Political freedom is great, but intellectual greater. This is the only true foundation on which an enduring national literature can be built, and only, while characterized by freedom of thought and earnestness, will its progress be onward and upward. In Germany, there is the most perfect freedom of opinion on every subject. It is chiefly owing to this intellectual freedom, that German Universities have become the resort of students from every part of the world. Poor as Germany is, she has more richly endowed her institutions of learning, than any other nation. The chairs of their Professorships, of which Gottingen alone contains more than ninety, are filled with men of splendid talent and vast erudition. Oxford and Cambridge may boast a more ancient standing and greater wealth, but they sink into insignificance when compared with their sister institutions of Germany, on which they once looked down in scorn. For the last century,

they have produced scarcely half a dozen minds which could rank with the host of German writers, renowned throughout the world for their attainments in literature and science. Cramped by conformity to long established usage, and servilely following in the beaten track of their predecessors, those classic shades of our ancestors, instead of becoming the seats of free thought, and the fountains of a pure, elevated, and constantly progressing literature, have rather been prison houses for the mind, teaching the "doctrines and traditions of men," and checking the boldest exercise of the reason, lest its conclusions should conflict with systems hallowed by the sacred charm of antiquity. After the glorious era of the reign of the Maiden Queen, and the civil commotions of the seventeenth century, we no longer find English literature the free and beautiful outpouring of the heart, but degenerating to one of common-place ideas and utilitarian spirit, and almost entirely deficient in those qualities so essential to a valuable national literature, originality, romance, and enthusiasm.

The most serious charge brought against the influence of German literature of the present day, is its tendency to infidelity. Prejudiced sectarians and stupid critics have again and again reiterated their charges of irreligion, licentiousness, and atheism, against the great names who have stood at the head of modern German literature. It has long been contended that the main tendency of the most popular German writings, was to a rejection of divine revelation, and the substitution of human creeds in its stead. If this were true, it would be indeed a sad comment on the highest efforts of human reason, enlightened by revelation. But it is not true. Who can for a moment suppose that the freest use of that reason which God has placed within to be exercised, that the deepest and most philosophical investigations into the nature and operations of the mind, and the nicest observation and most earnest study of nature in her varied aspects, could lead to such a result? Who will believe that profane irreverence, or a disregard of the highest obligations imposed on man by his Maker, can be the characteristic tendency of thoughtful, serious, imaginative minds? Nor do we find the charge at all sustained by facts. Although Germany contains near twenty millions of Catholics, almost two thirds of her whole population, yet every man who has acquired immortal fame as a thinker, has been the champion of the protestant faith. It is true they are not all such as we call orthodox, and perhaps have not subscribed to the creeds of the reformers three hundred years ago, or indeed to any system of human faith. But in the pure sentiments they uttered, the high and spiritual lives they led, and in their earnest and self-deny-



ing labors for civil and religious liberty, we have the evidence that they felt the obligations of laws not less binding and sacred than those of the pentateuch or the canons. So far is this literature from having an infidel tendency, that we believe it has been more efficient than that of any other nation in promoting Christianity. What but the critical philosophy of Germany, as modified by the immortal Cousin and the divines of England and our own country, has checked the materialism and atheism of the French philosophers, arrested the downward tendency of their dangerous systems, and rescued morality and religion from threatened ruin. It would be absurd to suppose that German literature, like that of every other nation, does not contain much that is exceptionable, dangerous, and deserving censure. But to assert that a literature which has been created by the greatest masters of thought which Europe has produced, since the age of Rousseau, which combines more true originality, depth, and earnestness, than that of any other nation, is chiefly characterized by immorality, is as unjust as it is untrue.

Our limits will only permit us to notice briefly the influence of German literature upon that of our own country. That it is destined to exert a powerful influence on our national literature, is manifest, and it is equally certain, that this influence will be of a salutary character. No nation more needs the instruction which our German brethren are able to impart, none is more worthy to learn of them, than our own. We have within us the elements for creating a more glorious literature, than any that has yet existed. We unite the fire, energy, and vigor of the Saxon race, with the power of patient research, enthusiasm, and imagination of the Teutonic. Politically speaking, we are the freest nation in the world, but in intellectual freedom are far behind the spirit of the age. Nowhere is the tyranny of opinion more despotic than here. In our pilgrim fathers it was our fortune to possess ancestors of high moral principle and an undying love for liberty; our misfortune, that they were too often men of narrow views, strong prejudices, and bigoted feelings. In our indiscriminate admiration of their characters we have unconsciously been weaving the cords which have fettered the action of independent, original thought. Hence has our literature acquired that imitative utilitarian character for which it is distinguished, and which has prevented its attaining that compass, depth, and above all, that earnestness, which has immortalized the literature of Germany, and clothed it with enduring beauty. Our literature consists too much of a constant repetition of moral and religious common-places for practical use; of political discussion by mere party demagogues, and scientific inquiries only so far as they are connected with the art of money-

making. In addition to this, do we find everywhere current, a frothy, frivolous literature, the offspring of second rate minds, made for to-day, and gloriously independent of to-morrow. It is true there are some noble exceptions to this species of literature, and our country has produced authors of whom we may justly be proud. But while such a constant demand exists for the merely practical, little can be hoped from true, energetic originality. The efforts of the most powerful minds, which, if rightly directed, might acquire the highest renown for their country's literature, and shed around it unfading lustre, are wasted in ministering to a depraved taste, or ignobly employed in promoting selfish purposes and personal aggrandizement. A book is no longer published to give utterance to some mighty and carefully elaborated truth, but "in consequence of the demand." "Great writers are no longer looked upon as the priests of social life, speaking from the foot of their respective altars the winged words of a divine mission, but as popular and admired writers, whose names ensure a ready demand from circulating libraries and book clubs." So long as these things are so, must we suffer the reproaches which our envious English brethren are so fond of heaping upon our national literature, with the mortifying consciousness that they are but too well deserved. We have in this case, however, the consolation, that from the "fast-anchored isle" such reproaches come with a peculiarly bad grace. Let not our testy brother John lay the "flattering unction to his soul," that he has so far outstripped us in the literary career. Little as we have done in comparison with what we might and ought, since we have claimed a national existence, we may doubt, even, if he has equaled us in the production of an original and permanently valuable literature.

For the last half century England has produced but two writers preëminently distinguished—Scott and Wordsworth. Far be it from us to question the genius of Scotland's noblest bard, for in the bold shadows he has evoked from the past by the magic of his pen, in the sweet, rich music of his harp, have we gladdened many weary hours of this pilgrimage life, and trod with lighter step and freer heart this toilsome earth. But why should we hesitate to say what his own ingenuous spirit acknowledged, that the idea of some of his most finished and successful efforts was borrowed from German authors? Of the great would-be interpreter of Nature, we can speak, if with less reverence, yet more certainty. Whether we consider the few really beautiful passages in which no one can mistake the inspiration of the muse, or the hundreds of shockingly dull prosaic verses—descriptions, which are nothing more than catalogues,

and whose inspiration was caught anywhere rather than at the Castalian fount—his admirers will not at this day be startled with the assertion, that the doctrines which his *lines* inculcate, are drawn almost entirely, with slight variations, from the great German masters. Indeed, we have reason to fear he has not confined himself to plagiarisms of sentiment only. That famous song on which rests so great a part of his fame, and which one of his worshippers swore, in an ecstasy of admiration, contained more real poetry than was to be found in all the rest of the English bards together, commencing,

“ My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky,”

has, unfortunately for the poet's credit, been recently discovered almost verbatim in a German work published some thirty years since, from whence it is strongly suspected the poet might have *accidentally* caught the *idea*.

But we are wandering. The faults which we may detect in foreign literature furnish neither excuse nor remedy for those which exist in our own, and which every true American scholar desires to see removed. We believe an important means for the correction of these faults will be the more earnest study of German literature—not the letter, but the spirit. *Theirs* is a literature of thought and feeling, ours of character and action. Neither alone is complete—unite them and they will form a perfect model. We say, then, let German literature be cultivated among us. It is not the mere froth-work of the imagination, begotten in a day, and as soon to die, but in every page we feel the beating of a strong earnest heart, breathing a purer and more spiritual atmosphere than we shall elsewhere find. It is true that the German literature of the present day occupies not the same high ground which it did a quarter of a century since. The blighting influence of that utilitarian spirit which is becoming everywhere so prevalent, withering by its poisonous breath all that is purest and best, is at length felt upon the German mind. The brilliant stars which shone with such luster in her literary galaxy, have set in eternal night. The mighty Schiller and Goethe, with their illustrious compeers, have passed away, and their mantle has not fallen on their successors. But Tieck and Schelling are still alive—names worthy to represent the golden age of German literature. And even the departed are yet with us in spirit. The soul thrills with the deep, heaven-breathing melody of the German bards, in whose simplicity, fire, and grandeur, we see the faded glory of the Homeric age return. The heart bows to the high teaching of her spiritual philosophy, we look with silent wonder upon her profound sys-

terms of criticism and æsthetics, and in admiration of the beautiful productions of her unrivaled artists. With the spirit of devout neophytes, and earnest inquirers after truth, does it become us to approach her sacred temples of science, for the earth on which we tread is holy ground.

## A TRIP TO THE TROPICS;

OR,

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES.

### LETTER III.

*Land ho!—Sail-Rock—Santa Cruz—importunate visitors—a recognition—custom-house formalities—Frederickstad—~~a~~ West India villa—my uncle—a dinner party—indigestion.*

SANTA CRUZ, January 5th, 184—.

MY DEAR WRANGLE:—

On the third day after we had fallen in with the brig from Porto Rico, my ears were assailed by an extraordinary tumult among the live stock, which were safely stowed away in the long-boat. For be it remembered, that on board a vessel every thing is contrived “a double debt to pay;” and for the fulfillment of so desirable an object as that of economizing room, the most ingenious inventions have been resorted to. By a species of legerdemain, into the secret of which only the steward and stewardess are initiated, every article of the cabin furniture, on the pressing of a spring or the sliding of a pannel, is capable of undergoing some unexpected transformation. On this occasion our long-boat contained a stall for the cow, a pig sty, and two chicken coops, not to mention the innumerable coils of rope, balls of spunyarn, and other accessories of ship tackling that filled up the interstices. As I was saying, the cocks crowed, the hens cackled, and the pigs grunted with unusual vigor; all of which (according to the sailors) announced our approach to land. Towards evening these prognostications were duly verified. First the group of the Virgin Gorda, bearing southwest from us, and shortly afterwards the heights of Anagada and Tortola successively emerged from the horizon. The captain’s original design was to make a passage between Anagada and the Virgin Gorda; but owing to a dangerous reef of rocks thereabouts, and the anticipated darkness of the night, he changed his intention, and directed his course for the Sail-Rock passage; it being a safer, though less expeditious rout.

About midnight the cabin boy, as I had previously instructed

him, aroused me from my berth. I dressed myself hastily and mounted the quarter-deck, where I was amply repaid for the trouble I had taken. The scene that presented itself was beautiful beyond description. The moon, which, contrary to all expectation, had arisen with a brilliancy only to be witnessed in the tropics, tinged the distant hills of St. Thomas, which we were leaving on our lee, and brought into view St. John's and the innumerable islets that lie in the vicinity. The breeze, which had freshened up from the northeast, carried us along at the rate of nine knots, and the vessel, as she impetuously ploughed the waves, dashed the spray in one continued jet in advance of her prow, whilst she left behind her a wake of molten silver, gemmed here and there by still brighter phosphoric corruscations.

In turning my eyes towards different points of the compass, in quest of new beauties, I was suddenly startled by a sight I least expected, and which had not before arrested my attention—a gigantic ship under full sail, and bearing directly in our course!

"What in the world is this?" said I, as I interrupted the captain, who was giving some directions to the man at the wheel, and pointed to the object of my inquiry. "What have we here, Captain D——, the Flying Dutchman?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Mango, we're not doomed to Davy's locker yet awhile—that's the Sail-Rock, sir."

And sure enough, upon closer observation it proved to be nothing but a white rock, that rose abruptly out of the sea. Hereupon the captain commenced a yarn about the commander of a Dutch man-of-war, who, coming across this same rock by night, and taking it for a ship, hailed it; but receiving no answer, he fired a broadside into it; the supposed vessel still remaining obstinate, Mynheer determined at least to teach her a lesson in politeness, and so kept up a heavy battery until daylight, when he found, to his astonishment, that he had been wasting his powder and balls upon a solid rock.

Soon after sunrise I resumed my position on deck, and discovered Santa Cruz, at first a bare outline, gradually developing itself above the southern horizon. The hills, which before were blended together into one informal mass, began, as we approached, to separate and form gullies between them. First, the planter's estates, with their sugar-houses and windmills in the rear, could be contrasted with the deep green of the cane tops that surrounded them. Next, the tall coconut trees that skirted in most places the water's edge, seemed to follow each other in quick succession, as we rounded the point and rode into the harbor of Frederickstaed, or West End. We could now distinguish the black faces and white trowsers of numerous groups of negroes, loitering or actively engaged upon the beach. The

most prominent object, however, was the custom-house, above which the Danish flag spread its ample folds to the breeze.

Hardly had we cast anchor, than we were surrounded by bumboats, and a moment afterwards the woolly heads of their dingy crews were seen peering in all directions over the gunwale of the ship. Some climbed up the loose rigging that hung about the bowsprit, others clung on to the scupper holes, and some drew themselves up by the ropes that were attached to the *davits*, from which the jolly-boat had just been lowered. Some offered fruit for sale, others shells, and some displayed before the passengers very pretty reticules and necklaces, made of wild tamarind seeds.

"Massa hab de fine bell apples?" inquired a little imp of Tartarus, whose nether garments of coarse duck constituted his only apparel; "him sweet and good for eat."

"Look at de beautiful shaddocks, plucked fresh dis mornin' *'spressly* for massa," chimed in another of our noisy assailants, at the same time emptying at my feet a pannier of ripe, golden fruit, as large as ostrich eggs.

It being impossible to resist this latter importunity, I purchased some shaddocks, and turned to look over the side of the vessel, thinking myself secure from further molestation. But here I was saluted by a stout negress in a very loose dishabille, who was seated in one of the bumboats, from which she had not ventured to transport her unwieldy form.

"De fine spruce for buccra massa," bawled out this ebony vender of small beer; and, in spite of my remonstrances, she popped off a bottle of the foaming liquor, half of which having voluntarily decanted itself into the sea, she insisted upon my drinking the remainder.

As I stood on deck impatiently awaiting the arrival of my uncle, who I knew would be on the lookout for me, I observed a small boat approaching us, the ludicrous appearance of which attracted my attention. In the stern sheets there sat a corpulent old gentleman, dressed in white, with an umbrageous Panama hat upon his head, and whose weight so overbalanced that of the negro, who was pulling lustily at the oars, as to raise the bow of the boat high and dry out of the water. No sooner had this little craft come alongside, than I recognized in the jolly countenance of its principal occupant, no less a personage than my uncle himself. At this recognition, after bidding a hasty adieu to my fellow passengers who were bound further to windward, I dropped aboard the boat with all possible despatch, though, I must say, without making any sensible alteration in its position, and was met by a hearty greeting on the part of my delighted relative. We were soon rowed ashore, where I had

to undergo the ceremony of unlocking my trunk in the presence of a Danish officer, who, though he never once took eyes from off the buckle of his sword belt, which he was polishing with his sleeve, pronounced it to contain nothing contraband, and I was permitted, with this prophetic declaration, to have it strapped behind my uncle's *volante*, (a rickety concern, drawn by two Spanish ponies,) which had been waiting for us on the beach.

*Jupiter*, the black servant who had lately figured as oarsman, now flourished the whip; and as he drove at a rapid rate through the streets of Frederickstad, I could not help being struck with the singular appearance of the town. The houses, for the most part, were built upon arches or piles, at a considerable elevation above the ground; few of them exceeded a single story in height, but what they lacked in this particular they amply compensated for in their excessive length and breadth. Their predominating tints, which were white and a bright yellow, the green venetians that shaded their unglazed windows, and the gaudy tiaras of the negresses, as they shamled (not to say walked) to and fro, talking their uncouth gibberish—these objects, aided by the glare of a scorching sun, which had now reached its meridian, presented an array of colors that was truly dazzling to look upon.

We soon *cleared* the precincts of the town; and now behold us *en route* towards the Wheel-of-Fortune Estate, my uncle's plantation. The road was perfect: it was as hard and as level as a bowling alley, and emitted a rumbling sound as we rattled over it, very much as though we had been crossing a succession of wooden bridges. It was skirted on either side by an unbroken range of coconut trees, whose luxuriant branches, as they waved high above our heads, completely protected us from the oppressive heat of the sun. After an hour's ride, during which we only experienced five distinct showers of rain, with bright sunshine intervening, we drove up an orange grove, redolent with spicy odors, and the next moment I found myself in the verandah of my uncle's house. Here I was welcomed by a maiden aunt and two cousins, (*cousines*, my dear Bob!—what a pity we have no such word in English:) the first was rather *passée* of course, but the two latter were young and pretty, though their complexions had become somewhat sallow from the effects of the climate. These, with the addition of Mr. Trusty the overseer, three male and four female slaves, form the whole of my uncle's household. But of my uncle himself.

Mr. Occident Mango is perhaps as fair a specimen of a West India planter as could be well selected; and if his fondness for good cheer gives him somewhat the air of a *bon vivant*, and af-

flicts his left foot with an occasional twinge of the gout, it never detracts from his countenance the beaming radiancy, the hearty, good-humored expression with which it is invariably vested. As for his treatment towards his slaves, it is unexceptionable, and a sleeker, better-conditioned set of beings I never wish to set eyes upon. This, indeed, is partly owing to the kindness of my aunt Dorothy, who pays their cottages daily visits, in order to supply them with such necessaries as they may stand in need of; and partly owing to the careful supervision of Mr. Trusty. His hospitality is unbounded, and his board, whilst it is plentifully supplied with the luxuries of life, never lacks guests to partake of them. In short, to sum up his character at once, he is an old gentleman that loves his friend, his bottle, and his joke.

Not to weary you with the volley of questions with which I was saluted, and a thousand other unnecessary details, suffice it to say, that shortly after my arrival we partook of a slight luncheon, and at about six o'clock proceeded to the dining-hall. The procession moved as follows:—first my uncle and aunt; next came my eldest cousin, escorted by the Herr Von —, who had just stopped on his way to Frederickstaed; whilst I, with my cousin Christina on my arm, followed by Mr. Trusty, drew up the rear. The hall was lit by numerous wax candles, completely enveloped in long glass shades, as a protection against flaws of wind and insects, the light of which, as it was reflected from the plate, the cut-glass dishes and decanters that covered the table, dazzled the eye, and rendered the appearance of things highly attractive.

Dinner is a most elaborate meal with the West Indians. On this occasion green turtle predominated, and was served up in all the varieties of soup, steaks, calipash and calipee: for the due appreciation of which I had been unconsciously preparing ever since I left home. "No wonder my uncle has a gouty toe," thought I, as, with an appetite induced by the stimulus of a sea voyage, I partook indiscriminately of turtle steaks, crabs, yams, and fried plantains. The second course consisted of fruits, among which I make honorable mention of the sapodillos, guavas, mangos, and, last not least, the avocado pears, or, as the negroes call them, *alligator* pears, and, sometimes, overseer's butter: they contain a rich vegetable marrow, which is eaten with pepper and salt. After the cloth was removed and the ladies had retired, a case of choice *liqueurs* and some Pecan nuts were placed on the table. The wine, which was claret, had been cooled by evaporation, and the water with which we diluted it having, in its passage through a dripping stone, situated in some sequestered part of the house, been, every drop of it,



exposed to the fresh sea breeze, was conveyed to us in *goglets*, or earthen jars. So that we suffered no inconvenience from the want of ice, a luxury seldom to be had on these islands.

It was quite late in the evening when I retreated to my room. I was not yet (as the sailors say) off my sea legs : I still heard the roaring of the waves as though I had a huge conch shell at each ear, and the bed seemed to rock and pitch in spite of myself. Exhausted as I was by the fatigues of the day and the excitement attending an introduction to new scenes, I soon fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Merciful Heaven ! the ship has sprung a leak !"

I bounded from my berth and rushed on deck. The night was pitch dark ; the storm raged furiously and the waves ran mountains high. All hands were at the pumps and consternation was depicted on every countenance. Hope there was none ; but in silent despair we worked on, passengers and crew, women and men, for, now that the struggle was for life, rank and sex had lost their distinctions ; and, as one after another dropped dead through exhaustion, the heavy seas that were constantly washing over us carried away their bodies for ever. Our ranks became thinner and thinner, until I alone, out of forty souls, remained. I felt myself reserved for horrors yet to come, and was cursed with untiring strength. I toiled on, but my efforts were useless ; the water had already burst through the hatches. I deserted my post and fled elsewhere for protection. The mainmast was the tallest, and therefore would be the last to disappear beneath the waves. I hastened towards it, and was soon seated on the cross-trees, when, for the first time, I felt the presence of *another* living thing. Mrs. M——'s infant child was clinging to my breast ! How and why, I know not, but there it was. The water soon reached my temporary resting place, drove me up the top-gallant mast, and the next moment bore me on its surface. I grasped a broken spar that was floating by, and struck boldly out ; but it was of no avail. The child (who was now converted into a fiend) clung to my throat, and as its weight carried my head under water, a new horror was revealed to my view—an enormous shark ! (by some infernal magic I could see all that was going on below)—he was watching for his prey, and had already turned over on his back, displaying his white belly as he opened his capacious jaws to receive me. Sinking head foremost as the monster rose, I gasped a hoarse effort at a shriek, and——awoke.

The moon shone serenely through the half-open *jalousies*, and the blinds intercepting its soft light, cast a shadowy trellis-work over me and the polished floor upon which my head and

oulders rested. For in the violence of my struggles I had partially fallen out of bed. As I lay, my feet entangled in the mosquito net that hung above me, one hand hugging a pillow convulsively to my bosom, whilst the other still grasped with a death-grip the lower extremity of the bed post; as I lay in this distorted position, and looked upon the tranquil scene around me; as I gathered my bewildered senses and contrasted the hideous emotion with the calm reality, I laughed outright with joy. The nervous tremor into which I had been thrown gave way to a delightful sense of security; the broken spar became once more bed post, and the *ci-devant* child and devil relapsed into a friendly pillow.

I possess any thing but a retentive memory; but never—if I should fulfill the wish expressed in the Spanish salutation, and live a thousand years—never shall I forget that horrible nightmare. As for turtle steaks, I shudder at the mention of them.

So much for my first day in Santa Cruz. I will reserve my further adventures in this island for another letter; so believe me, dear Bob,

Your devoted friend,

PEREGRINE MANGO.

To Mr. ROBERT WRANGLE, Yale College.

#### ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES EDWARD LEE SHULTZ,

A MEMBER OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"The grave hath won thee."

'Twas sad to watch thy slow decay,  
While Life's young pulses ebb'd away;  
Death's hand so heavy on thee,  
And sorrow of thy heart to sever  
Affection's silken ties forever,  
Ere yet the grave had won thee.

To mother's hand was nigh thy bed,  
For sister, with her noiseless tread,  
To soothe thy burning brow.  
Amongst strangers 'twas thy lot to die,  
From strangers' lips to draw the sigh—  
Thou liest with strangers now.

Our step is measured, while we tread  
The aisles among the sleeping dead,  
Thy new-made mound to see.  
Fie not Death's terrors that we fear—  
Affection starts the burning tear  
That drops so tremblingly.

There shines upon thy mouldering form  
The star of Hope, that calms Life's storm,  
And heralds coming day;  
It points us to a world above,  
Where Angels join in endless love,  
And sorrow flees away.

The willows bending o'er thee weep,  
Across their harp-strings zephyrs sweep,  
In plaintive harmony;  
The harp upon its golden strings  
Thy sad dirge sounds, and to us brings  
Thy Image mournfully.

Its notes are of Youth's bright hopes flown,  
Of flowers by ruthless tempests strown,  
And Love's dissevered ties;  
They seem to reach the outward ear:  
"Bind not thyself to objects here,  
Prepare to join those ties more dear,  
Where Friendship never dies." e. c.

## EPILEGOMENA.

READER, our Magazine is again before you ; if it please ye, well ; if not, we cannot help it ; we have done our best, and are happy in the endeavor we have made to please. Our graver toil is over, and now set we to the task of catering for your amusement.

Didst ever fancy, reader, what that head of thine most resembleth ? Didst ever examine the curious collocation of animate matter that composeth it ? Art any thing of a Phrenologist, kind reader ? An' thou be, then, peradventure, thou mayst have noted how like a *hill* upon the earth, a new idea *will raise* the skull ; how like a *forest* its thick growth of hair ; and, as thy fingers moved from *occiput* to *præciput*, in search of the *localities* of thought, thou mayst have remembered that the earth, too, *has* on its surface many a *creeping* thing. Dost need more proof for thy conviction ? Indulgent reader, take thine own *caput* from its *atlas*, and lay it on thy lap before thee ; or, an' thou demurest, and will not so experiment, allow thy *dexter digitals* a moment's travel near the *parietal* region ; ah ! what feelest thou ? a *crack*, say ye ! well, now leave the "*forest of the crown* ;" dost see yon *clearing* ? 'tis the *os frontis* ; ha ! ha ! why laggest thou ? dost doubt the ground ? dost feel it *yielding* ? Then, certes, is our *thesis* true ! Reader, kind reader ! those *soft spots* on thy head are miniature *morasses* ! those frequent *openings, fissures* in the soil ! and all the slight irregularities thou feelest, are correspondent *vale* and *mountain*.

Thus much for thy *external* head, dear reader ; now for thy head of heads—the *brain*. Wast ever in Iceland ? No ! well, then, to show thee what thou art, we would transport thee thither. Dost see yon covering of Pluto's workshop ? With what majestic grandeur, beautiful withal, old Hecla belches from his burning bowels his molten flame ! Such art thou, at times, kind reader, when thy brain, grappling with thoughts, too big for mastery, sends them forth to battle with the world of mind. Anon, thou calmest, yea, thou art more than calm ! and, like the yellow, poisoned spring at the base of yon volcano, infant thoughts, sickly and dead, ooze from thy stupid brain.

An' thou wouldst learn more, reader, of the workings of that head of thine, follow us to our *sanctum*, and thou mayst, perchance, find somewhat there to profit and to pleasure thee.

The College clock was sounding its last note of twelve, as, with a huge bundle of manuscript under one arm, a pillow under the other, and a cigar in our mouth, we slowly wended our way to the secret and mysterious assembly-room of our learned club. Last, but not *least*, we entered the apartment, and, oh ! ghost of me father ! what a sight for poor mortality, beheld we there ! There, in the centre, stood our antique table, ready to fall beneath a mighty heterogenous *mass* of *mind*, while here and there, in beautiful confusion, on the floor, (shame on thy gallantry, kind reader, to send 'mongst us such company !) lay all the "*Marys*," "*Susans*," "*Carolines*," and "*Janes*," we ever read or dreamed of. Sentenced they were and doomed, yet had we not the heart to cast them from us. There, in his wonted chair, sat our venerable Speaker, the sweat beading itself upon his forehead, his teeth firm-set upon his ather lip, his brow contract, and his whole frame seeming to writhe in agony, busied in a vain attempt to read the—"Stars." There, too, stood Ichabod, cramming the already well-filled *coffin* with—"Spirits of another world," and poetry of this ; and here, scarce discernible amid the "*Wreck of Matter*," crouched Bubo and Phlegmaton, in eager search for a lost fragment of "*The Sapphire*."

en," voiced our Speaker, as we entered, "the laggard has at length now let us address ourselves to business; and first, I wish to read to you

FROM:

author of the article on the "Tomb of Mary, the Mother of Washington," unwilling grace in the Epilogomena, at least in its present unpolished state, requests of you the it as soon as can be done with convenience. CRADDOCK WISDOM.

en, what say you to the request; is it granted?"

outed Phlogiston, "ay! ay!" echoed Bufo; not so, however, their ere, Ichabod, the Scribe; up rose he in his might; the lion had been roused and, certes, never, think we, since the days of Agamemnon, had mortal for rage.

aker," cried he, at the top of his lungs, bringing, at the same time, with nence, his hand upon the table, "this must not, cannot be endured; why head, 'Craddock Wisdom,' trouble us at all? why thrust his rhodomom-vay, at first? No, Sir, no, do not return it; let it be seen and read of all, know how great a dolt a man can make himself."

ried Flamingo, "I fear me much 'twould compromise our dignity, to thus y refuse so open a request; therefore, say I, grant it, and let our *Chaplain* and sin no more."

ion was at length decided, and, poor Craddock, thou art free!

en," said our Speaker, once again, "attention; Bufo, read MS. No. 1. g from the pile before him the manuscript alluded to, Bufo, after a prelim-or so, thus began:

"SALEKOE.

"Gem of the west! whom mem'ry still brings home  
To my fond heart, where fancies often come,  
Thronging my soul with imagery of joy  
And comfort, or where woes my thoughts employ.  
Gem of the west! no torrent *bathes* me now,  
Salekoe, bright and beautiful as thou."

a poet! ye gods, a poet!" cried Flamingo, in an ecstasy.

order," shouted the Speaker; "Bufo, proceed."

"Thy waters, foaming down with grandeur, mocks  
Description."

ott, thy glory is eclipsed forever," roared Phlogiston.

"Those beetling cliffs have hurled huge fragments down,  
Like fruit from aged trees, that cannot bear  
To uphold their former weights, but thick around have sown  
Them."

! beautiful!" continued the admiring Phlogiston; "how smooth in verse!  
imile!" But Bufo, heedless of interruption, paused not. And now the  
lks of her lover:

"'Twas here I sat, when last he *strode*  
Into his boat, and slowly rode  
Out to the stream."

"He paces by a rude built hut,  
When quick! the *rifle's* deadly shot,  
Whistling too truly through the air,  
Entered his side and *slew* him there."

cat in pace," muttered Flamingo. "Byron, thou art a pigmy! Oh! my country, thou art made immortal!"

it have we here," cried Bufo, after the sensation produced by the last piece at subsided; his gray eyes twinkled as he spoke, and near the corner of e thought there lurked a smile. Prepared, therefore, for something rich; gave all ear, while Bufo thus proceeded:

## A FABLE.

## THE MICE AND FELIS.

Felis sedit by a hole,  
Intenta she, cum omni soul  
    Prendere rats;  
Mice cucurrerunt over the floor,  
In numero duo, tres, or more,  
    Obliiti cats.

Felis saw them oculus,  
I'll have them, inquit she, I guess,  
    Dum ludunt;  
Tum illa crept towards the group,  
Habeam dixit good rat soup,  
    Pingues sunt.

Mice continued all ludere,  
Intenti they in ludum vera,  
    Gaudenter;  
Tum rushed the felis on to them,  
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,  
    Violenter.

Mures omnes nunc be alii,  
Et aurem praebe all mibi,  
    Benigne;  
Si hoc facis, verbum est,  
Avoid a devilish big tom cat,  
    Stolidose.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Flamingo, "well done, bravo! bravo!" and was no longer able to contain himself, rolling upon the floor, laughed, with such a laughter, that he *cried*; while Ichabod, grave, reverend Ichabod, exclaiming, "thou art an ass!" fell back into his chair in such an ecstasy of hilarious mirth every button started from his new made vent.

Soon, however, was heard above the din, the commanding call of "order!" and Bufo proceeded in reading MSS. Nos. 3, 4, 5, &c., in order of reception; fate, however, will be seen in the "Notices to Correspondents."

"MS. No. 21," cried Bufo, "is yet to be considered; gentlemen, will ye hear?"

"No, no," shouted the voice of Phlogiston, as he rose to leave; "the last 'turned over,' and I have nineteen marks!"

"Read it, read it," cried several at once, and, amid the noise and confusion "breaking up," we caught here and there a sentence of the "Freshman's first home," in which he introduces, very appropriately, all the "big words" he acquainted with. We give it you as heard.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—I perceived your last letter and pretend to answer it soon,—but as not *re-plied* to your first one, I will answer it now, by giving you a minute *re-tail* of one day's lings.—Well, to begin—the bell aroused me from my *liturgy*, at 6 o'clock, when I went to the where the students *dissemble* at prayers.—Went to restitution,—had *Odysseus* history of the era,—which we incited to our *Latin* tutor. \* \* \* I then went on an *excursion* to rock, to see the caves of the *Argicides*; revolving I made a *circus* round the City, and *arrived* to dinner.—After dinner I went to the Library and took out a book called "*Onion's Pilgrimage*,"—it is very *aromatic* and *perspiring*.—One of our Tutors is going away.—*The faculty* *assuage* him from it, but as he had completely *deranged* his plans, he could not be *reduced*. His successor has not been *detected* yet.—It makes my very blood *cradle* to hear accounts among Southerners with swords and *atlasses*. \* \* \* Give my *aspects* to *relate* *selections* and relieve me,  
Your defectionate son—

JONATHAN PRINCE.

We staid to hear no more, to make no comments; kind reader, in working of your interests, we were "*tardy*" at our *matins*.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. "Craddock Wisdom" will find the "Tomb of Mary, the Mother of Winton," near the canal.

"Ta Agnosta" will probably remain *unknown*.

The lines *intended* "For one Hour," lived a short half.

The author of the piece on the "Sandwich Islands," is respectfully informed the Rev. Mr. Bingham has in prospect a work on the same subject, and we expect effect of this, if published, on his sales.

The "Tobacco" we found too *dry* for use.

"Thoughts on a Sabbath Morning," are inadmissible.

"The Poet of '76," we think was treated shamefully.

"The revival of Italian Literature," is respectfully declined. The subject of the essay on "Language," is yet under consideration.

"The Dying Chieftain," will appear in our next.

"Content," "A Scene in Schiller's Mary Stuart," and "The Maniac," are too late for *trial*.

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BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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THE  
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OPINIONS.

"Made free to think, by God  
And nature free, and made accountable  
To none but God."

*Pollok.*

"**WHAT** is truth?" was a question propounded of old to Him who alone could give an infallible reply. "What is truth?" is a question which has ever agitated the human mind. The answer to it has convulsed society, raised armies, shaken empires—it has built prisons, lighted the fagot, stretched the rack—it has nerved the arm of the Christian, and animated the zeal of the Infidel—it has glutted the demon of persecution, and filled the breast of the martyr with holy triumph. Truth, indeed, is uniform and immutable, yet how diverse with regard to it, have been the opinions of mankind—the features of the human countenance are not more endlessly varied. Beyond a few great primal truths, which men have held in common, all has been contention and war.

We might, indeed, have supposed that some degree of uniformity would at least have existed upon religious belief; but in fact, men differ most of all on what it concerns them most to hold in unity. The great world is divided between Christians, Mohammedans, and Pagans, and these are subdivided into innumerable sects, which each contain within their pale, myriads whose opinions vary upon minor points. Nor is this peculiar to Religion. Politics, Literature, the Arts, have all been great battle fields. Philosophers have contended about the nature, and, perhaps, the existence of the mental faculties which they



employed in their strife, and the fiats of two potent and opposing masters have set nations in uproar. Astronomers have read different lessons amid the stars, and other expounders of natural phenomena have given theories as opposite as the diverse currents which meet in furious mixture to form a hail storm; while in Politics, whenever it is possible from the shibboleths of parties, to learn the principles which actuate them, we behold the same conflict of opinions.

To account fully for a phenomenon so evident, and when we reflect upon the nature of Truth, so remarkable, would demand an analysis of the human mind, which we are far from supposing ourselves equal to. We design, therefore, in the present article, simply to make some remarks in general on the formation of Opinions.

There is no inconsiderable portion of the human family, who seem to have no opinions at all, to whom thought is a most irksome labor. Multitudes there are, who walk on life's great stage, all unconscious of the scenes which are enacted round them, or at best, with as little interest as if they were mere spectators of the drama. Upon the most momentous subjects which can engage the mind of man, subjects which involve his whole destiny, they have no more definite opinions, than they have upon some abstraction, which may at this hour be adding the metaphysicians of the distant Uranus. Some of this class, born and educated for better things, by a strange obliquity of mind, deem it the height of refinement to forget that nature gave them intellects to use. The butterflies of an hour, they look with unfeigned wonder at the toiling philosopher, while the latest fashion, and the most exquisite twirl of the *moustache*, quite tires their laboring thoughts. These *men* (humanity pardon the misnomer!) give color to the idea, that nature sometimes blunders by the bestowment of superfluous faculties, or else compel us to exclaim, with the sarcastic fiend,

"Oh! these immortal men, and their great motives!"

Others there are, less culpable, because less privileged, who exist almost unconsciously. Amid contending opinions, they vegetate, rather than live, like the humble mushroom, which recks not of the tall oaks above it, nor of the storms which shake their tops,

"Duller than the fat weed  
Which rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf."

Some, again, are universal doubters. To them, the Protean shape of Error seems as symmetrical and well defined as Truth's only faultless outline; and both are alike valueless, because alike undiscoverable.

Beside these various classes, there is still another, perhaps as numerous as any. It comprises all those who think as did their fathers before them, and want no higher standard. To them, the voice of the Past is the voice of God, and the future is to be but its echo. Affectionate, dutiful sons, intense respect for their immaculate sires, makes it impious to question what has received the sanction of antiquity. A new thought is a Gorgon monster; an original idea, admitted by mistake within their brain, would pine itself away for very loneliness. These are the men who are terrified at new measures and new customs. The cue and the small clothes of their great grandfather have exceeding comeliness to them. They conjure up to their startled imagination a monster more frightful than the fabled Chimera, and call it "Innovation," and they behold, ready to be engulfed in its capacious maw, the hopes and happiness of man. In Theology, the ominous compound, "New-school," throws them into semi-apoplexy—in morals or politics, the direful term "Reform," raises visions of cities sacked, and kingdoms ruined. Like a man in delirium tremens, they are frightened at their own creations. Had they lived in Athens, Anytus and they would have stood side by side—had they been contemporary with Galileo, they would have frowned upon the rash old man, and still clung to the *Primum Mobile*, or hugged fast the theory of differentials and epicycles. In private life, such men walk blind-fold in the beaten road, heedless of the rough stones on which they stumble, nor will they open their eyes upon a *newer* path, although it should be smoother and more direct. If they are public men, they think themselves High-priests in the temple of ancient Time, and they watch the mysteries with more than vestal vigilance; should any approach with sacrilegious hand, to add to or take from the sacred rites, they startle him with the sibyl cry, "*procul, ô, procul este, profani.*"

There are but few men in the world who form opinions for themselves, and not many more who investigate those which they have received from others. The right of private judgment, fundamental as it seems to us, is yet one which has been conceded to the common people but a few centuries, even in countries now the most enlightened, and which is still unknown in a large portion of the world. Its exercise involves toil which few are willing to undergo, and therefore there is no burden which men more willingly lay upon the shoulders of others, than the formation of their opinions. If a man is born a Mohammedan, he remains through life, an undoubting, unquestioning votary, and dies, uttering the sublime truth, "there is one God," coupled to the great lie, "and Mahomet is his prophet." Is he born a Papist? he lives so still—gorges absurdities with

unsated appetite, and resigns his breath, fondly hoping, through posthumous masses, for a speedy deliverance from purgatorial fires. A Christian father begets a son who believes speculatively with his parent, and the son of a sceptic becomes a sceptic too. If neither exercises his reason in his belief, in what is one more to be commended than the other; they both obey the letter of the fifth commandment, and equally well. Now let them both cast their opinions into the alembic of reason; the one honestly resolves no longer to reject a revealed religion, if it be momentous truth, the other to have a better plea for Christianity than his father's faith. How long would such inquirers differ? Thus would it eventually be, the world over, if men would cease to imbibe opinions upon trust. Upon non-essential points there must necessarily, and may innocently, be very great variety of sentiment; but upon subjects of vital moment, the independent exercise of private reason would lead to truth, and therefore to unity.

It has ever been customary with some to speak contemptuously of reason's private exercise. It was once thought that all truth had been garnered up by a few great minds of former ages, and that it would be safe for all succeeding times to trust the opinions of those intellectual Anakim. There are not a few who think so still. They are fond of talking about the "infirmity of human reason," and they ascribe the infinite diversity of belief to its unbounded exercise. They speak thus: "How can we expect men left to themselves to think alike? What wonder is it that weak man, guided by mere private judgment, should embrace error more generally than truth? Reason is an unsafe guide—those who follow her ignis-fatuus light will be led into bogs and quagmires, while those alone are safe upon whose path shines the bright lamp of experience."

With the feelings which prompt such words we have no sympathy. Reason has been given us to judge of truth, and it is not worth while to decry its powers. To its bar all systems and opinions must be brought, while it sits in judgment to approve or condemn. The Bible itself is not an exception here; supreme as it is in its authority, and far beyond all refutation as are its claims to inspiration, the Author of that book has himself made human reason the umpire on those claims. Could not its truth be proved to man, it would have no higher title to his belief than the Koran or the Zendavesta. It is not faith, but evidence, which establishes a revelation, else were the devotees of Juggernaut a believer in the truth. To this arbiter must be brought the opinions of philosophers and all who profess to guide the human intellect. It is not enough that belief be demanded on the authority of some great name; we must have evidence that shall convince us, or our belief is worthless.

And here we would not be misunderstood. We speak not of the truths of natural philosophy or science, but of moral truths, such as influence the character and actions of men. The former we may reject or disregard, and be guiltless; the latter come to us with authoritative claim, and demand investigation. Nor do we mean that it is desirable or possible for men to be wholly uninfluenced by the opinions of others. "By far the greater part of the opinions on which we act in life, are not the result of our own investigations, but are adopted implicitly in infancy and youth, upon the authority of others. Even the great principles of morality, although implanted in every heart, are commonly aided and cherished, at least to a certain degree, by the care of our instructors." This is the order of nature—we cannot and we would not change it. Doubtless, many a holy truth is learned in childhood's days, which has a more potent influence upon our conduct, than the teachings of philosophy amid the studies of manhood. We would not erase from the mind all these hallowed lessons,

"All that the nurse and all the priest have taught."

We believe also that it is quite possible, in the wish to be independent, to cast loose too recklessly from the moorings of antiquity; to err with those who believe that all which is old is moth-eaten. Originality is not always truth, and those who never think for themselves are hardly more to be pitied than those who suppose that the world, in an existence of six thousand years, has settled for ever no great principles,

"Who only wish,

As duteous sons, their fathers were more wise."

While we would guard here, however, we believe that the more common error is of an opposite kind. We are all too apt to trust, undoubtingly, the opinions we have received from the past. When an error has been engrafted on the mind in childhood, and has strengthened with advancing years, there are few honest enough to investigate, or manly enough to uproot it. The mind recoils from the effort, and would rather live enchained, than struggle to be free. No one can reflect upon the history of the last three centuries, without feeling this truth; the great effort of the human mind, during that period, has been to unlearn the teachings of the past. The spells of its mighty magicians had to be read backwards, ere they were broken. The work yet to be done may be less arduous, but it is still great; the cumbrous edifices, resting on deeper foundations than the pyramids, have crumbled, it is true, but the ruins are not yet removed. What is true of the age, is true also of the

individual. No circle of influence has been so pure, but that it has fastened some errors on him who came within its reach—happy is he who has imbibed no fatal untruths—more happy he who is courageous enough to doubt, to grapple with, to conquer them. To be candid is to be great; there is no higher effort of the human mind, than to rise above the trammels of early education, to burst asunder the seven-fold chains of prejudice, and with “a manly confidence in the clear conclusions of human reason,” to follow where she leads, though it be in paths of trial and peril. He need not tremble at the surgeon’s table, or the operator’s knife, who dares to lop off opinions which have clung round his mind with a tenacity strengthened by the growth of years.

We have said that it is not possible for us to be wholly uninfluenced by the opinions of others. When these others are men acknowledged great, their opinions must have weight, but we do not suppose that the fiat of a great man ought to fetter the soul of the humblest individual who chooses to think for himself. The truth is, the common mind is more able to form correct judgments upon all truths, than those who would fain do the world’s thinking, have ever imagined. The great principles of human action are few and broad and simple. They come within the reach of the peasant, as well as the philosopher. Weak minds may even sit in judgment upon truths whose discovery requires the abstruse reflections of the profoundest mind, as a school-boy can in a few moments comprehend the proposition which cost the Samian sage long months of thought. No class of men more frequently mistify themselves, than philosophers. Many an one, after the sleepless toil of years, has produced a theory which has only served to raise upon its author the “laugh of common sense, the world’s dread laugh.” When we behold a great man proving to himself that the universe is without an author, another questioning his own identity, a third disproving his free-agency, and last of all, a fourth doubting whether a material world exists, perhaps some humble individual, whose studies have been less abstruse, may be pardoned for inquiring whether any of these, in some reflecting moment, ever arrived at the sage conclusion of the merry knight of Windsor, “I do begin to perceive that I am made a *fool*.”

This power of human reason in the common mind, it is of infinite importance to believe and feel, for upon it rests our hope, that truth will finally prevail. “Who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty?” Who knows not that her strength is in the human soul, in her power to rule the intellect, to move the feelings? Where is the might of truth, unless there be in all men a faculty able to comprehend, and a heart to love her?

It may well be doubted whether an uniform belief on moral, political, and religious subjects, will ever prevail in this world; there can be no doubt that such is the tendency of the *legitimate* exercise of reason upon truth. Truth is immutable and consistent, and reason, *rightly exercised*, would never lead from it; prejudice and misdirection alone have ever done it. If these be removed, and give to thought unbounded freedom, although we may never arrive at uniformity, we shall approximate to it, since every approach to truth removes us one step farther from disunion. Had every man, in ages past, refused to rely upon the mere ipse dixit of others, even though they had ancestral claims to veneration, and rather chosen to follow where his own reason led him, doubtless this heaven-sent guide, going hand in hand with revelation, would have secured a much more general prevalence of truth, and of course a greater sameness of opinion throughout the world. Many perhaps reject this as untrue. Such have not yet learned the great truth which Milton, that seer of coming ages, proclaimed two centuries ago to a disbelieving world, that unbounded liberty of thought and speech could alone ensure the victory of truth.

Would that such liberty had always been enjoyed! But it is not. Until within a century or two, (and this exception is small also,) a ceaseless effort has been made to restrict the exercise of private judgment, to throw distrust upon the reason of the individual. The world has witnessed two gigantic and successful schemes to curb freedom of thought, to force uniformity of belief—Mohammedanism and Romanism. Both these systems so mighty for evil—assumed the great error, that uniformity could only be effected by denying the sufficiency of private reason; and so they crushed it. Time has told the result, and the world has groaned beneath it. Man ceased to reason, walked blind-winked after blind guides, and almost lost the attribute which made him the image of his God. Asia and Africa went to sleep under the curtained folds of Islamism, and a pall of thick darkness settled upon Europe. Thus must it ever be—reason is a spark of the divinity's own kindling, quench it, and

"Where is that promethean heat,

Than can its light relume?"

It would be well, if the human mind were yet freed from this shaming incubus; but this spirit rules yet in many a system of those who dread to trust their cause to the bold investigations of mankind. They would fain fly behind the decrees of synods and councils, and fight under cover of what they deem an inviolable aegis. They look upon a conflict of opinions in the

open field of discussion, as upon an elemental war on the great deep, where they would tremble to thrust out their bark, lest it should be engulfed by the troubled waves. There may even now, in this nineteenth century, be discerned by him who looks, the waking of this intolerant, yet craven spirit, which rises up, like Briareus emerging from the earth, and stretches out its hundred arms, to bind the consciences of men. The battle for freedom of opinion, is not wholly won on earth, and there may yet be abundant cause to renew the invocation,

"Help up to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

How much the human mind has suffered from such intellectual vassalage as we have described, can never be told. Great spirits have sometimes arisen, who, with the omnipotence of genius, have bound the soul of man in seven-fold chains of error for whole centuries. The false philosophy, alike with the true doctrines of Aristotle, held the world with quiet, but resistless sway, for fifteen hundred years. What a palsy fell upon the human soul, all know, and what automata philosophers became, when they would reject the evidence of sight, because "it was not so told in Aristotle." Never did living monarch rule with such absolute dominion, as did this dead Autocrat of mind, and never was an iron yoke of despotism broken with more difficulty.

Origen, with vast learning and wonderful ingenuity, engrafted on the Bible a ruinous method of exposition, which made it a blind guide for generations after him, and he but represents a large class of learned men, who have foisted their own absurdities into the clear system of revelation, until dim-visioned men, looking only upon the rubbish which they had piled in mountain masses above it, failed to behold the glorious building which lay beneath. What wonder is it that there have been sceptics in the world, when even good men have done so much to identify Christianity with absurdity! What wonder that darkness should reign, when so many professed teachers have hung over a system luminous as an unclouded sky, the heavy, misty fogs of their own errors!

These days are passing now. A few years have done the work of thousands for the human mind. Much, very much remains undone, but never has there been so much general independence of mind exhibited as now; and the time will probably never come again, when a single mind will sway the opinions of the world. There is sublimity in the intellectual grandeur of the giants of former days—they stand out to mark their age, like the scattered pillars of Egypt, which rise like hoary

sentinels, to tell of cities buried in the sands below—but the age of prodigies is past, and the time for the *people* to think is at hand. The fiat, “let there be light,” has been heard again, and the beams shall not now gild alone the tall mountain, but shall reach the lowly valley, and gladden its humble cottagers; and well may we exchange for the quiet comforts of the latter, the contrasted glories of the former. Free discussion, which tyrants fear, is coming on, the world over—let it come, and let private reason govern! If its legitimate exercise leads to error and infidelity, let us be errorists and infidels—if Christianity and what we deem true philosophy cannot stand the light, let them both perish! Some men look with vast alarm at the present commotions in society. Especially are they terrified at the restless activity of mind in our own land; at the strange opinions and new sects which spring up, in uncounted numbers, every year, trampling upon the ancient landmarks, and laughing to scorn the wisdom of the past. Fain would these beholders stifle with the strong hand of power, that boundless freedom of thought which develops itself in a manner so portentous. Let us not fear, however, because the ground trembles—it is only Samson shaking his locks after a long sleep. It is what must ever precede a better, happier condition of society; as the wildest storm is only a convulsive effort of nature to restore a healthful equilibrium. Better is this commotion than the dead calm of the tenth century. Better, we had almost said, is any state short of utter anarchy, than a perfect stagnation of the human mind. Who would not rather perish in the whirling tempest, than die by slow decay from the foul malaria of a pestilential calm? “A reforming age is always fertile of impostors.” Freedom is never cheaply bought. “It is the nature of the devil of tyranny to rend and tear the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggle of the tremendous exorcism?”

The awakened energies of the present age may be almost wholly ascribed to the comparative freedom of mind. Our opinions frequently exert but little influence upon our action, because they are not wholly our own; they affect us only as a dream of the night, of which the sleeper is conscious, but it wakes him not. Who does not know that a subject mastered by our own toil, rouses the mind and sends it forth to action? That a great truth made ours, binds the soul, with all its compact energy, to its advancement? This is what gives to Reformers such strength to wake up slumbering nations; without this, our opinions, though they may be right, are valueless to others, and reflect no honor on ourselves, for “a man may be a heretic in the truth: and if he believes things only because his



pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy." This intellectual freedom is the glory of the age, the harbinger of promise. Truth, which a few centuries ago, although bound, sat like "an eagle, muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam," now free, has spread her glad wings for a bold flight over the earth. We envy not him who exults not in her freedom, who beholds it without hopeful joy.

#### THE DYING CHIEFTAIN.

Onega, the chief of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, near Syracuse, died recently at an advanced age. During his illness, his people called a physician and urged him to take medicine, but he steadfastly refused, saying, "They have taken away my hunting grounds and destroyed my people, but they shall never say they saved Onega's life."

Bowen with the weight of fourscore years,  
The warrior chieftain lay,  
And fierce disease was wasting fast  
His noble frame away;  
Yet from his lips no murmur broke,  
His bosom heaved no sigh,  
But fearlessly that warrior chief  
Had lain him down to die.

The pale face came and sought to stay  
Life's current ebbing low,  
Prayed him to quaff the healing draught,  
To cool his fevered brow.  
The warrior heard his hated voice,  
Slow raised him to his side,  
Bent on him one fierce look of scorn,  
Then proudly thus replied:

"Away! away! Take from my sight  
That craven, perjured face,  
Nor near my dying bed be one  
Of that accursed race;  
Ay, cursed by every verdant plain,  
Each green grave of our sires,  
Each mountain steep, and forest gray,  
Where burned our council fires.

"Take, if ye will, our father-land,  
Our fathers' graves insult,  
Over a noble, fallen race,  
With coward hate exult;

Strike the last Indian to the earth—  
But never be it said  
That Onondaga's chieftain owed  
His life to white man's aid."

More he essayed—his voice refused  
The impulse of his will ;  
Dim grew the lustre of his eye,  
His trembling pulse stood still,  
His haughty spirit passed away ;  
Yet still his features wore  
That look of proud defiance high,  
Which erst in life they bore.

They wrapped him in his warrior robe,  
His armor at his side,  
And bore him forth to burial,  
In regal pomp and pride ;  
Where Onondaga's waters roll,  
They smoothed his lowly bed ;  
Green sods his only monument,  
Worthy the mighty dead.

T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

It is now some years since a writer of great power and spirit appeared in the columns of the Edinburgh Review. Unknown almost to fame—possessed of little external claim to merit or distinction, he stepped boldly forth on an arena tried by few literary or political adventurers, and seemed almost at once to challenge competition and renown. For a while, success seemed doubtful—friends stood aloof—the critics of the day wagged their heads with an air of incredulous surprise—while the harpies of literature stood ready to pounce upon him, and predict the entire failure of the enterprise. Slowly—however, but surely—he proceeded, uninfluenced by flattery, unawed by frown, gradually adding to the number of his adherents, till at length, opposition itself was silenced, and foes and friends alike united to do him homage. Honors flow in upon him, from a private citizen he becomes M. P.—a successful speaker in the House of Commons. Such, in its eventful aspect, its brief outline, is the history of the individual whose name we have prefixed as the title to our pages—the Hon. T. Babington Macaulay !

History tells us of an individual, who, having contrived for the use of a certain tyrant, a machine for the purpose of executing criminals, who had fallen under his displeasure, was himself the first to suffer by the instrument which he had constructed. Similar occurrences, perhaps, are to be found in the history of every day's experience. The barber is often cut by the edge of his own tools—the lawyer falls into the snare laid for his antagonist—the doctor swallows his own physic, and thus we, ourselves, *mirabile dictu*, in our humble capacity, have taken upon us to review this Prince of Reviewers—the Hon. T. Babington Macaulay!

Having thus stated our purpose, however, it will be fair that we set forth the ground of our present undertaking. We have not seen the "Great Unknown," nor, with Milton, have we attempted to gauge, as he "lay floating many a rood," the length and breadth of this "Leviathan," but we have read most, if not all, the articles of Macaulay, as embodied in the *Miscellanies*, and, consequently, as far as furniture is concerned, we conceive ourselves competent, at least, to engage in the adventure. Once, and again, have we perused the splendid article on Milton, the essays on "Hallam's Constitutional History," and "Lord Bacon," as, also, that noble production, "Warren Hastings," itself, alone, worth the whole value of the volumes. Engaged in the perusal of these articles, alternately, have we paused amid sentences of beauty, and passages of grandeur, resembling, as Macaulay himself beautifully expresses it, "roses and myrtles on the verge of the avalanche," at one time borne onward by the resistless current of thought and eloquence, at another, plunging down "ten thousand fathoms deep" in the abyss of mind. The remarks, also, whether dictated by the spirit of genuine benevolence, or the gall of hypercriticism, which flow from his pen, have fallen with peculiar weight on our own ear, stamping indelibly upon the mind, our impression of the moral character of the writer. Sterne, with his good natured humor and benevolence—Burke, with his magnificent imagery and illustration—Junius, without the overwhelming invective and sarcasm of the latter; such are the various pictures we frame in our minds, while perusing the pages of this most accomplished and versatile writer.

Johnson, we think it is, somewhere remarks, in regard to the biographer, that "he who employs his time in writing the lives of other individuals, seldom, or never, has the fortune to have his own life written." This remark applies with peculiar emphasis to the *reviewer*. From the very nature of his pursuit, removed from the noisy scene of political strife, having no "hair breadth escapes" of which to boast, it is only from the

character of his works, that we are able to form any estimate of the talents of the individual. The reviewer, moreover, from the tenor of his profession, employed in the delineation of different subjects, possesses thereby, himself, a versatility of character, which renders a true estimate of his own merits an exceedingly difficult matter. Chameleon-like, he borrows his own hue from the complexion of his subject, and appears great or small, according to the size of the object with which he is in contact. Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," and Swift, in the "Drapier's Letters," are two different personages; Dante is eclipsed by Milton, and Boswell goes down side by side to posterity, as the best foil to Johnson!

We have spoken of the *versatility* of Macaulay's powers. This, undoubtedly, is his most prominent characteristic. His genius is at once showy and splendid, astonishing by the magnificence of its attributes, at the same time that it is adapted to set off every thing to the best advantage. Few writers, we opine, with the materials which they possess, would be able so economically to employ their resources. We wonder, at times, how he could find so much to say on a subject, which would seem, long since, to have been completely exhausted. His mind, in this respect, resembles the genius of Burke, in variety of imagery and illustration, without the profound thought and reflection, however, of the latter. Not content with placing the idea in one light, he seeks to throw around it a thousand lights and shades, and having once stated the argument, formally, employs "horse, foot, and dragoon" in bringing up the onset. As regards the illustration itself, no matter how homely it may be, provided it explain the thing intended—the jewel is no less bright for the plainness of its setting. *Amplification*, rather than *expression*, is his forte. This very fertility of invention, however, becomes, on the whole, a serious defect in the composition of his works. The mind, weary with the extent and variety of subjects brought before its contemplation, is lost in the labyrinth of splendor, rendered still more tedious from the effect of repetition. We admire, for the first time, the splendid contrast between Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple, but when, as in "Lord Bacon," the antithesis is extended to four or five pages, we grow weary of the subject, and are inclined to exclaim, with the Mantuan bard,

"Claudite, jam rivos, pueri: sat prata biberunt."

Rocks, hills, and plains, any thing, indeed, is better than a dead level; but who would for ever wish to gaze on the same landscape—to view the same scene?

Thus far we have considered the character of Macaulay's

writings, simply in regard to their merits ; henceforward it will become necessary to take a different view of the subject.

The question, "What constitutes the character of the true Critic?" is one which has been sometimes agitated in the literary world. Sensibility, taste, a love of the sublime and beautiful, all these have been supposed to enter essentially into the character of the literary censor ; *imagination*, however, we add, should not be by any means wanting. It is not sufficient, in the character of the critic, that he judge ; he must paint also to the imagination and the heart. To the writer, especially—the individual who seeks to sway mind by the original inspiration of genius—such a faculty is peculiarly important. He must love as well as admire—his figures must not only live, but breathe—character must stand out on the canvas—feeling must glow beneath the surface of intellect. He must be a Raphael, as well as Longinus—the Phidias, as well as the Praxiteles of mind. The imagination is the drapery of the critic, nor is truth ever more palatable than when dressed in the garb of fiction. The difference between the character of the true and false critic, may be illustrated by the difference between Bulwer and Scott. The one dazzles—the other warms. Ernest Maltravers is a hero in romance, Viola, a beautiful creation ; yet the one is a splendid painting—the other possesses none of that mortal interest which lingers round the image of Lucy Ashton, which softens the memory of Jeanie Deans ! Thus, also, with the writings of Macaulay. Instead of life-like representations of character, we are presented with a mechanical contrivance, a mere automaton of intellect. The throne of criticism would seem in this instance, to be placed beyond the empire of the affections, whence, Rhadamanthus-like, the critic dispenses the awful judgment of the literary tribunal. Instead of character, warm, animated, and glowing, we are presented with *nerves*, *blood vessels*, and *tendons*—all the parts, in short, which constitute the individual. Call you this criticism ? As well give the name of humanity to the disgusting contents of the dissecting room. Such a man is the Æsculapius of the literary art—an anatomist in the field of mind !

Two individuals at present share the empire of criticism in the Republic of Letters—Carlyle and Macaulay ! The one appears to our view in an English garb, the other is but but half revealed in his cloudy covering, behind the smoke of his German *meerscham* ! Multitudes, echoing the sentiment of their predecessors, eulogize in flattering strains the character of their respective candidates, at the same time that they are as innocent of a knowledge of their merits, as the unshorn lamb. They have dipped into the shallow surface of Macaulay's glit-

ter—and call him profound. They have penetrated into the circumambient atmosphere of German Carlyleism, and cry, “*Lo, look there ! see him !*” Hard, rugged sentences—quaint phraseology—dislocations of the English language—these are mere circumstances in the estimation of these pseudo-critics—flashes from the cloudy covering—proofs of superior intellect. Schiller and Göethe, aye ! and Mephistopheles, are forever on their tongues, though they be learnedly ignorant who Göethe was, or what works the *latter gentleman* (!) may have written ! These critics (heaven save the mark !) read with the same *gusto* “Thackeray’s Chatham,” and “Warren Hastings ;” they credit the whole of Carlyle’s interpretation of Göethe’s Faust and Helena ; they swallow down the whole story of the disappearance of the former mysterious personage. Charles Lamb was right—the days of “Hero-Worship” are not over !

“The radical difference in Genius,” says Lord Bacon, “in respect to philosophy and learning, is this : that some minds are stronger and more adapted to mark the differences of things—others, to note their resemblances. For a steady and sharp genius can fasten the attention, and cling to every subtlety of difference : but sublime and discursive intellects recognize only the slightest and most general resemblances of objects. Thus each fall easily into excess, by catching either at the *shadows* or *points of difference* of things.”\* Thus is it, we apprehend, with Carlyle and Macaulay. The former marks the resemblance ; the latter, the difference. The sublime and daring intellect of the one, finds its appropriate element in the cloudy atmosphere of German mysticism—the shadowy forms of Teutonic romance. The subtle genius of the other speculates on the difference between Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple, Milton and Dante—the Baconian and Platonic systems of Philosophy. Thus, to recur to the conclusion of Bacon, “each falls into excess, by catching either at the shadows or points of difference of things.” Macaulay might pull down a system, but he could not build one up ; Carlyle builds—a castle in the air. Unite the elements of the two, and you have the idea of the true critic—one who to the discernment of the philosopher, unites the imagination of the poet. Were we, indeed, to choose between the two characters, we should not be at a loss which to prefer. Give us rather the innocent credulity of the German, than the cold, chilling scepticism of the English writer. We may love, even when the object is unworthy our affection, but from universal heartlessness, heaven deliver us !

But Macaulay is a *satirist*, as well as critic. Ever since

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\* Nov. Org. Lab. I. Aph. LV.

the publication of Pope's *Dunciad*, and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," satire, as a weapon, has been frequently employed by the reviewing fraternity, *et id omne genus*. How far Macaulay has succeeded in brandishing this weapon, will appear from a consideration of the several articles which compose the "Miscellanies." His satire is not merely a shield,

"Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast ;"

but a two-edged sword, cutting both ways with its stroke. Wit has been called a dangerous instrument ; if so, *satire* must be considered as still more hazardous in its application. That the occasional administering of satire, on the part of reviewers, is beneficial, as establishing a proper censorship of the press, we do not deny. The strictures of the *Edinburgh Review* called forth the production of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," aforesaid ; still it must be remembered that every scribbler of verses is not a Byron. In the case of Byron also, the production of his muse was occasioned by the insults and injuries lavishly heaped upon his character, added to the chafing of a mind naturally haughty and untractable, and "a wounded spirit who can bear?" Macaulay's satire, however, is a cold-blooded composition ; the shaft is not merely pointed, it leaves a sting behind. Witness his remarks on Croker, in "Boswell's Life of Johnson," and that delicate *using up* of an opponent, in his observations on the biographer of Sir James Mackintosh. "The author has not the smallest notion of the state of England in 1688 ; of the feelings and opinions of the people ; of the relative position of the parties ; of the character of one single public man on either side. No single passage can give any idea of this equally diffused ignorance, this omniscience, if we may carry the 'hardihood of our vocabulary' so far as to coin a new word for what is to us quite a new thing." He sneers at the royalist party—he sneers at the papists—he sneers at Boswell—he sneers at Johnson ; in short, his most formidable argument is, a sneer ! Truly, "O most lame and impotent conclusion !"

Undoubtedly, the chief excellence of Macaulay lies in his *command of the subject*. He is evidently well versed in all which relates to the subject-matter of his works, bringing out from the inexhaustible store-house of his genius "things new and old." To use his own language, as applied to Lord Bacon, "His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanon gave to prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady ; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade." Equally conspicuous with the amplitude of his ideas, is the minuteness of his observations.

Not a fact, not a circumstance, not even a date, escapes his observation ; he stoops to superintend even the correction of a typographical blunder. Ignorance is the last thing with which we are inclined to tax the powers of the author of the "Miscellanies." The only difficulty in the case is, that he seeks to carry his knowledge too far, in attempting to explain everything. Now, we venture to affirm, that there are some things in nature and art, in the world of matter and mind, which cannot be explained. Where reason ends, there faith begins. Who would ever form an idea of the poet, from Macaulay's analysis of the imaginative faculty ? Poetry must be read, in order to be felt ; then, if the mind be true to itself, it will feel the inspiration of the theme ; nay, it will catch, at times, from its contemplation, a more than mortal harmony. When does Milton wrap the mind in more than primitive glow, but in the perusal of *Paradise Lost* ? or Cervantes convulse with original humor, but in the pages of the immortal *Don Quixote* ? Attempt, for a moment, to analyze the character of the poet, and its essence escapes ; mystery is the very element of his existence. The clouds behind which the poet hides his conceptions, are not merely the drapery of his imagination—they are essential even to his existence as a poet. In the writings of Macaulay, this awe, this reverence for genius, disappears. We are presented with the mortal, instead of the immortal hero. Faith finds no anchor for her confidence ; the veil which hides the finite from the infinite, is torn aside for ever !

But it is time to come to the *subject-matter* of "Macaulay's Miscellanies." This, on the whole, is not so easy a task as might at first, perhaps, be imagined. The extent and variety of his works alone, preclude a particular observation of their contents. The reviewer has brought together articles of every form and description, embracing almost every subject in the scope of English Literature, from the age of Chaucer, down to the comparatively late period of the English Revolution. He praises the sublime genius of Dante, the lofty powers of Chatham, he stops to crack a joke with Boswell, and converse *tete-a-tete* with Cowley and Milton. Out of such a mass of material, it is obvious, therefore, that we can only make a selection. A selection ! it is like exhibiting a stone, as the sample of a house ; an *extempore* effusion, for an elaborate oration !

The three principal performances of Macaulay, are Milton, Lord Bacon, and Warren Hastings. It is our purpose, at present, to offer a remark or two on each of these articles, in succession. The first thought which occurs to our mind, in the perusal of Milton, is the peculiar tact and versatility of the writer. We wonder, in going over a ground so much trodden,



how he is able to glean even a sheaf in the thrice reaped field of criticism. Our wonder, however, ceases on the perusal of the article. We are let, as it were, into the insight of the author's mind, in his treatment of the subject. The article is not one on Milton particularly, but on poetry, Dante, and the English Revolution. We have the most fault to find, however, with his critique on the *genius* of Milton. The character of Milton! Who shall attempt to analyze it? When he chose for himself the representation of *Paradise Lost*, he did not abandon, merely, the scenes of earth, but also those bounds which Genius always sets to its progress. The *Paradise Lost*, can no more be judged of by the modern rules of criticism, than the vision which St. Paul beheld in the third heavens, can be represented by the day-dreams of the modern transcendentalist! The genius of Milton, approaches the most to inspiration, of any thing of which we can form a conception. In regard to his *supernatural agencies*, we do not agree with the author of the "Miscellanies." Milton, we conceive, did not employ supernatural agencies, simply from his own choice, nor, on the other hand, did he consider them as "debateable ground;" they are absolutely essential to the character of his poems; we can no more dispense with them, than with the Pan and Isis—the Jupiter and Venus, of the Ancient Poetry. The inconsistency of Milton, consists not in his clothing of spirit in human form, but in bestowing upon it human attributes. His incarnations are too incarnate. His fiends are, if possible, less fiend-like than the demons of Dante. Satan has, to our minds, something of mortal interest, when he is thus represented by the poet:

"Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth."

If Milton failed in this respect, he failed only where success was impossible.\*

"Lord Bacon" is a somewhat different performance. The writer here adheres more closely to his subject, rightly distinguishing between the life and writings of Bacon. He has drawn out with masterly skill the character of the great phi-

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\*In regard to Macaulay's *Poetic Theory*, a word on this point, only, is sufficient. Surely, Macaulay would not give his readers to understand, that the poet must "unweave the web of his mind, in order to the production of a great poem in a civilized age." Such an idea must be considered as wholly heterodox in its character; one not sanctioned at all in the Republic of Letters. As respects the sentiment, that the poet and the critic cannot be united in the same individual, the practice of the author himself, is, perhaps, the best comment on his remarks. The author of "Warren Hastings," figures as the reviewer of the "Lays of Ancient Rome!" *Vive la Bagatelle!*

losopher, concluding with a distinct view of his philosophy. He enters with great discrimination into the merits of the Platonic and Baconian systems of philosophy, showing the distinctive traits of each of these schools of mental science. In one particular, however, we differ with Macaulay on this subject. It was not so much "fruit," as the *application of general principles to the investigation of nature*, which was the peculiar characteristic of the philosophy of Lord Bacon. Men reasoned on inductive principles before the time of Bacon: nay, the ancient philosophy did produce "fruit;" the precepts of Plato and Aristotle, though they did not penetrate into the province of external nature, did improve and benefit the mind; they strengthened by their exercise the reasoning powers—they taught the soul to think—a *desideratum*, we may remark, in the present age, peculiarly wanting. The physical sciences have, in a measure, outstripped the science of mind; the intellect is lost in the labyrinth of wonders everywhere spread out before it; to use the words of a writer of our own country: "the world is turned into a vast factory, and the voice of the soul is silent amidst the confused whirring of ten thousand noisy engines." Bacon first applied the general principles of philosophy to the investigation of nature, and in so doing, performed a service for mankind, which has rendered him, universally, the benefactor of the race. In the language of Macaulay, as applied to him, "he moved the minds which move the world." It is something to point out the right road to knowledge, though you do not pursue it yourself; and such is the peculiar glory of Bacon.

Most, if not all, of our readers, undoubtedly, have perused the speech of Burke, and more particularly that masterly performance, the oration of Sheridan on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. To such individuals, the essay of Macaulay on that subject, needs no comment. It is, perhaps, the only article of the kind which will bear to be placed side by side with the productions of the English orators, for splendor of argument and illustration. Indeed, we know not, in the whole compass of English criticism, a passage more splendid than that which occurs in the description of the Governor-General, on his impeachment before the English tribunal, the appearance of the illustrious criminal himself, and, more than all, the delineation of the remarkable train by which he is surrounded. "There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient

or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age,—his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting, that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. \* \* \* But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestry of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men, among whom he was not the foremost.”

But we are wandering. In regard to the merits of the case, the opinions of individuals, undoubtedly, will differ. Especially, do our convictions on the subject waver, as we peruse the remarks of the different advocates, *pro* and *con* the argument before mentioned. Perhaps the effect, in this instance, will be best illustrated by an anecdote told of an individual who listened to the splendid argument of Sheridan, above alluded to. At the expiration of the first hour, he said to a friend, ‘All this is declamation.’ When the second was finished, ‘This is a wonderful oration.’ At the close of the third, ‘Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably.’ At the fourth, ‘Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal.’ And at the last, ‘Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings.’ That Macaulay, however, has brought to bear on the subject more than his usual felicity of argument and illustration, cannot be denied. Nay, that he is unusually candid in his observations, in respect more particularly to the Begum case, and the treatment of the princesses of Oude, is equally obvious. There is one point, however, on which we cannot agree with our reviewer. We refer to the case of Nuncomar. The execution of this unfortunate prince is, perhaps, the *darkest* picture in the sketch before us. Who, but a partial reviewer, would attempt to palliate the conduct of the Governor-General in this nefarious transaction, by such language as the following? “But we look on the conduct of Hastings in a somewhat different light. He was struggling for fortune, honor, liberty, all that makes life valuable. He was beset by rancorous and unprincipled enemies. From his colleagues he could expect no justice. He cannot be blamed for wishing to crush his accusers.” Compare with this the language of Sheridan. “He is by turns a Dionysius and a Scapin. As

well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the direct path of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings' ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity." Verily, we thought to settle the dispute. But we retract. The character of Warren Hastings is as strange a mass of inconsistencies, as the contradictory opinions of his commentators.

We had intended to speak of the *political* character of Macaulay's writings—his remarks on the English revolution. But we forbear. The subject would require, for its illustration, a separate article. In conclusion, we only remark—Let those who would gain a knowledge of the compass of English literature, who would see fine thoughts expressed in fine language, peruse more than once the writings of Macaulay.

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STANZAS.

Cull for me the fairest flowers,  
 Ye who dwell in Beauty's bowers ;  
 And of those that ever bloom,  
 Breathing wildly their perfume,  
 Twine a fitting wreath to place  
 On a brow, where every grace  
 Hath a home in which to dwell,  
 Sweet as Amphitrite's cell.  
 And if Father Ocean's caves  
 Hide beneath his purple waves,  
 Richest gems of those that lie  
 Unrevealed to mortal eye,  
 In this rosy chaplet set,  
 Still with crystal waters wet,  
 None but those which brighter seem,  
 Than the Morning's orient beam :  
 Each with ever-varying hue,  
 Blending still to charm anew.

It is vain ; however fair,  
 Others may the garland wear.  
 She, whose eyes with sweet control,  
 Waken love within my soul,  
 Hath no need that o'er her form,  
 With such graceful beauty warm,  
 Aught less lovely should be thrown,  
 Than the charms which are her own,  
 Mingling in expression there,  
 Nobly bright, serenely fair.

## MILTON.

"Up led by thee  
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air."

IN a chamber of a small, but very neat dwelling, in the old Artillery-walk of London, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fifteenth of November, 1674, an event—one of those few, which can never be blotted out from the ever-living page of history—took place. The scene there presented was of solemn, sublime interest; the contemplation of which, after the lapse of a century and a half, fails not to drive the dancing blood back to the reservoirs of the heart, whilst the inner spirit yields to the stern mandate, "peace, be still." Upon a bed in the centre of the room, lay a pale and wasted form, whose calm, majestic features, the rays of the setting sun were brightening, as they streamed through the faded, rent drapery of the window, kissing the pale brow and pallid cheek, as if loth to depart; conscious, that ere he rose again upon that humble dwelling, a mighty spirit would have left its gross envelopment, and been ushered into a world, where his beams would but dim the brightness of that glory, which reigns from "everlasting to everlasting." All was silence there, deep, awful silence, save only when the pain-drawn sob of anguish broke from the heaving bosom of a fair, young creature, who, burying her gentle face in the pillow, beside the dying parent, showed that there was but one tie that bound her to the world, and that was soon to be severed by a hand which never stayed its blow for a widow's prayers or an orphan's tears. The wife was also there, gazing "despite of pain," upon him, "her life so late and sole delight;" to whom the joy of tears was denied, in the extremity of her woe. Friends stood by the bedside, feeling not the less keenly their own coming bereavement, than sympathy for those more closely allied to the dying man. Presently, one of the mourning group laid his hand upon the breast of the form extended before him; but soon withdrawing it, and, as if fearful of breaking the deep silence, he whispered, "he is gone—John Milton is dead!"

Such an announcement, probably, created little of what is now called *sensation*, beyond the dwelling in which the event occurred; and it is more probable, but a few of the noble, the great, the distinguished, gathered around the grave of the poor, neglected poet, as his remains were consigned to its cheerless, unyielding embrace; but, it is nevertheless true, that a mighty spirit had passed from the world—a spirit that had left its own

bright impress upon the age in which it lived, and to future times, a rich and exhaustless legacy of mind. Hundreds, who had derided the champion of freedom, and despised the poet, in that licentious age, when, to contemn virtue, to scoff at religion, was popular, and to trample on the rights of men, commendable, have since followed him into eternity, their names forgotten, or, if remembered, only to be execrated as blots on human nature; while that of Milton, waxing brighter and brighter, has now become identified with the history and glory of his country and the world.

Milton's title to fame rests upon a foundation broad and strong. He wrote from no mercenary, no ignoble motive, with no view to an ephemeral reputation. Long and severe was the discipline of mind to which he subjected himself, ere he ventured to launch forth upon that wide, unknown sea, whose broad expanse he so earnestly and so long desired to traverse. It was not by means of books alone, he sought to prepare himself for that career he marked out for his pursuit in early youth. Though essential to correctness of taste and chasteness of style and sentiment, as well as to skill in execution, he regarded them only as the concomitants of a superior knowledge, upon which all the success of poetry depends. This knowledge was to be acquired by free and familiar intercourse with men and things, by patient, persevering efforts to pierce within the veil, thrown around the inner self of every individual, and by probing to the quick all the secret passions and sympathies of the human heart. A task of no ordinary difficulty, but once accomplished, the path of fame is easy of ascent. He who in early life aspires to the poetic wreath, and feels within him that glorious spirit which urges on to fame and immortality, scarce ever fails to meet with blighting disappointment; for however beautiful may be his style, however chaste his sentiments, a power is lacking, without which he cannot touch those secret impulses of the heart, that ever move to the soft music of true poetry. The most illustrious example of the natural poet to be met with in the whole history of literature, is Shakspeare; but, though he possessed that most necessary power in the highest degree, he nevertheless failed in the other, yet less important qualifications of the poet; and consequently, was unable to attain to so high an elevation, as if he had blended the natural with the artificial, the true with the beautiful. As the poet of nature, his fame is cöextensive with the existence of nature herself. Dryden, on the contrary, the successor of Milton, as was the latter of Shakspeare, writing for a peculiar age and state of society, all his productions are stamped with their peculiarities, and possess very little in common with other ages and other men. A change

so great as had taken place in the character of the English court, could not fail to excite a powerful noxious influence upon all attached to it. This state of society was entirely factitious, as it must ever be when dependent for its tone upon the caprice of a single individual, and constantly liable to abrupt changes; and it is a matter of no surprise, that the self same spirit which pervaded it, crept eventually into the literature of the age, and ingrafted itself upon the poetry, deadening its power, and contracting its influence to the few years and limited space in which such a state of society existed. From the literary paralysis consequent upon this state of things, English poetry hath never entirely recovered; and, although it cannot be denied that its shattered power has been somewhat revived, yet, if we would seize upon and enjoy its true spirit, we must travel back through centuries, seek its rise with Chaucer, its decay with the death of Milton.

It is not true, be it understood, that Dryden is obnoxious to all the blame due to the first corrupter of English poetry. Long before his time, an almost imperceptible movement had been made, to produce the result he finally succeeded in effecting; small, indeed, in its incipient stages, but gradually increasing, and growing stronger as it advanced, it would probably have reached its utmost limit much sooner than it did, had not Milton, foreseeing its deleterious tendency, thrown across its path the whole force of his transcendent genius, and for a brief space arrested its onward course. As a poet, even Shakspeare had not a deeper insight of the "Divine Idea," the true spirit of poetry, than had Milton, or knew better how to touch the secret, deeply embedded sympathies of the human heart. Nor had Pope the power of moulding the language in which he wrote, into sweeter strains, or more harmonious cadences. Milton, uniting the excellences and beauties of both in himself, without the faults of either, elevates the soul with a sublimity unattempted by the former, and ravishes with a sweetness unattained by the latter.

"In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

The fact of there being no written life of Milton, is a matter of profound regret to the literary world. It is true, indeed, a few writers have essayed to give some of the most important incidents in the transient existence of the great poet, very face-

tious by uttering them under the high-sounding title of "Life," and the world has acquiesced in the title. Seized with an admiration of that towering genius which could so far "o'er top its fellows," we hasten eagerly to these, to learn something of the *man*—to behold the various and mighty conflicts of a mighty spirit struggling against the corruptions enveloping it, burning to throw off its vile shackles and make its glittering mark on the history of its age—to draw forth the secret impulses, the inner motives, the deep imaginings of a soul impatient of restraint, and to learn from whence proceeded those actions, the mysterious symbols of thought, which are ever regarded the great marks of greatness. But, how bitter the disappointment! Instead of gaining an insight into the *man*, the spiritual, undying essence, we are treated to a profusion of facts and incidents about the *animal*, long since crumbled into dust, in the chancel of St. Giles's church—how it was born, married, and died, the three great crises in the existence of the man-animal. Johnson has sneered at, vilified, and traduced his noble character; Hayley has purified it from the filth of the great literary dictator; and these, save his own imperishable works, are all we have, all we can know, of Milton. Were we asked for the best knowledge of his true, his living, his spiritual character, we would point, unhesitatingly, to his incomparable productions. In them we read the soul, its thoughts, its feelings, its irrepres-  
sible impulses,

" Which set the heart on fire  
To spurn the world, and unto Heaven aspire."

Like the young, unskilled mariner, who, ere he ventures out on the limitless, unfathomable deep, seeks to perfect his skill and knowledge by short and rapid voyages, Milton dared not, at first, task his powers or peril his fame in one bold enterprise. The early efforts of his genius, though trivial in their nature, compared with that vast work upon which his fame is anchored, as to a rock of adamant, were, nevertheless, excellent enough to indicate poetic talents of the highest order. He felt within himself a strong spiritual impulse, ever striving to free itself, and bring forth

" The eternal brood of glory excellent,"

and a noble, manly confidence in his matchless powers, that no circumstances could depress, no dangers appall. With all the noblest poets of the world, he wrote not for fame alone, but was urged on to continued and energetic action by an unseen, not unfelt power, that could not be repressed. If, indeed, as some contend, an ardent desire of fame, of wealth, of



honor, were the only inward requisites to constitute the poet, how different had been the experience of the world! Homer had never been the author of the *Illiad*; Shakspeare had died as he lived, an outlawed player; and, doubtless, the head of Milton would have bounced upon the scaffold, with those of Vane and Lambert. The experience of the poet is far otherwise. Like the great generals and statesmen of the world, he is formed in view of a particular object, and nothing but his own perverseness can ever turn his genius from its course. Destiny has marked out the path for his pursuit, and disappointment and ruin await him if he strives to thwart its impulses. The truth of this principle was never more fully exemplified, than in the career of Milton. From the first dawn of reason, he devoted himself to the service of the Muses, and never swerved from his allegiance. Though death in its most repulsive, most horrid form, intercepted his progress, and persecution advanced her three-pronged instrument of torture, neglect, contempt, and wrong, at his dauntless breast, and though a thousand circumstances constantly arose, in an age remarkable for stirring action, to damp the ardor of his aspiring soul, and smoulder its deep sensibilities, its spiritual throbbings, under the pressure of animal calls, they were of no avail; for with manly fortitude, with heroic vigor, he kept a right onward course, and when defeat, disgrace, and ruin seemed inevitable, triumphed right gloriously. In early youth he pledged himself, with all the ardor and confidence of an enthusiast, to the service of his country and its literature, and nobly did he redeem that pledge. Destiny, a destiny that could be felt and understood, impelled him to stake his faith upon the honor and genius of his country, and the same inscrutable, inner power of the soul, aided him in keeping full sternly the faith thus staked; and he who would learn the great secret of genius, its origin, its struggles, its triumphs, must rake long and deep among the passions, the feelings, the sensations of the soul, for that *one*, great, impulsive power, destiny! Here lay the secret of Milton's energy, his perseverance, his success.

The richness of thought and beauty of sentiment everywhere discernible in the earlier poetry of Milton's muse, are of the highest order, and surpass every thing of the kind ever attempted in his native language. A genius like his, even in its incipient action, could not move but to be felt, and, whether he touched the tumultuous passions of the soul with strains of *Mirth*, soothed them with the sweeter notes of *Melancholy*, or, saddened with a mournful *Monody*, they were all impregnated with the same transcendent power and natural vigor. They beat with the deep pulsations of nature, and every heart throbbed involuntarily

to their magic touch. By the ardor with which he, from the first, applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge, he reveals how keenly he felt the inward promptings of an aspiring spirit. Not that such acquisition can compensate for the want of inward impulse, infuse genius when nature has denied it, or beget noble thoughts where the capacity for them is lacking. Such a conception is the most foreign to minds whose spiritual nature derives its highest gratification, and gains its brightest glimpses of truth and high intelligence from silent communion with itself. Knowledge is useful only so far as it can be made the means of drawing forth thought from the inner shrines, the *penetralia* of the soul, of giving it a tangible form, clothing it in an attractive garb, and causing it to produce its destined effect upon others.

Having drank from and exhausted all the fountains of knowledge in his own country, Milton sought the land of passion and of song. He would tread the soil once ennobled by the presence of Dante and Petrarch, and converse with those who had listened to the syren strains of Tasso's muse. Here all the enthusiasm of an ardent nature, all the marvelous brilliancy of a dazzling intellect, were enkindled to a fiercer glow. That lofty imagination, hitherto restrained by the clouded skies and chilling airs of England, now roved unfettered beneath the beams of an Italian sun. That mighty intellect, till now confined within the murky walls of a study, had now free scope to range the richest classic ground. Surrounded by such influences, conversant with scenes of so much interest, and devoting himself with intense passion to the study of the master minds presented for his models, it is no cause of wonder that the soul of Milton became inflamed, and in one bold flight outstripped the noblest sonnets of the sweetest Italian poet. But the destiny of Milton was not to dwell on the classic soil of Italy, or to waste the energies of his mind upon a foreign language. He had a great, a glorious mission to accomplish, and that high impulse of the soul urged him to its completion. *Paradise Lost* was to be written, and *he* was to be the writer. Such was his destiny, and death had no power over him till the appointed task was done. It was born with him, and all his vigorous mental discipline, all the early developments of his giant intellect, were but things necessary to its production. It was still there, during all the confusion of the moral, political, and social elements which marked that stirring period, subsequent to his return to his native land, forming and developing itself inwardly, till the favored time arrived, when it should burst upon the world with unsurpassed strength and power.

That period came. After years of toil, of misery, of perilous conflicts—after measuring weapons with and triumphing over

the first scholar of his age, and standing forth almost solitary and alone, strong in the eternal principles he advocated, and in the depth of true religious feeling, the intellectual champion of freedom, the vindicator of the people of England, the admired of all Europe, the friend and confidant of that dark, stern man, whose name stands out in such bold relief in the history of his times—after having lived to witness the destruction of all his hopes and all his friends, neglected, despised, blind, poor, in peril of his life, then his inner man again began to heave with the fierce throes of genius, and at length brought forth the perfection of his intellect, the glory of his name, *Paradise Lost*.

It has been already remarked, this great effort of Milton was not the product of a single year or a single era of his life, but the work of his whole existence, every moment of which had contributed something to its perfection. Conscious of his own transcendent powers, and confiding in his powerful intellect, from his earliest years he showed

“The spirit of a youth  
Who means to be of note.”

His ardent mind was continually glowing with the noble thought of contributing something to the happiness and intellect of his country and his race, and the inward impulse unceasingly urged him on to embody and embellish the ideal he had conceived. In his own simple language, he says, “I felt an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.” Such was the language of Milton’s youth, but it was not till forty years had elapsed that his early dreams of fame were fully realized—fully realized!—nay, more, the result has far surpassed the highest flights of his imagination, the wildest vagaries of his youthful fancy.

His country was his idol, and to augment her glory, he was willing to spend his talents, his energies, nay, life itself. His chief ambition was to gain the applause of his countrymen, and be said to have added somewhat to the literature of his native land.

“And it shall well suffice me, and shall be  
Fame and proud recompense enough for me,  
If Usa, golden-haired, my muse may learn;  
If Alain, bending o’er his crystal urn,  
Swift whirling Abra, Trent’s o’er shadowed stream,  
If lovelier far than all in my esteem,  
Thames, and the Tamar tinged with mineral hues,  
And northern Orcades, regard my muse.”

How prophetic! For not only is his muse regarded, venerated, from Cornwall to Johnny Groat's, but wherever literature has a name, there Milton is known, and the *Paradise Lost* stands side by side with the *Illiad* and the *Aeniad*.

It was not our purpose to write a critique upon the great effort of Milton's genius—that were a task of the first magnitude, and it is not given to every one to bend the bow of Ulysses—but simply to depict what we consider his poetical character and genius. But applying to it, as a whole, the quaint remark that Carlyle applies to Shakspeare, we would say, "it is decidedly the greatest thing England ever did."

The glowing imaginations of Homer and Virgil had been exercised upon vivid descriptions of the actions of men, and deities, but a slight remove from men, and these they had invested with a marvelous brilliancy and glory. Tasso had mounted a step higher, but still retaining much of earthiness in his descriptions of celestials, much that is unnatural in the characters of his men. Dante had pictured to the mind, with the pencil of a master, the inhabitants of two worlds, both distinct from earth, yet even *his* bold imagination could not entirely separate them from certain characteristics appertaining exclusively to the latter. The imagination of Spenser had reveled to satiety in all the luxuries of fabled "Faerie Lande," while Shakspeare had confined his muse to the faithful painting of human nature. Milton essayed a higher flight, and, like that bold spirit he has drawn with so much force, dared his adventurous way through chaotic confusion, the gloomy realms of night, and sought a world before unknown in poetry. He attempted it, and he triumphed, and in so doing, has exhibited powers of the imagination, limitless as the bright world to which he soared, and opened new scenes and objects of contemplation to the human mind. With a boldness equaled only by his success, he approached the awful seat of Omnipotence, around which are "clouds and darkness," and revealed to man the hidden secrets of heaven. With a most lavish hand, he piles glory upon glory, beauty on beauty, "Ὅσσαν ἰσ' Ὀλυμπεῖ," in his descriptions of the heavenly world, till he reaches a sublimity, where every mind but his own shrinks back appalled; still he pursues his onward course, surmounting every obstacle, overcoming every barrier, undazzled by the blaze of glory that burns around him, undismayed by the beaming faces of Cherubim and Seraphim, bent in wonder on the venturous mortal, nor stops his flight but before the throne of Omniscience, where he listens to the fearful counsels of eternity. Anon he plunges to the lower world, and hell, with its horrors, its shrieks, its woes, are all made to pass before our minds. We behold the Arch-fiend,

strong in "native might," boldly daring "Omnipotence to arms," in blasphemous but sublime language, infusing his own indomitable spirit into the trembling hearts of his rebel followers. Again he changes the scene, and we are ravished by the music of Paradise, and soothed by his delightful descriptions of nature in her pristine bloom, and with the tenderness and love of the two noble beings embowered within its grateful shades, in whose creation and tragic history we must ever feel a lively interest.

The genius of the language in which Milton wrote, was all too feeble and limited to express the workings of his inward spirit, or the brilliant images of his imagination. It broke beneath the mighty task imposed, but nothing daunted, he brought to its aid the richest tributes of all the classic languages, and thus enriched, he has incorporated into it some of the sublimest passages, the most exalted sentiments, to be found in any literature. Time and space would fail to enumerate all the glories of this great work; suffice it to say, that in respect to the three particulars already mentioned, strength of imagination, lofty sublimity, and power of language, no human production can compare with that of the great English Poet.

Such was Milton, his genius, and his character, and in whatever light we view him, he still presents the same noble characteristics, the same exalted powers, with "less of earth in them than heaven." Young, elegant, and accomplished, assiduously preparing himself for noble efforts, he wins our hearts with the sweetness of his lyric strains, and gives good earnest of better things to come. Stern, manly, and enthusiastic in his devotion to liberty, in maturer years, uncompromising in his defense of virtue, frank and candid in an age of hypocrisy, he gains our respect and veneration. In his old age, though shorn of all his honors, blind and poor, yet almost insensible to the wants of the outer man, he still sustains the inner spirit with the food of heaven, and commercing with the skies, draws from thence the materials for wreathing a garland to adorn the honored altar of his country's literature. Viewing him thus in his desertion and decay, we are wont to regret that we could not have been with him in his age, to sit at his feet, listening to the voice of his wisdom, lightening his sorrows by reading to him from his beloved authors, and by endeavoring to ease his noble mind from the bitter contemplation of his public and private wrongs, when he complains that,

"Dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors and without; still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own,  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half."

Ve turn with loathing from that relentless bigotry, which  
d thus neglect and despise the noblest, bravest spirit of the  
to the more cheerful reflection of how nobly he redeemed  
pledge given to his country in youth, that his sorrows were  
for a season, while his fame is universal, immortal, and that  
man is yet to be, who can bear away the palm of English  
ry from MILTON.

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THE MOSS ROSE.

THE Spirit of Beauty came one day  
To visit the earth awhile—  
To bathe young buds in the crystal dew,  
And paint them o'er with her smile.

The carmine blush'd a deeper red,  
The tulip's leaves grew bright,  
The violet caught a purpler tint,  
The lily a purer white.

Each flower received a richer hue  
Than ever before was seen,  
And each made known, in silent song,  
Its love for the spirit queen.

At length she came to a half-blown rose,  
With beautiful damask hue  
And delicate leaves, that rock'd to sleep  
A drop of the morning dew.

"Fairest and sweetest of flowers," she said,  
"What boon wilt thou ask of me?  
Speak, and the realm of beauty shall come  
And pay its homage to thee."

With modest blush, the rose replied,  
"Bright Spirit, but grant to me  
One other grace to the charms now mine—  
'Tis all I can ask of thee."

The Spirit smiled—but swift as thought  
To a fairy grotto flew,  
As swift returned, and over the rose  
A mantle of moss she threw.

And thus array'd in simple green,  
When summer its charms disclose,  
The fairest flower that blooms on earth,  
For me, is the sweet moss rose.

H.

## MANNERS AND THE FEELINGS.

It is often useful to observe, with some degree of attention, the various personages and scenes, in places of resort, that are lawful objects of public inspection. The recreation and advantage thus afforded, after the toils of daily study, are sufficient to attach one to this habit in such a degree, that the same springs and weights by which the clock strikes the usual hour, will also encircle the head with its covering, and put the boots in motion through the door.

A person who pursues this practice, will often be considerably amused with the variety of character that meets his view. If he be unknown, and himself eludes observation, he can successfully study the feelings concealed beneath strange faces, and gain, perhaps, no little insight into the history of the persons he meets with. He may examine at leisure, those who little suspect themselves the subjects of observation, and many curious speculations will thence arise in his mind, on the various motives and principles of human conduct. His thoughts will not, indeed, be infallible; his own feelings may influence him, and the characters or scenes that pass, may sometimes appear good or bad, according as he is in good or ill humor; but currents of reflection will be set in motion, that will conduce much to a salutary mental activity, and may store the mind with many valuable thoughts.

On an occasion of this kind, my attention was once caught by an old gentleman, of frank and open countenance, who was speaking with a lad, an apparent stranger to the town, and seemed to be giving him some kind and necessary advice. He was warning him against trusting the appearances he must constantly meet in life, and concluded with the observation, that "all good qualities lie deeper than the surface."

The remark of the old gentleman gave rise to a variety of reflections on the customs and practices of society, and on the qualities that constitute politeness. My thoughts at last rested in the conviction, that the old man was no common character, and that he had touched on a central truth, in the affairs of manners and behavior. The more I thought of his words, the greater seemed their importance. They should be placed on every school of manners, on every desk of instruction; they should be engraved on every mind that would learn its true dignity; and all should not only know, but have the knowledge fresh in their minds, that every good quality lies deeper than the surface.

Could this idea once be impressed on the mind of the com-

munity in general, and on that of particular classes, it would work a thorough revolution in the vague notions that prevail respecting the thing called politeness. It would not, indeed, produce any extraordinary convulsions, the condition of society would not be materially changed, and the rules of etiquette, as at present understood, might remain in full vigor. But the present outside mode of thinking on this subject, would be exchanged for the more philosophical one of judging merit by the development of disposition, and a polished exterior would be prized only as it recommended a true heart. Though Chesterfield might still be read, the precepts of Solomon and Paul would be considered the better guides in manners as well as doctrine, since they begin with purifying the disposition and refining the feelings, and it is thence an easy path to the improvement of the address. Whereas, the other seems indifferent whether the polish which he applies indiscriminately, serves to recommend virtue, or becomes a concealing veil to vice. In building an edifice, one clears away all obstructions, and digging deep, lays a firm foundation; the other erects it on an ungrateful rock, a plain covered with irritating sand, or a treacherous marsh, ready to swallow it. One is the man of mere surface; the others teach that all good qualities lie deeper than this.

No wonder, that with Chesterfield for a teacher, the world should be half crazy on this subject, and that so many heads are converted into soft receptacles for erroneous ideas to swim in. Never had the peripatetics, when discoursing with sublime unintelligibleness, more tractable and docile pupils than he. His school confines its attention mostly to the adjustment of a cravat, and the regulation of a bow; and the most approved method of touching the hat to a lady met in the street, is the highest conception it entertains of gentility. He who can restore an accidentally lost glove to its fair owner with the most elegant *congee*, most resembles his lordship's model. The mistake here, is an excessive attention to the minute forms of social intercourse, while not a thought is bestowed on the principle of kindness from which they should flow; as if the machinist should confine his notice to the little wheels in the attic, and never attempt to put in order the moving power below. Indeed, the system tends to encourage affectation and hypocrisy, making its disciples deal out compliments which they do not believe, and utter sentiments that they never feel. This class includes the exquisites, of curling mustaches, slender waist, and gold headed cane; all smiles and bows for the gentry, but stiffer than their own whalebone when they meet the generous farmer, or the honest mechanic; the butterflies that flutter gaily in the sunshine of fashion, but are cold as an iceberg under any other influence; the ephem-



eral creatures that shed their coats oftener than the serpent tribe, and, indeed, put off and renew their being as often as a Parisian duchess finds it convenient to conceal a swelling on the arm, or any other unnatural protuberance. These are of the very first water, the ne plus ultra of this politeness, the embodiment (there is certainly no *soul* in the matter) of his lordship's principles.

It is often a relief to view a subject under different aspects. The weeping philosopher is answered by the loud laugh of his merry neighbor, and the mind of the listener receives pleasure from the variety. A subject may be dark, yet it has different shades; it may be bright, yet, like the sun, it has spots to weaken its lustre. In the affair of manners, this variety is afforded by the different classes that practice habitually or occasionally, their own ideas on the subject. Many of these aim, of course, to imitate, in some degree, the sort already described, but their success will vary directly as their distance. To describe one of them, situated at a respectable remoteness, will be sufficient. Generally advancing no claim to the agreeable quality of being polite themselves, they imagine that manners consist in observing certain rigid forms and conventional usages, of which, however, their ideas are somewhat misty. Their error is mostly theoretical. They seldom attempt to embody their notions in practice; but when this chance occurs, their figure is ridiculous enough to throw the gravest face into convulsions. Stiff and upright, they make a constant angle with the plane of the horizon—their voice sounds like an organ out of tune, and all their actions are as unnatural as those of a shark on the quarter deck, and their sufferings are probably more intense, because more prolonged. They are in misery, when obliged to conform to their own ideas of politeness, and right glad when permitted to throw off its unnatural restraint.

There are many classes intervening between these extremes. It might be a curious inquiry to trace out their several views, and mark how they blend and shade away in each other. And those who are fond of laughing at the preposterous folly of mankind, might here carve out ample food for mirth. A picture of each, if skillfully drawn, would strike in every mind the chord that always vibrates at the touch of the ludicrous. A lesson of manners might be drawn alike from the strutting coxcomb who carries his soul in his newest article of dress, and the plain quaker, with the broad hat that characterizes his clan.

How ridiculous and absurd to men of sober sense, appear the thousand assumed airs and artificial swells that constitute much of social intercourse! The rustic leaves his country dwelling, the hamlet characterized by plain manners, and unblessed, perhaps, by the glitter of a fashionable aristocracy, and goes to re-

side in some centre of fashion and folly. He is an innocent youth yet ; he has scarcely even breathed out of the atmosphere of home, or for a single Sabbath been absent from the family pew in the old meeting-house. He has mingled freely among the lads and lasses of the hills, and is emphatically, in spirit and appearance, one of their number. But now he leaves those scenes of genuine nature, and enters on the artificial condition of city life. For a while, novelty withdraws his attention from himself, but soon becoming familiar with surrounding objects, he has time to contrast his own appearance with the sleek forms that move about him. He then looks down with a blush on his cowhide boots, and with a most melancholy countenance reflects on the homely, though substantial nature of his wardrobe. His hat, "bran new" only two years ago, and worn since only "to go to meeting in," compares most sorrowfully with the shining beavers on the sellers' blocks, or those on the equally wooden skulls of the dandies. His appearance and figure become unendurable ; he resorts to the tailor, and straightway gets himself metamorphosed into a complete fopling, with all the characteristics of that most contemptible class of personages. Then he must, of course, acquire the corresponding manners. He mingles in the world, attends Mrs. Smith's dancing academy, and studies with a diligence he never used before, the art of bending his lumbar vertibræ, and playing singular figures with his lower extremities. He trains the muscles of his tongue to a fashionable whine, and learns the soft manner of touching his hat, that so-exquisite mode, which always excites a kind of contemptuous smile in all beholders not of the same genus. Yet not a single kindly feeling has been produced or cultivated—he becomes heartless, and in fact has less true politeness than before. Formerly his manners were the natural offspring of principle ; now he is polite merely by rule. The wonderful transformation, as in such a place it is only one of a multitude, receives little notice. If a cunning fox that has suffered from a trap persuades his companions, by an act of uniformity, to abbreviate their tails, one tail more or less is of little consequence.

But in due time he visits again the place of his nativity. He enters the old church on a Sabbath, taking care, of course, to be much later than the congregation. As he expected, he excites a great sensation : the people stare with wonder at their old acquaintance, but with emotions very different from the admiration he desired. A few silly girls may, indeed, be captivated—a few inexperienced youth be struck with envy and jealousy ; but the more sensible part of both sexes look at him with no feeling more distinct than that of pure contempt. They think that since they last saw him, he has parted with most of his common

sense ; and this opinion is at once formed by all classes, from the minister and doctor to the occupant of the "niggers' pew."

And this is the general belief of mankind. A profusion of ornaments is commonly thought to signify a dearth of ideas, and the amount of an individual's dandyism, to bear an inverse ratio to the quantity of his brains. Manners that are affected or assumed, are designed either to conceal defects of character, or to counterfeit some unpossessed excellence. To a close observer, they always appear in some degree unnatural, and therefore must excite disgust.

All these are counterfeits ; but there is a true politeness. It consists not in a particular mode of dress, or in any mere surface quality. A proper degree of attention to the attire, is, doubtless, indispensable, and neatness and taste, in this matter, are most becoming. The true philosophy of dress, is to avoid attracting attention by any singularity, verging toward either extreme. There is a golden mean here, as in every thing else, and right is he who observes it. True politeness is a universal language, equally well understood and appreciated by all ranks and nations. Mungo Park found it, when faint in the wilds of Africa. It is a happy combination of good sense and good nature, the expression of kindness and benevolence, by appropriate means in the common intercourse of life. A lively sensibility, is one of its essential qualities. The mind must enter into the feelings of others, with a nice discrimination. This happy disposition makes the agreeable companion, who ever aims to make all around him easy and satisfied with themselves ; and then of course they will be pleased with him. Grossness of disposition and blunted feelings totally disqualify for polite behavior. The manners must spring from a deeper source than a code of laws formed on mechanical principles ; they must flow from a heart trained to goodness and virtue. Benevolence is the fountain of politeness : the modes of address generally observed by the virtuous and intelligent, are the stream in which it flows. Elevated and noble feelings are its soul ; the corresponding manners its body. A correct disposition and improved advantages will soon entitle a person to the complete character of a polite man. As it springs from a disposition to do right, a desire to confer benefits and a wish to please, all can understand it, even though they do not suspect its name. It has nothing mysterious and little artificial, and the exhibition of it ever confers pleasure. Even the dog knows how to estimate it. Indeed, Lord Chesterfield himself, might learn from this animal, a lesson in which he gives no evidence that he was instructed. He seems never to have known that the feelings have any influence on the manners, or even on the countenance : he makes his rules

enemies as well as friends ; for the man whose evil passions cherished, as well as him in whose heart they are subdued ; only imagining that mere attention to the manners and address, would make a perfect gentleman. Not so the noble and I have mentioned. His signs of joy on meeting his master friend, are sincere ; his good qualities lie deeper than the surface. And though his mode of salutation may be somewhat rough, though he may bring his tongue and lips a little nearer cheek than a due regard to delicacy might suggest, yet even this he rebukes the polished Chesterfield, for it is the result of a pure feeling—as kissing should always be.

## MUSIC.

"One more then, one more strain."—*Homans.*

Oh ! bring me music—let me hear  
Those strains that fled so swift away ;  
Once more delight my ravished ear  
With the sweet notes of yesterday.  
They woke the echoes of my heart,  
They soothed away my inward pain ;  
Why did they on the winds depart—  
Oh ! let me hear those notes again !

The death damp gathers on my brow—  
Already plumed my feeble wing,  
My heart is throbbless, yet e'en now  
To earth they bid my spirit cling.  
Those strains once more ! they float along  
Like sounds from off yon viewless land,  
They are but whispers of that song  
That tell me of the spirit band.

Now I am calm—this breast no more  
Is filled with doubt, or sadd'ning fear ;  
The murmurs of yon peaceful shore  
Steal lightly on my spirit's ear.  
Oh ! let me die when music's swell  
Each worldly, selfish tie hath riven,  
And gladly bidding earth farewell,  
Mount on its cadences to heaven.

H.

## THOUGHTS ON HISTORY.

"My inheritance, how wide and fair,  
Time is my seed-field, of time I'm heir."—*Goethe*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the urgent interests of the Present, we are continually recurring to the Past. The ground of this disposition is doubtless the desire to enjoy again, at least in fancy, those golden hours and pleasures which are really irrevocable. It were well, if with the reminiscences of early life we would also preserve the pure feelings, the noble and natural impulses, to which the events themselves owed so much of their charm. It were well if we fulfilled the lofty sense of De Posa's advice to Don Carlos—"Remember, when a man, the dreams of thy youth"—for it would preserve the heart young and pure, when the body became shriveled and decrepit with age.

In this retrospection we find that in spite of all the moral and intellectual changes our nature has experienced—and they are as great as the body itself has undergone—we never lose the sense of our personal identity. The man in the pride of intellect and power, feels himself to be the self-same being who was, but a few short years ago, dependent upon the pity and kindness of others for the gratification of his simplest wants. We also see that almost every circumstance in the complicated web of our past life, was necessary to produce our present character and condition. Shakspeare did not violate ordinary experience, when he made the fate of the beautiful and unfortunate Desdemona to turn upon so trivial an incident as the dropping of a handkerchief. What is true of the individual man, the microcosm, is also true, in some measure, with respect to our race, as exhibited in history. We perceive here a visible identity with ourselves, in all the generations that have preceded us, scattered as they have been in every latitude of the globe and in every period of time. We also feel that every thing that has befallen them is of personal interest to ourselves, either as it tended to produce or as it sheds light upon our present condition, as moral and intellectual beings.

The early facts concerning our race, owing to the absence of language, and after its invention to the doubtful and exaggerating medium of tradition, is wrapt in mystery; transmitted in the beautiful but uncertain vehicle of song, facts easily yielded to fiction, and truth to poetry; but the superior knowledge and civilization of their successors, has, to a considerable degree, compensated the ignorance of our early predecessors. Modern genius and science have successfully sought the clew to

their early condition, and to the progressive steps in their advancement. Discovery is opening continually to view new lands and new races of men, in every degree of progress and culture, and thus enables us to restore, in a measure, the lost links of written history. There are all around us monuments of our former state, living records of the changes through which we have passed, in arriving at our present intelligence and refinement. Our forefathers, on coming from among the monuments of English glory and civilization, gazed in wonder upon the aboriginal Indians, and felt themselves elevated almost to gods by the comparison ; and yet the wild life of these very savages was an improvement and advancement in respect to the condition of the stupid and degraded Hottentot. It is then but agreeable to analogy to suppose the primitive men of *our* race to have been equally sunk in sensuality and degradation. We may conceive them to have been brutal savages, untamed as the beasts with which they were engaged in continual war. With minds clouded by sense, they acted under the almost exclusive control of instinct. They subsisted upon the roots and spontaneous fruits of the earth, and clothed their shaggy limbs with the skin of the conquered beasts, the trophy of their victory, and the early indication of their future power. Yet, notwithstanding all this brutality, they still bore about them some marks of a common humanity ; and these very passions and appetites, which so disfigure their character, are themselves the initial elements, or at least the conditions of modern elegance and refinement. Yet what a contrast is there between one of these uncouth barbarians and the beautiful and noble forms around us ; they are as unlike as was Caliban to Ferdinand and Miranda. But the inward aspect is, if possible, still more dissimilar and repugnant than the outward. To the noble in thought and the heroic in action he is an utter stranger. The orient glories of morning, the vernal flowers, the regal march of the tempest, make no impressions upon his stolid heart, for as yet he has not *soul* enough even for an idolator. This then was the primitive condition of our race, and this wholly sensual being is the type of our progenitors.

But he was not permitted to remain long in his degradation, for God had high ends and a glorious destiny in reserve for him, and he gradually arose, by painful and arduous struggles, above his former level, and became a thinking and intelligent being—a glorious change, or rather a new creation. His reason, and not blind instinct, is now his guide ; the inexperienced exercise of this, to him, new power, is attended by many bitter sorrows and disappointments, but like the falls of a child learn-

ing to walk, they are to be succeeded by manly self-confidence and strength.

Dissatisfied with the solitude of his lonely cave, he comes forth to mingle with his fellow-men, and to exercise his social affinities. Beautiful feelings and relations, or rather their germs, now spring up, by which we recognize him as *man*. Gleams of a higher and better nature break forth occasionally from the clouds of sensuality and passion; yet still the recognition is painful, as it is made, for the most part, by the sight of our common vices, rather than of our common virtues. We see here, in full and terrible force, without the counterpoise of enlightened conscience, those destructive passions which are, even at the present day, in spite of the counter-influences of religion and knowledge, disorganizing society and corroding the foundations of our social happiness; but he has now become at least the interesting object of our pity and sympathy; we rejoice in his successes and lament his misfortunes.

Behold, now, in juxtaposition, his counterpart, the refined and intellectual man of the present century, whose mind has become enlarged by knowledge, whose heart has been softened by virtue; the acknowledged sovereign of the earth, his power and dignity are in proportion to his empire; he cowers not before the angry elements, but commands and controls them. The savage, on beholding such an one, kneels as to a god. At his will, beautiful cities have sprung from the bosom of the wilderness, and everywhere around him, in a scene of unusual happiness, are seen the temples of religion, the altars of justice, and the most beautiful forms of life. Thus we have beheld the two extremes of our race—a change striking and marvelous, which history only can explain; for it is the task of history to begin at that interesting state where we last contemplated the awakened barbarian, and to show what causes have conspired to raise him from his original degradation to his present glory and excellence. What, then, can be more delightful and instructive to the imagination or reason, either of the philosopher or poet, than this sublime study; it carries one into the very heart of time, and enables him to see, as from an eminence, its mysterious cycles, rolling and unfolding themselves beneath his eye. He sees, at his loom, the Earth-spirit that appeared to Faust, in flames, weaving the vesture wherewith God clothes himself; and if his head and heart are sound, instead of confusion and blind chance, he will discern directing and controlling order and heavenly wisdom. These, it is true, are not the first impressions, which are bewilderment and doubt; for we behold ancient monuments, that have been built up with the toil and blood of many generations, overthrown in a day; the garnered

thought and experience of ages, destroyed by a single conflagration. Looking into more remote times, we see but few thriving and permanent cities, but on the contrary behold little else than camps and arms. The fable of Ovid is being realized, and mankind, like the serpent-brood of Cadmus, seem only intent upon mutual destruction. Yet he must indeed be blind, who should conclude, from these minor and superficial circumstances, that society has experienced changes, and not advancements; obeyed chance, not order. Such a one looks not beyond the surface, and does not see the more hidden and important relations of these great events, which have checkered the history of our race; events which are a related series of *causes* and *effects*, of *means* and *ends*, visibly indicating the control and overruling guidance of a divine intelligence.

What if the soldiers of Rome did overthrow the porticoes of Grecian learning, the genius and wisdom of her elder days was fast becoming corrupt and dangerous in the hands of her miserable wranglers and sophists? What if the northern hordes did overrun the empire of the Cæsars, and destroy their ancient monuments? Thus was swept into oblivion a weltering mass of corruption and vice, while the flood bore peacefully and securely upon its bosom a large portion of the knowledge and virtue of her ancient and better days. England and France have in later times been visited by the fires of civil war; yet they were purifying; a better order of things has succeeded the *ancient regime*, and from the ashes of its old and rotten institutions have sprung up the living and eternal principles of liberty and justice.

Just as in our own individual life, so do we find in the history of our race, almost every event to be of deep importance and significance—a part of that grand and complicated mechanism of events, which has produced the Present. This central truth believed, we read its pages with new and redoubled interest. We are no longer attracted by the mere dramatic grandeur of its events, of its battles and revolutions, but feel a lively personal interest in all that has occurred. We regard the prodigies of valor performed against the great king at Marathon and Thermopylæ, as performed in part for *us*; and so they were. How different would be the phase of modern society and modern civilization, in this, the nineteenth century, if the Persian had there supplanted the Greek, and the promises of Grecian genius been left unrealized!

But history not only shows us how the present was possible, not only gives us its *genesis*—it also explains it as it now is: so that a knowledge of the past is necessary to understand *life*; otherwise some of its most beautiful customs and most sacred



institutions may seem hollow and unmeaning : without it, we have dry formulas of life—*simulacra* out of which the vital spirit has departed. There are, however, numbers who are content to trudge on through life without caring to look further backwards than the day of their birth ; who would seem to regard the institutions amid which they live, and whose fruits they enjoy, as having been coeval with time—a part of the primordial creation ; and yet it is only by such acquaintance that we are enabled rightly to prize these noble privileges with which we so recklessly dally. Thus to cherish and appreciate as we ought, the elevated blessings of our political liberty, we must have seen the degraded and miserable condition of the bond ; to estimate the true value of our social equality, we must have beheld the coronet upon the brow of a noble fool, and the stars and ribbons of nobility glittering upon a breast that has never known a lofty emotion. But as with these graver interests, so with the simpler circumstances of life, all, all derive additional significance from a knowledge of the past in which they had their rise : thus the name of this very day (Wednesday) is a relic, a memento of a primitive heroic faith. The Norse Mythology and the festival of May-day, not only recalls pleasant memories of childhood, but also reminds us of a departed people, to whom it was a serious, though joyous religious ceremonial. Although the *spirit* of the Past is thus all around us, how inadequately do we realize it. But history not only fills our material and outward life with light, it also shines in upon the deeper and darker recesses of the mind, and aids us in the attainment of truth. This it effects by cheating us of our personal bias and predilections on subjects of doubtful propriety and virtue. This is indeed an office of incalculable importance, for in these latter days, pure and impartial judgments are rare ; our opinions upon most subjects are mere local and educational prejudices, but this kind teacher leads us into other scenes and among strange personages ; and here amid foreign circumstances elicits a faithful and honest decision. The mind is by this means disarmed of its preconceived notions and prejudices, not confirmed in them by bigoted and dogmatic contradiction. Thus, for instance, the deluded advocate of the bloody code of honor is carried back into the ninth or tenth century, to see the operation of the principle which he thinks the very pink of chivalry. The lists are opened, the combatants engaged in mortal combat—the barbarian substitute for virtue and law ; and although the scene is adorned by all the pomp and pageantry of barbaric taste, by every accessory of rank and power, by the presence of beautiful women and brave men, he yet turns away with scorn from this spectacle of the folly and brutality of man.

The mind is not only enlarged by being thus made acquainted with every variety of nations, institutions, and manners; but the heart is also elevated by the contemplation of the sublime and heroic virtues, of noble spirits as they are preserved to us in the records of the Past. We cannot view without ennobling emotions the bright and ancient models of patriotism and virtue among the Greeks and Romans, in which, all prepossessions aside, there seems to be as in the beautiful specimens of their unrivaled sculpture, something *classical* and transcendent. The *moral* is here taught by means of the *beautiful*. There *real* actions, surrounded with all the interest of their causes and consequences, appeal at once to the heart, making impressions which the most glowing eulogies on virtue could never have created. In these records of our race we behold the proportions, the length and depth and breadth of the human soul; now towering into a sublime elevation, now sinking into the most abject meanness; we see its boundless ambition, its daring valor, its intense love and its bitter hate, all distinctly developed, and in interesting connection with their effects. It not only gives us a knowledge of the human heart, but enables us to illustrate it by beautiful, striking, and appropriate examples. It lays bare to the eye of the orator and poet, the springs they must touch, if they would move or persuade mankind. There is no doubt, unless we grant to him inspiration, that Shakspeare (in spite of his sovereign contempt for dates and historical accuracy) owed much of his wonderful conception of character to this source. It was this knowledge that enabled him to invent situations so noble, striking, and natural; to create characters so life-like and *human*, that one imagines he sees moving before him

"The very persons of the noble story,  
As they were living."

The lawyer and statesman may also derive from it incalculable advantages; the former learns here the origin and true nature of the laws which it is his profession to explain; it shows him how far they are grounded upon the principles of justice and truth, and to what degree they are relative to the peculiar circumstances and exigencies of the nations that formed them; he is enabled to trace distinctly their gradual growth and establishment, in spite of the pride and selfishness of kings and nobles, in spite of the turbulence and licentiousness of the people; and the wider and more intimate his acquaintance with the manners and institutions of those who created them, the better does he understand the lofty definition which Montesquieu has given to his science, viz., human reason.

To the statesman it unfolds the beginnings and ends of all the

theories of government which have ever controlled society, and with them the causes of their miscarriage. So that he is guarded at least against past errors, its truths are announced as it were in thunders, in the fall and ruin of nations and the misery of the people; they come to him like solemn voices from the grave. But we must conclude. Carlyle says, that we nowhere see more distinctly than in history, that truth and fact are stranger than fiction; and the remark is true.

Greece rose, flourished, and passed away, and what was once a beautiful reality, is now a strange tradition—a name. Rome filled the earth with her power and renown, and then fell

“Like a bright exhalation in the evening.”

The Goths and Franks, the Saxons and the Normans, troop by us like shadows, transient and mysterious—the whole seems like a wild dream full of phantasms, some beautiful and some terrible; and we too, the atoms of to-day, are whirled along in this perpetual transition, soon to be succeeded by a new generation, and it may be, by a new order of things.

With respect to the future, we can only conjecture; yet who would predict aught but the dignity and glory of his race? Who would place limits to its genius and enterprise? Our predecessors of the ninth century would regard us of the seventeenth, with our wonder-working printing press and our fire-horse of a steam engine, as veritable magicians. May not mankind in the thirtieth century be as superior to us as we are to those of the ninth? With such anticipations we are tempted to exclaim with King Henry—

“Oh! heaven, that one might read the book of fate.”

#### TO LILLA.

A WREATH, a wreath for a maid to wear,  
Bright flowers to weave in her tresses fair:  
The myrtle and pink with the violet twine,  
Rosemary, aster, and columbine;  
In the clematis-vine let the flowers be set,  
The rosebud, the jasmine, and mignonette,  
The lily-white in the bower that blows,  
And, queen of the summer, the fragrant rose.

O Lilla, dear Lilla, the flowers cannot vie  
With the smile on thy lips, with the light of thine eye;  
But the fair things of earth are an offering meet,  
For a spirit more lovely, a soul more sweet;

They are tokens of love, and their leaves impart  
 A mystic sense to the thoughtful heart.  
 The myrtle that nods on the wreathing vine,  
 The rosebud that peeps from its leafy shrine,  
 The lily, so pure, that its head lifts up,  
 And the columbine wild, with its fairy cup—  
 Each flower, with its smile, doth a message bear,  
 That thy spirit shall read on the petals fair.  
 Of beauty unconscious their buds shall tell,  
 How it charmeth the soul with a holy spell,  
 The heart with a love unmeasured fillet,  
 The inmost spirit with rapture thrilleth.

And well may they wither, when once they have told  
 The language of love that their buds enfold,  
 When once they have won thy smile, and thou  
 Hast bound them in gladness around thy brow :  
 For sweeter far is the lot of the flowers,  
 To kiss thy brow, and in triumph die,  
 Than still to bloom in their native bowers,  
 To be dashed to earth by the summer showers,  
 Or to fade and waste 'neath the summer sky.

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## A TRIP TO THE TROPICS ;

OR,

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES.

### LETTER IV.

*Metamorphoses—a morning's ride—New Year's day—a quiet festa—St. Kitt's—Nevis—St. Pierre—hip hurra !—painful allusions.*

MARTINIQUE, January 25th, 184—.

MY DEAR BOB :—

IN one of Buckstone's melodramas, the scene is made suddenly to shift from the ice-bound regions of the Arctic ocean to an oriental paradise. If you were ever present at the representation of this piece, you must have been struck with the happy contrast, when, at the wave of a fairy's wand, icebergs give place to flowery banks and trees laden with pomegranates, and the gloom of a wintry storm, yields to the genial glow, not of a summer's sun, but its theatrical substitute, the elevated foot-lights. Anyhow, you have seen those ingenious toys that are sometimes sold in the print shops, those magical pictures, which, on being submitted to the action of heat, undergo a thorough change of character. Thus you may melt a sleighing party in-

to a harvest home—hold Parry at the North Pole, before the fire, and he warms into Capt. Cook, among the Sandwich Islanders.

Now imagine to yourself with what feelings of delight I rose early on the morning after my arrival, (every body that has his wits about him rises early in the West Indies,) and took a short ride over the Wheel-of-Fortune estate. It was then that I received my first impressions of these sunny isles of the West. In the course of a single fortnight, I had experienced every degree of temperature, from zero to blood heat: subtract the intermediate voyage, which the apathy of sea sickness had made a mere blank in my existence, and you have quite as abrupt a transition as that presented in either of the above illustrations. I had just an hour before breakfast; so, to make the most of my time, I whipped up the sleepy jennet on which I was mounted—just the animal, however, for a contemplative ride—and turned down the slope that led to the sea shore. As I picked out, in the course of my descent, each shady nook that presented itself, or stopped to rest beneath the thick-set branches of a tamarind tree, or slouched my Panama over my eyes to prevent the dazzling effect of the sun, I could not help thinking that but two short weeks ago, Jack Frost tweaked me by the nose, and the chilling blasts of a northern December searched my very bones: but now the lightest article of dress seemed an annoying superfluity, and every breath of wind was a welcome guest. (And so true it is that we experience a secret gratification at the misfortunes of even our best friends, that, at the very moment I am writing this letter, seated on a camp stool, in the airy verandah of the *café des Anglois*, and cooling my palate with an occasional sip from the glass of *eau sucré* which Miss Betsey Parker, our buxom hostess, whose slight African taint only serves to give tone to a complexion which might otherwise have been sallow, has just deposited at my side—yes, my dear fellow, the very moment that I am enjoying to the full the luxurious warmth of this delectable climate, I am chuckling at the idea that in all probability, you are blowing your fingers over some impracticable stove, or stumping across the college green knee-deep in snow. But *revenons à nos moutons*. Let us get back to Santa Cruz.) The fresh morning breeze was truly delicious—not only cool and pure, but fragrant; each whiff, as I drew it in, told of the orange blossoms over which it had wafted. When I reached the foot of the declivity, and witnessed the grandeur and sublimity of the scene that there opened to my view, I was wrapped in an ecstasy of admiration; even the stupid beast that bore me, as though conscious of its magnificence, pricked up his ears and neighed merrily. There stretched before me the broad

Atlantic, and at its utmost extremity verged the bright orb of day, resplendent from his ocean bath, just risen and reflecting upon the surface of the unruffled water, as it were, a path of burnished gold ; it extended to my very feet, and seemed a worthy approach to so imperial a majesty. Nothing was heard, except at intervals the splashing of the surf, as with each successive flow of the tide it moved further upon the beach the shells and bits of coral that had formed its previous boundary ; or, perhaps, the flap of a pelican's wings, when with an awkward stoop he bagged his game, and then rose clumsily into the air.

Having feasted my eyes until they blinked with the brilliancy of the scene, I turned my horse's head homewards. Every thing was teeming with life and vegetation. At my approach, innumerable swarms of insects would take their flight from off the fat weeds and cactuses that grew in undisturbed luxuriance on the road side. Land crabs that had been drawn out by the sun would pop back again into their holes, and many a green lizard would peer at me with its basilisk eyes from among the branches of the palmistes, as though it resolved to brave me out ; but its courage failing as I came nearer and nearer, the frightened reptile would glide noiselessly down the trunk and disappear amidst the folds of the peeled bark, which, like a wrappage of coarse canvas, swathed the roots of the tree.

On I rode ; and taking a circuitous route, I found myself unexpectedly among the negro cabins. These, built chiefly of bamboos, thatched with palm leaves, were situated in a cool, sequestered valley, that ran the whole length of the plantation. Although partially concealed by some tall coconuts, I could easily distinguish at the door of one of the cabins a wrinkled old woman, seated on a stool, engaged in frying plantains ; and as she turned over the long yellow slices with her skinny fingers, she chanted a strange, unintelligible ditty, the words of which seemed to run thus :—

“ Buccra man tink Obek woman  
She no sabo truf to tell ;  
Massa him lie sick wid fever,  
Obek woman make he well.  
Pickinanny die one mornin,  
Choke wid bit ob suggy cane ;  
Obek woman mumble fetich,  
Duppy come to life again.  
Dah, dah,  
Yah, yah,  
Duppy come to life again.”

Without waiting to hear more, I drove abruptly up, dispersing before me a half dozen naked *pickininnies*, who at my approach scampered away like the land-crabs already mentioned. The old witch, however, (for such I afterwards learned was the character she bore among the negroes,) greeted me very cordially; she had heard of my arrival, and seemed highly gratified with the mark of attention into which she construed my unpremeditated visit to her. Only one of the *pickininnies*, with a little round belly like a Cupid's on the top of a Valentine, had the hardihood to remain; he never budged an inch, but stood, gnawing a piece of Cassava bread, and looking askance, first at me and then at his granny, ready for a retreat at the first display of hostilities. I was preparing to depart, when, at the suggestion of the old woman, a little urchin, somewhat larger than the rest, though without a stitch to his back, clumb up a tall tree at my side, and, exhibiting all the agility of a monkey, gathered some of the unripe coconuts from the very top, and then with a slide dropped to the bottom; one of these he dashed on the ground until he had bruised the rind, which when he had torn off, he cut a hole with a jack-knife into the side of the nut, and gave it me to drink—and a more refreshing draught you can hardly imagine. I threw the little fellow a stiver, gave the reins to my horse, and soon put an end to my morning's ride.

---

I was fortunate in reaching Santa Cruz in time to witness the celebration of New Year's day, the great gala-day of the negroes, which, like the Venitian Carnival, terminates a week of unbounded license. To-night is marked by the rude mirth and hilarity of a "quality ball;" to-morrow recommences the sweat and toil of the cane-field! At an early hour in the morning the slaves were collected in the hall to receive their presents, and it really did one's heart good to see with what manifest tokens of delight they received, the women their Madras handkerchiefs and new gowns, and the men their pea-jackets and Osnaburgh trousers, and then, with a "sadee missis," a courtsey or a bow, skipped out of the room. Some of the favorite house-slaves were presented with pieces of jewelry, such as enormous hoops of gold for their ears, or coral ornaments for their arms and necks.

Hardly had we finished breakfast, than we were called to the window to witness the gambols in front of the house. Here were assembled all the negroes of the plantation; some dancing and frisking about, without any system at all, but merely to give flow to an exuberance of health and spirits; some singing im-

promptu songs to no tune, without rhyme or reason ; and others looking on in quiet enjoyment of the fun, or bursting out into such immoderate fits of laughter as to bring the tears to their eyes. One of them, the Jack Pudding of the company, mounted upon a pair of stilts that were strapped to his legs, and dressed most fantastically, performed a variety of ludicrous antics, whilst another beat time upon a rude kind of drum, made by stretching a goat-skin over the top of a flour barrel. The performance terminated with a shower of stivers from the window, every one of which the Jack Pudding caught in his hat, with surprising dexterity.

The day will be ever memorable to me, if not for the festivities of the occasion, at least for a circumstance which I am now about to narrate—confound it, my nose itches at this moment. I had gone to my chamber, as usual in the afternoon, to take a quiet siesta, and, in the midst of, for aught I know to the contrary, a comfortable nap, I was suddenly awoke by a pain so sharp and thrilling, that it made me fairly bounce to the ceiling. I soon became conscious of its exact position, which, for an instant, my startled faculties were not able clearly to define ; it seemed as if the spinal marrow and all the nerves of sensation had been for the nonce concentrated in my *nose*, which was now evidently the source of my torment. I rolled out of bed just in time to confront Jupiter, who was coming in at the door with a cup of coffee. Down fell cup and saucer—and Quashie stood aghast ; but the next moment, recovering himself, he grinned from ear to ear, displaying a crescent of polished ivory, which gleamed from his ebony countenance like the new moon on a dark sky.

“ You black rascal,” cried I, wincing with most exquisite torture, “ what are you laughing at ? ” The king of gods and of men smothered one of those guttural chuckles peculiar to his race, and motioned to the mirror that hung behind me. I turned to look, when—O Bardolph, what a nose ! Stranger of Strasburg, Disguised Squire in Don Quixotte—I challenge its equal. Aroused from the contemplation of my swollen feature by a furious stamping upon the floor, I looked over my shoulder, and there was blackey ejaculating at each time he brought his foot down upon a gelatinous mass, about as thick as my finger, though somewhat longer—“ Eh ! you dem big centepede, wherefore you bite massa, eh ? him no bite nobody more ; ” and then with renewed vehemence, he stamped upon the venomous insect, already reduced to a jelly. As soon as he had thrown the defunct centepede out of the window, warning me at the same time against “ de spite ob de oder one, as dey always went in pairs,” he disappeared in search of some alleviation for my mis-



ery. Meanwhile, I occupied myself with again looking into the glass, and, spite of my misery, I could not help laughing at the figure I cut.

Jupiter soon returned with a plantain leaf in his hand, (a sovereign remedy for any thing like a cut or a sting,) and a bottle of some kind of ointment, which he carried on his head—a West India negro carries every thing on his head, from a washtub to a wine glass. Having plastered a portion of the leaf, smeared with ointment, over the wounded part, and secured it there with my black neckerchief, which he tied aslant my unfortunate proboscis, he permitted me to depart. And in this predicament, with a face like an escutcheon crossed by a bend sinister, I presented myself before my aunt and cousins.

I might exhaust pages with an account of my sojourn in this delightful island; but, for the sake of brevity, I am constrained to omit many novel and interesting details. It was about a week after the occurrence mentioned above, when, with a request from my uncle to look after the sugar crops in the course of my progress, and a strict injunction from my aunt, to avoid the night air, and not to catch my death of cold, I bid them both adieu, and having shaken hands with my pretty cousins, (squeezed Christina's the hardest,) I was driven down to Bassin, whence, with a favorable impression of Santa Crucian hospitality, I embarked in a neat little schooner for St. Kitt's.

St. Christopher's—or as the English have shortened it in their fondness for abbreviations, St. Kitt's—a name given to it by its illustrious discoverer, as some say in honor of a saint in the calendar, and not of himself, is one of the most remarkable of the windward islands. Brimstone hill, the central point, seems to be nothing but an exhausted volcano: the craterous form of the top, from which radiate deep gullies in all directions, tends greatly to confirm this opinion; and it would require no strong imagination to believe that the surrounding soil is simply a concretion of lava and ashes, produced by some great volcanic eruption, or, perhaps, a series of them. It was on this island that I had the first opportunity of witnessing the effects of the emancipation system; but as I intend shortly to visit some of the larger English islands, I forbear passing any judgment upon the matter at present. I will, however, remark, that I took a peep into the Assembly House, and was surprised to find several quite respectable-looking negro members in the seats. They were discussing the propriety of sending some token of congratulation to her royal majesty on the birth of the Prince of Wales. One morning during my stay here, I was rowed over to Nevis, an islet in the vicinity, not a league off, celebrated for its hot springs. After enjoying the luxury of a bath, heated by the in-

al fires of the earth to 100° Fahrenheit, and compounded according to the circular of every drug in the pharmacopœa, I returned to St. Kitt's, whence I shortly sailed for St. Pierre, Martinique, where I am now writing against time and the desire of the next packet.

St. Pierre! the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, the pride and glory of Johnny Crapaud—the glitter of its shops, filled with kickshaws from the French metropolis—the gay and graceful arranged *toques* of its pretty quadroons—the sounds of music and revelry that issue from every domicile—all proclaim *Bagatelle* triumphant; it is written on the brow of the native African—in the sun-burnt features of the sallow creole.

Yesterday, I dined at the American consul's, where jolly Capt. —, after being repeatedly called upon for a song, cleared his throat and piped the following:—

The isles of the West, the isles of the West,  
Like emeralds, studding the ocean's breast,  
O, nothing can with them compare, Sir;  
Some wonder you'll find in whatever you please,  
From the oysters that grow on the mangrove trees,  
To the fishes that fly in the air, Sir.  
Then out with a stoup of your best, Sir,  
With a hip hurra, and a hearty cheer,  
We'll drink to the gallant cavalier  
Who discovered these isles of the West, Sir.

The centepede's bite, and the scorpion's sting!  
The vampire bat, with its treacherous wing!  
Tut, tut, they'll do you no harm, Sir;  
Some pleasure you'll find in whatever you please,  
From the kiss of the soft and luxurious breeze,  
To the "jigger" that tickles your arm, Sir.  
Then out with a stoup of your best, Sir, &c.

The glowing sun and the gorgeous sky,  
The charming quadroon, with her basilisk eye,  
(Beware of the pretty deceiver!)  
Are sights that will ever endear to me  
These isles of the West, these gems of the sea,  
This land of frolic and fever.  
Then out with a stoup of your best, Sir, &c.

In every clime there is something to dread,  
Where Caliphs hold away—the loss of your head,  
In Venice, the lurking stiletto,  
On Arabia's plains, the blasting Simoon,  
But here in the Tropics, grim Death follows soon  
Jack Spaniard's *venemito prieto*.

Still, all in a stoup of your best, Sir,  
 With a hip hurra, and a hearty cheer,  
 We'll drink to the gallant cavalier  
 Who discovered these isles of the West, Sir.

I say, Bob, describe me an hyperbola, so that the major axis,  
 &c. &c. &c. Success to your Greek and Latin, and believe me,  
 Yours, facetiously,

PEREGRINE MANGO.

To Mr. ROBERT WRANGLE, *Yale College*.

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DEPARTED YEARS.

I WANDERED forth at eve, beneath the shade  
 Of the o'er-arching trees, whose branches swept  
 In mournful accents to the passing breeze,  
 As though a spirit sighed amid the gloom,  
 Wailing the years departed. On my view,  
 Rose the lone mansion of the poet-sage,\*  
 Frowning in sombre aspect o'er the scene,  
 Neglected, drear, around whose bleak domain,  
 Moaned fitfully the night-wind, echoing back,  
 In hollow bass, the poet's deep-toned lyre—  
 Sad requiem of the past. Was it a dream,  
 Or wildering fancy of the mind, which woke  
 The startled echo of my breast?—methought,  
 A blast swept through the forest, wailing past,  
 And thus, erewhile, a passing spirit spoke:—

I.

Yes! fled are your years, with the years that are past,  
 The moments hurrying by,  
 The flowery wreath around childhood cast—  
 The haunts of memory.

II.

Gay visions, that hovered o'er Life's young morn  
 Of pleasure, dazzlingly bright!  
 They have passed away, with your Life's young dawn,  
 They are quenched—in endless night.

III.

'Tis the lot of man—the moments brief  
 Of existence will not stay:  
 Like the rippling tide—like the rustling leaf—  
 They speed their flight away.

---

\* The poet Hillhouse.

## IV.

Bright bubbles, ye dance on the stream of Time!  
 Reflecting your sunbright hues:  
 Awhile, to beguile our youth's fond prime,  
 Then leave us lone—to muse.

## V.

And suns may rise and set in their course,  
 Moonbeams wax and wane:  
 But for thee, mortal, thy passing years  
 Ne'er return again.

## VI.

Ye have wandered, awhile, amid Pleasure's bowers,  
 Ye have drank at Learning's stream:  
 'Twas a sunlight glance, o'er your being thrown,  
 It passed—like a sunset gleam.

## VII.

And now ye go forth—but ye go not all,  
 There is sadness in your throng;  
 The buoyant step, and the heart of pride—  
 Why move ye thus along?

## VIII.

Yet ye must on—the stern mandate of Time  
 Brooks not a moment's delay:  
 On with the march of the gathering years,  
 To Learning's victory!

## IX.

Ye go to win triumphs—Fame's glittering wreath,  
 And crowns of dazzling pride,  
 To utter a name that will not die,  
 As other names have died.

## X.

The parting hour lingers. Why lingers *your* gaze?  
 The heart in grief will swell.  
 Companions, beloved of our earlier days,  
 Classmates, friends! FAREWELL!

R.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NASSAU MONTHLY. Princeton, N. J., April, 1843.

THE last number of this periodical is on our table. From the hasty glance which we have been enabled to give its contents, we think that the present number will not at all subtract from its growing reputation. Though comparatively young in the history of College periodicals, we think we see in its pages an earnest of its future fame; one of those few literary periodicals which “were not born to die.” We had in our eye several articles illustrating the truth of our observations; to

specify where all are excellent, might perhaps seem invidious, yet we mention as particularly fine, "The Fiction of our popular Magazines;" "A Legend of Montauk;" "No Goal to Science." The quaintness of the several titles to the articles, has struck us as a peculiarly original and valuable feature of the Magazine. Brother, your hand! Glad are we in our lone retreat, to find companions in our course, and the others, beside ourselves, rejoice in the "Light of Letters." R.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC PERIODICAL: Edited by a Committee of the Philomathean and Zelosophic Societies, of the University of Pennsylvania. January, 1843. Vol. I., No. 1.

The old adage, "it is never too late to retrieve an error, or atone for a fault," recurs to our mind in attempting to notice this excellent Magazine. It was our intention to perform this act of courtesy immediately on its reception, but owing to the unprecedented press of matter for our previous numbers, we were constrained to defer it to "a more convenient season." We, therefore, tender our humble apology to the Editors of the above, and ask pardon for our unintentional delay. To say we were pleased by the reception of another periodical, of a kindred nature to our own, would poorly express our gratification. But in sooth, the latter feeling was somewhat diminished in looking over the number, by observing that maturer minds than belong to undergraduates, were brought into service, to give character to the production. This, we charitably supposed, was for the purpose of giving eclat to the specimen number, and shall, therefore, look to the subsequent issues for a more perfect exemplification of the intellectual furniture of the members of the University of Pennsylvania. The articles contained in the present number, we consider as removed entirely from the reach of College criticism; as we have some faint recollection of a fable by "ancient Esop," called the "Viper and the File." The typographical execution is faultless. In conclusion, we cannot but extend the right hand of candid fellowship to the literary stranger, and bid him "God speed" in the noble work of developing the youthful genius of the institution from which it emanates. D. W. H.

LOWELL OFFERING.—We have received the April number of this periodical, but have found time to peruse only a portion of its pages. There is a life, a raciness, about it, which ladies' pens alone can impart, and which we do not always find in Magazines of higher pretensions. With the piece entitled "Our Poor Relation," we were well pleased; but the song, "Love and Hope," sounds *very* familiar to our ears; however, poets crossed in love must be expected to write in similar strains. The "Lines addressed to the Comet," are admirable. We have not seen a better imitation of Burns; do tell us the author's name! for without designing to be partial to "Coila," we mean to preserve the present number for her sake. R. A.

THE RAINBOW, OR ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, is on our table. We have only had time to glance at the splendid engraving of the "Bay of Naples" and Lake Maggiore. R. A.

## NOTICE.

IN accordance with the custom of past years, and in obedience to our own feelings, (a much more substantial reason,) we present our last number without an Epilegomena. The meetings of the "Inamorati" are no more—the last decision from their oracular lips has been given. They have no more laurel wreaths to bestow, no more sad fates to award. Henceforth they are themselves to stand at the public bar, to receive its commendation, or, mayhap, its frown. The euphonious *soubriquets* under which we have playfully sported, are laid aside forever, and the Speaker, Phlogiston, Bufo, Flamingo, and Ichabod, put off their masks, with the bonnets which they now doff to their kind readers. The spoils of the past year, our exchanges, our contributions, have all been duly divided, and we hand down to our successors—our empty *coffin*, as our sole bequest. We claim no merit for the gift—it is one which all men give to all, and never charge to the account of the recipient.

It is said, that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript; we do not know but the same may be said of the present notice. We would respectfully, but earnestly request those of our subscribers who are still in arrears, (and their name is legion,) to be punctual at the *beginning* of next term; *duty* and *honor* alike require it. Subscribers for the portraits of Professor Kingsley, will please call for their copies upon some one of the Editors.

At the urgent request of our successors, we add, that they desire *all* communications to be sent through the Post Office. Unless a piece can obtain admission on its own merits, it is hard to press it upon the Editors on the score of "auld lang syne."

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Maniac" has been returned through the Post Office, as requested.

"Scene in Schiller's *Mary Stuart*," is respectfully declined.

The lines from our fair contributor in Philadelphia, "without the blots," should certainly have appeared in the Epilegomena, had we published one.

Various other contributions have been handed over to their respective authors, or possibly are still sleeping amid the unpublished documents.



## THE EDITORS TO THE READERS.

BELoved READER :—To say in good old Saxon phrase, “good bye,” is a courtesy which we would by no means omit, even had not custom sanctioned an Editorial Farewell; and we have not often done it with feelings in which regret and pleasure were more equally mingled. For one year have we endeavored to perform the duties allotted us as Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, and now we resign it to other hands. It has been to us a source of care and trouble, of more, probably, than most are aware. It has cost many an hour of toil, deprived us of many an hour of sleep, and often, on some sunny afternoon, have we denied ourselves a pleasant ramble over these neighboring hills, in order to minister to your intellectual enjoyment. But of these we complain not—more we would willingly have borne. Gladly now we lay aside these cares, and yet not without some pleasant thoughts of mirthful meetings which we have had in editorial conclave, and without recollection of the interest which the appearance of our monthly pages raised. Of the manner in which our duties have been performed you are the best judges. We can only say,

“What is writ, is writ—

Would it were worthier!”

The existence of the Magazine, which might have been problematic at first, is now no longer so. Eight years have passed, and it almost begins to assume the appearance of age, and to take its place among the things of College life, which utility and hallowed associations will make enduring. Succeeding classes will not willingly let it die.

A word to those more immediately connected with us—to our old Classmates. We have lived in the sunshine of College life together a few more weeks and the tie will be broken, and we shall separate forever. To others, that parting may be a matter of little moment; to us, it is one of deepest interest. We numbered, when we came together, one hundred and thirty; thirty-seven have been added to us since that time, and, in the various changes of College life, about seventy have gone, of whom six lie sleeping in the grave. Pleasant have been many of the scenes in which we have mingled together, and in our daily contact in this miniature world, many are the changes which have come over us. For ourselves, we hardly expect to see happier days than the four years during which we have been members of the class of '43; yet, happy as they have been, we would not part long them a single hour. Life's sterner work calls on us—the Future beckons with mysterious finger.

“It is fit

The spell should break of this protracted dream.”

To one, to all, we say FAREWELL, and add the hearty benison, “God BLESS YOU.”

ROBERT AIKMAN,  
DANIEL W. HAVENS,  
JOHN A. LENT,  
FREDERICK MUNSON,  
EDWARD W. ROBBINS,

} *Editors of the  
class of 1843.*

*Yale College, April 24, 1843.*

25 Cents

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:  
EDITED BY  
THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dona pueri gratia daret, necesse forebat? Y. annuali  
Censuræ daretur, nonnullis f. daretur."

VOL. VIII.—NO. VII.

JUNE, 1848.

NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS  
—FOR THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE—  
NEW HAVEN.



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## TO OUR READERS.

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IN his introduction to the Bee, Goldsmith has made the following remarks:—"There is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature, than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humor. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself, upon his first attempt to address the public in form; all his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension." That the first of these sentences contains a ludicrous truth, the experience of almost every individual will testify; for the accuracy of the latter, we are ourselves willing to vouch. Established usage requires, that in commencing our editorial labors, we should endeavor to lay before the reader, some statement of our condition, prospects, and intentions. In so doing, we could wish to convince all, that in the budget which we are about to give to the world, something will be found suited to every taste; and we might possibly succeed in our reasoning, were it not that in matters of this kind, men prefer to judge for themselves, rather than rely upon the assertions of others.

Our Magazine cannot now easily perish; the honor of the undergraduates of Yale is pledged for its support; they can uphold it, if they will, and we are not inclined to imagine, that

they will shrink from the responsibility. Its present condition is promising; though the diminished size of the lower classes will hereafter render it necessary, that every individual should consider himself bound to contribute his share towards its maintenance. For ourselves, while we enter upon our labors with diffidence, we hope and expect to perform the task in such a manner, that those who have chosen us for it will not be disappointed in their anticipations, or find reason to distrust their judgments. We do this the more willingly, because we are aware that we shall not be left to our own unaided efforts; there are those around us, able and, we hope, ready to assist, and to such we shall look, as to those who, from time to time, will cheerfully smooth our path and lighten our burden.

To our classmates, then, we return our hearty thanks for the honor which they have conferred upon us; to our fellow-students, of every degree, we look for countenance and support; and of our readers, generally, we would ask impartiality, and some consideration of our circumstances, in their judgments upon our productions.

We remain, Classmates, respectfully,

YOUR EDITORS.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1843.

No. 7.

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THE FOUR ERAS.

THERE is nothing which more clearly exhibits the customs and feelings of a nation, at any period of its existence, than its cotemporaneous poetry. The peculiarities of sentiment and expression, the thousand minutiae of every-day life, *man* as he thought, acted, and lived, are depicted in a manner which the cold indifference of history never aspires to, which prose fiction in vain strives to equal. In endeavoring to realize the true condition of a former age, our view is ever obstructed by the dimness which shrouds the forms of antiquity; the prospect resembles a landscape in the twilight of a summer morning; the tops of the hills are in view, and, perhaps, the points of the village spires; but the night-mists have settled down upon each plain, vale, and hollow, hiding the green meadows and grain-fields, and covering with an impenetrable mantle the dwellings of men. The genius of the poet clears away these mists; and, as the vapors disperse, at the waving of his magic wand, we see scattered around us palace and cottage, and rustic hut, in all the vividness and reality of life. The unknown bard, who framed the rude ballad about border wars and massacres; the provençal troubadour, who celebrated knightly gallantry and love; and the Minne-singer, who praised the fair maidens of the Rhine, have taught us nearly all that we know of the inner life of the forefathers of modern Europe. From these, the historian gathers his delineations of the customs of olden times; to these, as to a fountain, the novelist and story-teller repair, for all that is useful, and much that is entertaining in their productions.

But this is not all. As a nation is faithfully depicted at any

particular era in the cotemporary song, ballad, or epic, so its gradual changes, its progress in civilization and refinement, or its decline toward semi-barbarism, may be traced through the different periods of its poetical literature. There is a history in poetry ; not so much of the rise and fall of dynasties, as of the human mind, and of the various forms and directions which it assumes, during the lapse of ages and the revolution of empires. The illustration of these views, as developed in the annals of British poesy, it is our object, in the present essay, to exhibit.

England, four hundred and fifty years ago :—the years have rolled swiftly away, the centuries, which then appeared so long in the dim future, have become a portion of the past ; and to us, the men of that day, their feelings, habits, actions, and desires, nay, oftentimes their very existence, have become a matter of inquiry and curious research. The events which were then transpiring, have been made the study of statesmen, a debating ground for historians, and a rich harvest-field for the novelist. The feeble Richard II. occupied the throne, and though much of the spirit which prevailed in the court of the warlike Edward had passed away, it was still the age of chivalry and romance. Already had the young monarch, by the unwise aggrandizement of his vain favorites, raised up against himself many powerful enemies, and the haughty Norman barons, shutting themselves up in their castles, were beginning to brood over their real or fancied injuries, and to plot those schemes which eventually deprived the unfortunate sovereign of his kingdom and his life. Sedition and tumult were rife in the land, and the whole country, both in its civil and geographical condition, presented that motley appearance of confusion and rudeness, which characterized Europe, near the close of the fourteenth century. But the disparity between the political state of England then and now, great as it may be, will hardly bear comparison with the difference exhibited in other respects. Our English tongue was as yet hardly framed, though a change had taken place in the popular feeling, within the last fifty years, which promised much toward the settled establishment of the language. From the Norman conquest until the middle of that century, (the fourteenth,) French had been the dialect of fashionable conversation, as the Latin was of literature. But about 1350, things began to assume another aspect. In the primary schools, translations from the classic tongues were made in English, to a great extent.\* Versions of foreign romances into the native dialect of Britain, appeared. And in 1356, Mandeville's travels, the earli-

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\* Hallam.

est English book, was published. Wickliffe's Bible, and one or two other works, which yet remain, followed soon after. But it was not till the *Canterbury Tales* of CHAUCER were produced, that our language assumed the consistency and order which have given to the venerable poet, the title of the Father of the English tongue.

The *Canterbury Tales*, in every part, are full of the spirit of the fourteenth century. The characters are not poetic conceits, but belong to men and women, who lived and died in the reigns of Edward III. and his successor. Chaucer's knight was no Orlando or Amadis; he did not roam the woods in search of adventures; he slew no giants, he encountered no *windmills*; but

" He loved chivalrie,  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie,  
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,  
And foughen for our faith at Tramissene."

He wore the same garments which other men of his condition wore, and ate the same food; like others, he needed rest and exercise; he was a living, moving, breathing man, and withal,

" He was a veray, parfit, gentil knight."

The squire was a lusty bachelor; the Clerke of Oxenforde, a poor student; the prioress a lovely woman; the wife of Bath, a gossiping busy-body; and thus of the other characters of the poem. The narrative is a history, and though the incidents may have had no other origin than the fertile invention of the poet, yet as a whole it is true. The company is such as any Englishman of the fourteenth century might have met with, devoutly journeying together toward some favorite shrine. Chaucer described life as it was, and while we follow his guidance, we almost imperceptibly enter into his own feelings; we stop among the pilgrims at the hostelry of the Tabard in Southwark, and quietly inspect the appearance of our fellow travelers; we sit down gaily to the supper, and join heartily in the applause which follows the proposition of the host. We rise on the morrow at dawn, and with our companions jog merrily on toward Canterbury: we listen greedily to the tales, laugh at the unfortunate carpenter, or duped lover, and drop a tear at the sufferings of patient Griselde. For the time, we live in the Past, and when we lay down the book we feel, not as if we had been wandering among the the dead of by-gone centuries, but rather that we have been sojourning in old familiar places, with old acquaintances, and among the friends of other days. The *Canterbury Tales* are the best commentary upon the times

in which their author lived. Hume or Turner can tell us how many men flocked to the standard of Edward III. or Richard II.; but Chaucer informs us who and what those men were, their joys and sorrows, their domestic occupations and conditions; in short, every thing by which we recognize them and sympathize with them as fellow-beings. He deals not with the mass, but takes from it an individual here and there, and from a few thus collected, faithfully depicts the whole. He is the representative of the era in which he lived—the *First Era* of English poetry. The rude diction, the hearty simplicity, the reverent loyalty, the admiration of knightly prowess and womanly virtue, nay, even the vulgar language and coarse feeling of some of his characters, all exhibit merry England in the days of chivalry and feudalism.

In 1400, Chaucer died. A gloomy period of war, confusion, and intellectual darkness succeeded. The nation engaged in the contests of York and Lancaster, found little time for literary pursuits, offered no encouragement to literary men. But politically, the people were advancing; feudalism was slowly expiring, and in a little less than two centuries the spirit of chivalry had passed away, or survived only in a Sidney or a Raleigh. During this period, a radical change had taken place in England: a great part of the customs, the feelings, the superstitions of the First Era, had disappeared, and men looked back to them with something of that affection and reverence which antiquity always inspires. The stormy times of the Sixth Henry and his two immediate successors, had been followed by many years of quiet, and the learned and studious had eagerly gone back to their books. The religious convulsions in the reign of Henry the VIII. and Queen Mary, had called forth numerous polemical writers, and the poems of Wyatt, and the noble, but ill-fated Surrey, had, in some degree at least, awakened the attention of the lovers of polite literature. The Second Era had commenced, and for *its* portraiture we turn to the poetry of Spenser, and of one or two of his great cotemporary dramatists. The *Færie Queene* is full of proofs that a great revolution had been effected among the English people since the times of Chaucer. The customs and sentiments of which the old poet speaks as visible and audible around him, had become, at the close of the sixteenth century, identified with the past; and the antiquity-loving Spenser often sadly complains of the altered state of affairs in his own day:

“So oft as I with state of present time  
The image of the antique world compare,  
Whereas man's age was in his freahest prime,  
And the first blossomed of faire vertue bare;

Such oddes I find twixt those, and these which are  
 As that through long continuance of his course  
 Me seemes the worlde is run quite of square  
 From the first point of his appointed sourse ;  
 And being once amisse, growes daily wourse and wourse."

It is this constant looking-back to by-gone customs and usages, that causes us to think of Spenser, as a much older poet than he is; we can hardly consider him as the cotemporary of Shakspeare and Jonson; we would rather place him in the same age with Gower and Lydgate. This may in part be owing to the circumstance of his having adopted a style and orthography which, even in his own time, were antiquated; but there is yet another cause for it: *he is the representative of a large body of the English people, at the close of the sixteenth century*; the highest and the lowest ranks of the nation. The peasantry delighted to talk of, and lament over the times when each powerful baron supported in his own halls thousands of retainers; the nobility looked back with reverence and vain longing to the days when their ancestors defied the power of the crown, and won those titles and distinctions of which their descendants now boasted.

There was, however, a still larger class of men who lived in hope, who thought more of the Future than of the Past; whose opinions and desires were all modern. They are delineated in the writings of England's two greatest dramatists, and how nearly their sentiments approximated to those of our day, may be judged of from the fact, that while Spenser is considered as a remnant of antiquity, Shakspeare and his friend appear to us almost as our cotemporaries—acquaintances of yesterday. Though we have the authority of Jonson for believing that the Bard of Avon

—"Was not of an age, but for all time,"

it is still true, that he could not have lived at a different period from that in which he *did* live; had he flourished a century earlier he would have been a Skelton, a century later a Congreve.

A short period only intervened between the Second and Third Eras; but it was a period of fierce excitement and stirring action. During its continuance, the most fearful struggle that England has ever witnessed, took place. There is no history, no memoir, no prose fiction that so forcibly expresses the great revolution which the British mind had undergone within the last few years, as the *Paradise Lost*. Poesy, that had danced and flirted, and giggled in the writings of the later dramatists, is here suddenly heard uttering the majestic truths of eternity, in the thunder tones of the immortal Poem. The Third Era was of



but short duration. Milton died, and the reaction which even in his life-time had begun, speedily took place. Profligacy, scepticism, infidelity, and atheism, stalked abroad at noon-day; it was an age too of elegance and refinement; elegance without principle, and refinement without honesty. Poetry was clothed in new garments, costly and alluring, which almost hid the faded form and sunken eyes of the wearer. In England this spirit was not, as in France, even for a short time, wholly victorious; it had strong men to contend with, and it gradually yielded and disappeared. The commencement of the nineteenth century may be regarded as the dawning of the Fourth Era, though it is not even yet passed away. Its poet is William Wordsworth. It is now many years since there was first heard from the Cumberland mountains, a voice of one meditating

“On man, on nature, and on human life;”—

proclaiming in tones of noblest harmony, the beginning of a new and more glorious state of things. But it was a still, small voice, and could hardly be heard amid the moody ravings of a misanthropic Byron, and the clamorous voices of Edinburgh reviewers. Shelley, half-crazed by doubt and error, was endeavoring to fasten the spirit of the preceding generation upon the present, but his efforts were futile, and he sank to his grave amid the waves of the Mediterranean, ungladdened by success, uncheered by a single hope. Byron died in a foreign land, and the nations gradually awoke from the lethargy in which he had bound them. Then men began to listen to the voice, and as it grew plainer to their ears, they found it yet more harmonious. We have neither space or inclination to criticise the poems of Wordsworth; they are written and given to the world, and the world will not willingly let them die.\* In his own generation, he has been scoffed at and derided by men so far behind their age as to be blind to its greatest excellencies, and he has lived to see another generation begin to appreciate his labors. His proper station has not even yet been allotted to him, nor will it be till the turf of half a century shall cover his grave. That his writings are full of the spirit of the present century, few will be disposed to deny. He does not lament the disappearance of old superstitions and usages—he rejoices rather at the swift advances and lofty developments of modern science. The

\* We have lately seen a notice of Wordsworth, by that prince of dreamers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in which after speaking somewhat slightly of the Cumberland poet, the transcendental critic observes, that there are but two poetical works of the present century that may survive; the authors of which, kind reader, are no other personages than Leigh Hunt and Alfred Tennyson!

absurd notion, that civilization and enlightenment are unfavorable to true poetry, he treats with contempt, as it should be treated. The inclination to mysterious philosophic inquiry which characterizes England and the rest of Europe at the present day, is developed, perhaps too fully in his writings. He stands alone among the living, or lately dead poets of England; he has been classed with some of them, but he was not of them, and will be remembered when they are forgotten.

Such are the Four Eras of English Poetry; and thus have we endeavored to describe their characteristics. We would gladly have extended our observations, and more clearly expressed our meaning; but the subject has been a difficult one to grasp, and if after what we have done, our readers shall be led, in part at least, to study the works of the masters of British song, not separately and independently, but as a connected series, inseparably linked with, and elucidating many portions of British history, we shall rest satisfied.

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GAUTIMOZIN.

**GAY** in the golden sunlight  
 Of Mexico's fair clime,  
 Stood Gautimozin's capital—  
 Queen of the ancient time.  
 For many hundred years ago,  
 Do old traditions say,  
 That city's first foundation stone  
 Did Aztec's chieftain lay.  
  
 From a long line of heroes,  
 So gray haired minstrels sung—  
 Of mighty kings and brave Caciques  
 Had Gautimozin sprung.  
 In gems, his royal city,  
 And silver, rich did shine,  
 And thick upon his palace gleamed  
 Gold from Catorce's mine.  
  
 And many an ancient temple,  
 With jewels rich and rare  
 Was thronged with eager worshipers,  
 And heard their ardent prayer.  
 Those heroes brave, who worshiped not  
 Idols of wood or stone,  
 But every morn a human life  
 Was offered to the sun.  
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But on Lake Tasco's waters,  
 Which 'neath the city lay,  
 Did Gautimozin's wondering eyes  
 Behold a strange array:  
 For brigantine and caravel,  
 Full sixty sail there were,  
 Launched on the broad and silver waves,  
 With pennon streaming fair.  
  
 As nearer, and still nearer yet,  
 The hostile vessels come;  
 With clangor of the trumpet loud,  
 And beat of rolling drum,  
 The frightened citizens behold  
 Hernando Cortez' name,  
 Inscribed on every streamer gay,  
 In words of blood and flame.  
  
 And then there rise deep memories  
 Of wrongs which he hath done:—  
 How with a traitor's hand he seized  
 On Montezuma's throne;  
 And how he made their children slaves,  
 And filled their streets with fray,  
 When twice ten thousand braves there fell  
 On one red slaughter day.

And warriors on each other looked  
 And muttered curses low ;  
 And gray-haired men thronged on to see  
 With tottering steps and slow ;  
 And mothers pressed more closely still  
 Their infants to their breast,  
 As that proud fleet came sweeping by  
 The islands of the blest.\*

And a fierce smile of triumph lit  
 Hernando Cortez' eye,  
 As on his hearts of steel he gazed,  
 With courage beating high ;  
 And thought, how soon thy lords would be  
 Of that devoted land—  
 Their only hope, since they had burned  
 Their vessels on the strand.

In mail and brazen armor gleamed  
 The warriors of Castile :  
 Five hundred from St. Lucar came,  
 Five hundred from Seville ;  
 And thrice three hundred who beneath  
 Granada's walls had bled,  
 Drew trusty swords, which they had oft  
 In Moorish blood dyed red.

And close upon the rear pressed on  
 Thick ranks of native men,  
 The bravest of the Tlascalans,  
 Who numbered thousands ten ;  
 And one more cursed aid which aye  
 It shames my blood to tell,  
 There followed in that brave array,  
 A hundred hounds of hell.

And Gautimozin saw the storm  
 Of war hang o'er his head,  
 And called to mind the words of doom,  
 The ancient seer had said.  
 The words of doom which Zara wrote  
 In mystic signs of yore,  
 And these, the fatal words, they said  
 The strange inscription bore :

" Wo to the fated city proud,  
 Wo to the sacred place,  
 When o'er the eastern waters come  
 The thunder-breathing race ;

And wo for the departed pride  
 Of Aztec's haughty line,  
 When on Lake Tasco's silver wave,  
 Rides Spanish brigantine."

And now the iron storm of war  
 Came hurtling round his head,  
 And fast each narrow street was choked,  
 With dying and with dead.  
 And shrieking maids and matrons wild,  
 With terror hastening by,  
 As every deafening thunder peal  
 Rent the o'erhanging sky.

Fiercely the carnage raged, until  
 Three moons had waxed and waned,  
 And every street swam deep with gore,  
 And blood each hearth-stone stained.  
 Bravely they fought ! vainly they fought,  
 To save their fathers' graves  
 From insult foul, their children save  
 From life's last evil—slaves.

And Gautimozin bound in chains  
 Hernando stood before,  
 With the same kingly bearing, which  
 He had in days of yore.  
 He laid his hand upon the hilt  
 Of the Castilian blade  
 Which Cortez wore, and proudly thus  
 The captive monarch prayed :

" Strike ! mighty conqueror, and set  
 My captive spirit free,  
 Since o'er a fallen people, I  
 No more a king can be.  
 But first break off these galling chains,  
 These fetters cast away,  
 And let me die as king should die,  
 On the good battle day."

And then the victor army's shout  
 Rose to so wild a yell,  
 It seemed that every fiend below  
 Had burst the gates of hell.  
 And louder, and still louder yet,  
 As on the tumult rolled,  
 Burst out the maddening fiendish cry,  
 " More gold ! We will have gold."

\* Several islands near the city were named "The Blessed," on account of their exceeding beauty.

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| <p>And fiercely round the king they pressed,<br/>         And vainly often bid<br/>         The monarch to confess, where lay<br/>         The golden treasures hid.<br/>         And then upon the burning coals,<br/>         The royal victim placed ;<br/>         While to his side a brave Cacique,<br/>         In pinions close was laced.</p> <p>But from the haughty sufferer's lips,<br/>         Nor voice nor groan there fell,<br/>         Nor once quailed Gautimozin's eye,<br/>         Beneath the fiery spell.<br/>         Turned the Cacique upon his lord<br/>         One supplicating look,<br/>         No more—he shrank the monarch's gaze,<br/>         And trembled as he spoke :</p> | <p>“ And dost thou think that I, upon<br/>         A bed of roses lie ?<br/>         And is the slave's base life so sweet,<br/>         That thou dost fear to die ?<br/>         The foe have hounds to drink our blood,<br/>         And swords our flesh to flay ;<br/>         And for our gold, let the cursed fiends<br/>         Find it where best they may.”</p> <p>’Twas thus, with scorn upon his lip,<br/>         Defiance in his eye,<br/>         The last of the great Aztec line,<br/>         Did Gautimozin die.<br/>         And whereso'er on earth is told<br/>         Hernando Cortez' name,<br/>         Forever aye be linked with it,<br/>         That foulest deed of shame.</p> |
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## THE LAST OF THE BODKINS.

A TALE OF BODKINVILLE.

“ ὁ δὲ τείρετο γῆραι λυγρῶν,  
 Τίον δ' οὐ τέκετ' οὐδέν', ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσιν ληίσθαι.”

*Hom. Iliad.*

Few, probably, of the fashionable steamboat-and-railroad-tourists of the present day, have heard the sweet name, fewer still surveyed the lovely precincts of Bodkinville. Its beauties, unseen by the vulgar herd, bloom on in all their native luxuriance, untainted by the poisonous atmosphere of book-stalls, unfettered by the torturing constraints of hot-pressed duodecimos. Not that they have entirely “wasted their sweetness on the desert air.” Bodkinville has been visited by travelers of no ordinary cast: the young ladies of a neighboring boarding-school, have made it the frequent goal of their holiday excursions; their delicate minds chastened by the purity of Bulwer, and elevated by the eloquence of Dickens, have appreciated its beauties, and, without exception, have pronounced it singularly picturesque and matchlessly romantic. They have done more: they have reproduced, with the pencil, all its more exquisite features; and the author of this article is permitted to describe them, from a sketch made by one of these fair *artistes*. Bodkinville is represented as a sequestered village, on the banks of the Connecticut, whose waters would seem, from the drawing,

to have surmounted several hills, with the sole object of enjoying the untroubled serenity of this delicious spot. It appears surrounded by venerable woods, where all the trees incline, with delightful uniformity, to the right—a happy emblem of the tendencies of the simple-minded people, who dwell beneath their shade. Nature has scattered her glories around Bodkinville, with lavish extravagance. The hills in the rear are covered by forests, which appear in summer like a deep and irregular mass of luxuriant verdure, and which are the resort of the cat-bird and snipe, and all the feathered songsters of the grove; while among their tangled thickets, the adventurous hunter entraps the unwary woodchuck, or cautiously pursues the scent of the fierce and shaggy polecat.

Not to weary the reader by a long description, we may add, that all Yankcedom might be searched through and through, and no lovelier spot be found, than Bodkinville. Posterity, indeed, will ever bless the name, and sing the praises of old Jeremiah Bodkin, its founder, for daring amidst wars and rumors of wars, in the earlier times of our country, to pitch his tent in that particular place. It can boast of but one street, which, by way of distinction, is called Main street, and contained, at the date of our story, including the suburbs, no less than thirty dwelling houses, besides three shops, in which the different kinds of mechanical art were respectively pursued; also a store, and post-office, and a tavern, with a sign, on which was inscribed, in great golden characters, "Bodkinville Coffee-house and Gentlemen's Retreat." Why it was called thus no one knew, except old Dobbs, the tavern-keeper, and he ever kept the secret to himself, so that, unfortunately, we are unable to enlighten the reader on this very interesting point. The village also contained a little red school-house, situated as school-houses usually are, in the worst possible place that could be found. There the sweet responsibilities of the inhabitants were accustomed daily to congregate, trembling with awe at the birchen sceptre, that was wielded over their heads, and from its shabby portals, not unfrequently would the ears of the passer-by be saluted by shrill and heart-piercing ululations, delivered *ore rotundo*, by some aspiring but offending genius. We must not forget to mention the church, which possessed an exterior so neat and modest, that one would think none but the pure in heart would dare to seek admission within its walls, and whose bell, every seventh day, resounded joyfully among the neighboring hills, inviting the weary soul to forget the petty cares and jarring discords of life; to forget the pride, vanity, weakness, and littleness of man, and to study those oracles of wisdom, which serve to guide the erring, to enlighten the blind, and to refresh the care-

worn spirit. The houses were separated at greater or less distances from each other, some white and others of a dingy hue, yet all wearing a garb of neatness and regularity, that spoke well for the industry and enterprise of the villagers. There was one building, however, that formed an exception, and would readily strike the attention of the traveler. This was the Bodkin mansion, and was a large, old fashioned edifice, situated near the centre of the village, exhibiting in its construction much architectural skill and design. It was one of the oldest buildings in the place, and had begun to feel the effects of time, contrasting strangely, in its dark and frowning appearance, with the simple cottages that were scattered about it. It was evident, from the smoke that might, now and then, be seen curling upwards from one of its chimneys, and from certain indubitable signs, that it was occupied, though it was in a ruinous state, and wore an air of loneliness and desertion.

It was on a bright afternoon in June, in the year 18—, that two individuals, squire Bodkin and his son, might have been seen sitting in one of its front apartments. The former was an old man. He was clad, not according to the fashions of the present day, but in the simple and unpretending style of our forefathers. The frosts and snows of sixty winters had blanchèd his locks, and deep lines of experience were graven on his face. There was an expression lurking about his features, that indicated a fondness for ease and good living, and the twinkle of his mild gray eye, though somewhat dimmed by time, still showed that contentment and peace reigned within. It was evident, that business and care had never weighed heavily upon him, and that he had lived contented with his situation, enjoying all the happiness that an unambitious mind ever imparts. The other individual bore a striking resemblance to his worthy sire. He could not have been much more than twenty, though from his appearance, the careless observer would have judged him far more advanced in years. He was of the middle size, and much inclined to corpulency. He had a quiet, rubicund countenance, that beamed with a love of pleasure and indulgence, exhibiting a perfect absence of care and thought, and a total indifference to the noisy stir, and bustle, and on-movings of the great world. He showed in his dress, that he too cared but little for fashion, for he was clad in precisely the same style as his father.

The old man was in deep reflection. Occasionally a gleam of satisfaction would flit across his venerable features, like the rays of a summer sun on a tranquil lake, and then would be succeeded by a shade of melancholy, according as his thoughts were pleasant or otherwise. At length, turning toward his son, he re-

garded him with a look of earnest and parental fondness, showing that he was deeply interested in his welfare.

"Benjamin," said the old man, breaking the silence that had existed for the last hour. The son, who had been sitting all this time in a kind of dreamy state, perfectly unconscious that he was the object of the old man's reflections, raised his head and looked complacently at his father.

"I've been thinking, my son," the old man said, "about our family and its prospects. We are descended from illustrious men, and it has always been one of my strongest wishes, that the name of our family may not become extinct. It is a name, Benjamin, of which you may well be proud, and I trust you'll never be ashamed to own, that your name is Bodkin."

"Never," said the other, with a slight shake of his head.

"I'm glad to hear you say it," continued the old man, looking at his son affectionately. "I'm very glad to hear you say it. I always think with pride, of the deeds of our ancestors, and of our family name. And now, my son, we two are alone in the world, and I place great dependence on you, I hope you'll never disgrace the name."

"I never will," his son replied, calmly.

"I wish your mother could have heard that," said the old man, "but she's gone, and will never more share our joys and sorrows. She was a good woman, Benjamin, a good woman."

The old man dropped a tear, as he recurred to these sad reminiscences, and his son appeared to sympathize with him, but said nothing.

"It is a painful thought," the old man said, after a silence of a few minutes, "to reflect, that possibly you may be the last of the Bodkins. I hope 'twill never be the case."

"I hope it never will," said the young man, innocently.

"Get married, my son, get married. That's the only way to prevent it. Our family, you know, is the first in point of rank and wealth, in the place; indeed, we gave the name to the village, and without doubt, there is many a young woman, who'd be glad of the chance to obtain Benjamin Bodkin for a husband."

The young man acknowledged the force of his father's remarks by a nod. Both continued silent: the old man began to think over the fair damsels of the village, while his son relapsed into his former dreamy state.

Squire Bodkin had been an indulgent father. Indeed, parental restraint was what young Bodkin had never known. Conscious that his father's wealth was such, that there was little necessity for exertion, on his own part, he had grown up with a

strong disinclination to business and labor, and had acquired such habits of indolence, that throughout his native village he more commonly bore the *soubriquet* of Lazy Ben. Many were the expedients to which his father had resorted, many were the inducements which he had presented, to arouse his ambition, but in vain; energy and force of character were unknown to him. His aspirations, if he had any, were of a humble nature, and seldom reached beyond the limits of self. His attachment to ease and quiet, had increased with his years. In his younger days he was fond of juvenile amusements, but as time passed on, he had lost all regard for every kind of exertion, and appeared to have found sources of happiness within himself. His enjoyments were of the *subjective* kind. He had, likewise, a great disrelish for talking. He would sit, for hours, in one of his father's arm-chairs, in perfect silence, gazing at vacuity, and when forced to speak, would deliver himself with as much brevity as possible. His education had been sadly neglected. His knowledge of the world was confined to his native valley; indeed, he knew of no world beyond the hills that begirt his vision. He spent his time in idle revery, thinking, perhaps, if he thought at all, of the extreme folly of human ambition, and of the awful mutability of human hopes.

As the old man thought of the character of his son, his heart sank within him, for he feared that the name of his family might not be perpetuated. His son was the pride and solace of his old age. In him was centered his hopes and affections. And as he himself was becoming old, he had a natural desire to see his son settled happily for life. Though Ben had never shown any regard for the other sex, he had determined to urge upon him the propriety and necessity of his selecting a partner for life. This he had done, in the conversation given above, and, to his surprise, the result was an immediate acquiescence in all his wishes.

"Well, my son, what kind of a wife do you want?" said the old man, after a long silence.

Now this being a subject upon which Ben had never reflected, he knew not what particular qualities in a wife, he should prefer, and therefore very naturally hesitated in his reply.

"You know Lucy Stokes?" inquired his father.

"Yes."

"She's a good girl, a *very* good girl; indeed, a *remarkably* good girl," said his father, with considerable vehemence.

"Is she?" said his son, quietly.

"She certainly is," the old man replied, "and would make an agreeable companion."

Unable to deny it, Ben remained silent. His father gave



a very flattering description of her, and as Ben seemed well pleased, he concluded with a proposal, that he should go and see her. No objection was made by our hero, though he feared very much that he should be unable to endure the exertion requisite for such an undertaking. It was an enterprise totally at variance with all the habits of his quiet and inoffensive life.

"You can take a horse," said his father, a smile of satisfaction playing about his venerable features, on thinking of the success of his plans.

"I'll go," said Ben, with remarkable decision.

Sunday evening was appointed for his visit—a visit which was destined to form a memorable epoch in his life. Time passed away, and at length the important moment arrived. With the assistance of his father and a servant, he arrayed himself for the occasion, and truly he made a very grotesque appearance. He wore as usual his old-fashioned clothes; his hair was smooth and even, and his round and ruddy face, reposing at ease between two enormous collars, seemed the very throne of innocence and contentment. Precisely as the clock struck six, he placed his hat carefully on his head, and walked deliberately forth. It was with considerable trepidation that he regarded the fearful height to which he was about to be elevated, but when he found himself firmly seated on his Rosinante, his serenity of mind returned, and bowing to his father as gracefully as he could, he took his departure.

As he passed along, he was an object of much attention, and many were conjecturing and wondering, "where Lazy Ben was going;" but perfectly regardless of all this, he proceeded quietly and slowly on his way. All nature seemed to smile upon him, awakening in his bosom agreeable and undefinable sensations. The fields, covered with a rich carpet of green, looked fresh and inviting; the trees, clad in their magnificent drapery, were waving their boughs gently and lazily; a mass of fleecy looking clouds, tipped with crimson, were piled up in the west, behind which the sun, like a shield of burnished gold, was slowly sinking; the winds were hushed, and not a sound broke upon his ear, that could disturb the current of his meditations. His thoughts were calm, and his feelings were flowing forth in sympathy with the sweet influencings of nature. He was at peace with all creation; and as he looked around, conscious that no one could harbor towards him a thought of ill, and saw the smiling and happy countenances of the villagers, he felt within the beatings of a benevolent and philanthropic heart.

In this happy mood, let us leave him for a while, and turn our attention to the place of his destination. This was a neat cot-

age, painted white, and situated a short distance from the street. In all its external arrangements, it showed that skill and good taste had been at work. Luxuriant honey-suckles were creeping over a porch of network, that was constructed before the door, and many kinds of flowers,

"The twining jessamine and the blushing rose,"

were arranged near, filling the air with their fragrance. Miss Lucy was seated in a front parlor. It was evident that she had been paying unusual attention to her personal appearance, though her beauty was such, that it was hardly required. She was a lovely, red-cheeked girl, full of spirit and ambition, and just at that interesting age, when the blossoms of youth are bursting into the rich fruit of womanhood. Her features were regular, and beaming with animation, and her complexion, though much embrowned by the sun, was yet bright and pleasing. She had cheeks that spoke of roguery and love—teeth like pearls—lips such as Ovid describes :

"Oscula, quae non est vidisse satis ;"

and eyes that in their dark and magical beauty sent a thrill to the very heart of the beholder, and were ever darting forth the emanations of a joyful, but ambitious spirit. The observer could at once see, that resolution and decision were characteristics of her mind, and that she had a soul to dare whatever her hand could execute. In short, she was a fine specimen of a country girl, and though she had not frittered away the sunny days of her youth in acquiring silly and worthless accomplishments at a boarding school, she yet possessed qualifications that fitted her well for the duties of life.

It was with surprise, that she saw our hero make his appearance, and perhaps a little vexation was mingled with that surprise, when she conjectured, intuitively as it were, the object of his visit. Though there may not have been more faults and blemishes in young Bodkin's character, than were possessed by the majority of mankind, she at all events entertained towards him little admiration ; nay, even pouted her pretty lip and frowned with scorn, as she saw him endeavoring to dismount. He had been thinking of a far different individual, and had little dreamed that she was about to be honored by a visit from the worthy Benjamin Bodkin.

After some difficulty, Ben found himself once more on the ground, and having made the necessary arrangements he walked calmly into the house ; Lucy rose to meet him. One would have thought, that some degree of diffidence would have intim-

idated him, but scarcely a tremor could be observed, and he appeared to retain complete presence of mind.

"Good evening," he said, his face wreathed with one of his most winning smiles.

"Good evening," said the fair one.

He then took his seat and prepared to enter upon the grave and important business before him. But a difficulty presented itself; he knew not what to say. When some ten minutes had elapsed, a happy thought came to his relief.

"We've had a pleasant day," he said, hesitating in regard to the phraseology, in which to couch his remark.

"Very pleasant," Lucy replied.

Again there was a pause. Ben looked at Lucy, and Lucy looked at Ben. Thus they sat, occasionally interchanging glances, and enjoying that sweet and delicious eloquence of each other's looks, about which poets have sung, and which none but lovers could appreciate. Ben thought of his father, and a smile of filial affection mantled his countenance; he thought of his horse, and wondered if he should get home safely; he thought of his present situation, and of Lucy's beauty—her jetty ringlets and ruddy cheeks, but he sought in vain for a subject worth talking about. Knowing but little of the great world, or of the ways of men, and having but a scanty stock of ideas, he found it a matter of great difficulty to carry on a conversation. At length, to his inexpressible delight, the monotony was broken by the clock. It commenced striking, and he commenced counting with his fingers. But it stopped, as all clocks do, and when the tones had died on the air, he was again thrown upon his own resources. He looked at the ceiling, and then at the carpet; even ventured to catch a glance at Lucy's little foot, that was peeping out very modestly from beneath her dress, and thought it was a very pretty foot. Time wore away heavily. Ten minutes seemed lengthened into hours. Even the chirping of cricket or the shutting of a door would have been an agreeable relief, but not the slightest noise could be heard. The fate seemed to have conspired against our hero, in rendering his position uncomfortable. "Dull work, this," thought Ben. At half an hour had thus passed, they were startled by the sound of a footstep, and immediately after, a young man entered whom Lucy received with a smile, and apparently with pleasure. They sat down together, and conversed with great familiarity and earnestness. They took no notice of Ben; nor did he care for their neglect. He even regarded the new-comer with a grateful smile, since he had relieved him from the trouble and responsibility of entertaining Lucy.

As he had now nothing to do, he relapsed into his customary st

of half-dreaminess, while Lucy and her companion continued to talk over all the news and little matters of the village. After his late exertions, the enjoyment of a delightful nap was just the thing for Ben. It was as refreshing to his care-worn spirit, as a shower to the dried herbage of summer. He forgot the world, himself, and all his troubles. How long he had been in that situation he could not tell, but at length he was awakened by a very peculiar sound. It was repeated, and he at once divined the cause, for he muttered to himself, "Good Heavens! he kissed her!"

A pang of jealousy shot through his bosom. Though a kiss was in itself a "trifle light as air," yet it was evidence enough that he had a rival. He was in a state of perplexity. He feared that he was about to be supplanted in the affections of Lucy, and thought that something must be done, but knew not what course to take. After reflecting a few moments on the reasons and consequences of the stranger's performance, he came to the conclusion that he was trespassing upon his own rights, and that it became him, like a true knight, to defend his "ladye love."

"I say, Mister, you go it strong—no mistake," he said, starting to his feet; "I 'spose you've no objection to tell me what your name may be?"

The stranger started, and, turning towards Lucy, interchanged a glance with her.

"Briggs," he said.

"And my name is Bodkin—Benjamin Bodkin," said Ben, proudly.

"Are there many more in this place like you, Mr. Bodkin?" said Briggs, looking at Ben's dress, and winking at Lucy. "You are a perfect anomaly."

"And you're another," Ben cried out indignantly, though not precisely understanding him; "and I tell you," he continued, raising his hand and making a motion that very much resembled a shake of the fist, "if you attempt to kiss her again, I'll—I'll —." His words failed him.

"Perhaps you'd prefer to do it yourself," said the other, smiling.

This remark turned the current of Ben's thoughts. His indignation evaporated in a moment. The propriety of doing as Briggs had suggested, came forcibly to his mind. Thinking it would leave upon Lucy's mind a favorable impression of his gallantry and devotion, with an emphatic, "I'll do it," and with perfect self-possession, he proceeded immediately to the performance of the deed. But Lucy would by no means consent, and Ben persisting, she gave him a box on the ear, that very considerably disturbed his equilibrium.

Ben stood aghast. Had a bolt from Heaven struck him, he could not have been more astonished. His arms hung nerveless by his sides, the blood fled from his face, and with a vacant stare he gazed around. Horror was depicted on every feature of his countenance, and he felt as though the candle of existence was about to be extinguished. A stupor seized him, and a film overspread his eyes. The functions of life seemed almost suspended, and it was by the strongest exertion that he maintained himself erect.

At length an audible groan escaped him, and with that groan animation returned, and a sense of his situation. Looking around, he observed that he was alone. A smothered laugh reached his ear from an adjoining room. The thought rushed to his mind that he was despised. There was a sudden and complete revulsion in his feelings: his love was changed into hate—deep, deadly hate. His face glowed with indignation and rage—the lion within was aroused. He felt as though the spirits of all the departed Bodkins were around him, urging him to seek revenge, and wipe away the disgracing stigma that had been fixed upon him. He rushed forward, but unfortunately took the door that led to the kitchen. Mrs. Stokes was there and two little boys. Blind with rage, Ben mistook her for Lucy, although there was little resemblance between them. All started as they saw the ghostly appearance of Ben, but he fearlessly rushed forward and seized her by the arm, muttering through his compressed teeth, "Strike me, will you?"

"What do you want with me, Sir?" half-shrieked Mrs. S., struggling for release.

"Murder! Murder!" cried the boys.

One of them ran out of the room screaming for assistance, while the other caught the caudal extremity of Ben's coat, and pulled lustily in aid of his mother. The battle waxed fiercer and fiercer, each striving nobly for victory.

"Mother, he's mad! he's mad!" shouted the boy.

"What do you mean?" screamed Mrs. S.

"Think I'd marry *you*? you villain!" said Ben, with wonderful energy.

"Release her, you fool!" shouted Briggs, darting into the room, followed by Lucy.

It is impossible to say what would have been the result of the conflict, had not this reinforcement arrived: as it was, numbers overpowered our hero. He was conquered and conducted forcibly out of the house by his rival, while the field was left in the quiet possession of the victors. The shades of night were gathering round. The moon shone at fitful intervals through the rifted clouds, and the wind sighed gently among the branches

of the trees. The night air exerted a soothing influence on his mind, and the tumult of passion that raged within was stilled. He paused and reflected. The determination was soon made, that he would have nothing more to do with Lucy Stokes.

He mounted his horse and returned home. When he arrived, he thought that he was near his father—near one who cared for and loved him, and who would smooth the pillow of his sufferings—dispelled that sense of loneliness and isolation that he felt before. Ere he dismounted, he called loudly for his father. The old man was at the door in an instant. He was alarmed, as well he might be, for he had never heard his son speak with so much earnestness.

“What’s the matter, my son?” he exclaimed.

A tear stood in Ben’s eye, when he saw his father approaching. He could not speak; his heart was too full for utterance.

“Benjamin, why don’t you speak? What’s the matter?” reiterated the old man, with much earnestness.

“Father, help me down,” was his entreaty.

Great was Ben’s joy when he found himself once more enconced in his paternal mansion, and surrounded by familiar objects. Never had he endured so much trouble and fatigue as on that eventful day of his first courtship. He was completely wearied out. Taking all things into consideration, he mentally resolved that he would ever afterwards abstain from the other sex. He kept his resolution.

His father sighed when he heard the result of his visit. His hopes were dashed to the ground, his plans defeated, and he feared more than ever, that his race would become extinct. With a heavy heart he sought his pillow that night, and many a weary hour passed ere sleep visited him, for his mind was full of painful forebodings. It was too true that the glory of his house was declining.

Ben was seldom seen abroad after the events above recorded. He remained closely at home, quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way, and indulging himself in all the creature comforts at his command. His father died, lamenting to his last breath the fate of his illustrious house.

The course of true love ran smooth with Lucy Stokes, save the single exception which we have given. At a proper time she was united to the man of her choice. For the reader’s sake, we regret that their courtship was not interrupted by more stirring incidents and heart-moving scenes; and had it not been our aim to narrate the simple events as they occurred, we should certainly have sought to cast around them the drapery of fiction.

Ben was now the sole representative of the Bodkins, and though several attempts were made to entangle him in the

meshes of love, he avoided them all, and ever maintained a deep-settled abhorrence towards the gentler sex. When told that Lucy was married, he exhibited his surprise by a sudden start, and a shade of melancholy was observed to flit over his face; but he kept his thoughts to himself. He did not long survive his father. His light waxed fainter and fainter. He died as he had lived, and there was no one throughout the whole length and breadth of Bodkinville, who did not feel sadder and lonelier when he heard that the last of the Bodkins was no more.

But enough. The world has many Benjamin Bodkins, who pass through life without disturbing its waters, and die without notice or regret. We have thought it our duty to snatch from oblivion a few leaves of his history, barren though they are of incident or of interest, and we are doing but simple justice to his memory, in recording his name and exploits on these pages. Reader, should you ever chance to find yourself in the sweet little village of Bodkinville, let not the wonders and superior attractions of the place prevent you from visiting its neat and quiet grave-yard. You will there find a humble stone, already verdant with the stains of time, on which you cannot gaze without interest, as you decipher this simple inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN, THE LAST OF THE BODKINS.

~~~~~  
JUNE.

THE month of roses is with us again,  
And sweet is its breath over hill and plain;  
And soft is the voice of the summer breeze,  
As it whispers gently among the trees.

The flowers are blooming in garden and wood—  
The rivulets dancing in playful mood—  
The Thrush warbles clear in the leafy glade,  
And the robin's note is heard from the shade.

The fleecy clouds o'er the dark-blue sky,  
Like navies, scarce seen in the distance, fly:  
All lovely is nature, around, above,—  
'Tis the season of hope, of joy, and love.

But 'tis pleasant most at the eventide,  
When the noise of the day away hath died;—  
When the moon looks down from her silver sphere,  
And the sighing winds fall soft on the ear.

For Oh! it is then, in that quiet hour,  
That the soul of man feels its highest power;—  
That fancy with visions prophetic teems,  
And visits the Past in waking dreams.

## SCRAPS,

FROM A GATHERER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"It shal not ben of philosophie,  
Ne of physike, ne termes queinte of lawe,  
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe."

*Chaucer.*

## I.

THERE is to my mind a beauty and solemn grandeur in a clear moon-lit winter's night, that cannot be found united in such perfection, at any other season of the year. The glad gayety of spring, the dreamy languor of summer, the saddening gloom of autumn, exist not then; but the chilly air, the deep silence, and the look of icy coldness, which nature puts on, fill the heart with emotions more easily felt than described. It was on such an evening, not many months ago, that I stood leaning against an aged elm-tree, near the sea-side, and looking out in meditative mood upon the tranquil waters. The moon, with broad, full face, was staring at me from the sky, and some few stars, standing at respectful distance from Dian's pale orb, were winking knowingly at each other, as I gazed up at them and their haughty looking mistress. A thin vapor was rising from the surface of the bay, through which the distant beacon light gleamed faintly; the snow glistened upon the far off hill tops, and the leafless branches of the trees shook, and grated, and whispered hoarsely to the busy winds, which tarried among them for a moment, and then hurried away. The air of profound repose, which seemed to hang over every object, was rather heightened, than otherwise, by the occasional noise of some straggler's footsteps, and by the deep, unbroken murmur of the waves. A strange, thought-exciting sound, is that eternal voice of the ocean! When I have listened to it upon a still, sunny day, or in the silence of night, it hath seemed to me as if it were a cry, echoed faintly to our ears, across the bosom of the broad Atlantic; the shout of the old world to the new. It murmurs something about a degraded, starving, almost worn out peasantry; of wrongs and oppressions, endured till endurance has well-nigh become a crime; of tottering aristocracies and crumbling thrones, and of the joyous, but irresistible strength of freedom. I have somewhere met with an idea about this "ocean moaning," which appears to me singularly beautiful.

"Streams that sweep where thousands languish,  
In each city, vale, and glen,  
Seaward bear each cry of anguish,  
Uttered by the sons of men.



*Hence it is, that ever ocean  
Hath so sad, so deep a moan,  
Calm, or lash'd in wild commotion,  
Therefore is its dirge-like tone.  
Earth, the broken-hearted pillows,  
Rivers, tell it to the sea,  
Shall not ocean, with its billows,  
Their eternal mourner be?"*

It was a scene and an hour for meditation ; and, as I leaned against the elm-tree, and drank in the quiet beauty of every thing around, the earth, the sea, and the sky, my thoughts went fondly, though somewhat sadly, back to the friends and acquaintances of by-gone days ; friends and acquaintances now scattered abroad over the face of this and other lands, and some, mouldering in the grave. It is a melancholy thing for one to look around him, and observe how those that he knew, as old men, in his childish years, have all gone ; how they have fallen away, one after the other, and a new race of gray-haired patriarchs has supplied their place. As I stood there, by the seashore, I remembered one companion of my school-boy days, a wild and wayward youth he was, who as he drew near the age of manhood, fled from the paternal roof, and sought for that excitement which alone could give pleasure to his restless spirit, among the wilds of Oregon. He went out with a company of traders, as far as the foot of the Rocky mountains, and there he perished. They buried him at a small opening in the forest, and resumed their journey ; but in that secluded spot, with the yell of the savage, the howl of the grisly bear, and the voice of the primeval forest for his requiem, he sleeps as peacefully as he would do, in any of the rich cemeteries of the east.

Again my thoughts turned from the dead to the living, and fancy brought vividly to my mind, the scenes of old associations, mountains, and forests, and green lands, and winding streams, till at length memory conjured up the form of one, as I had last seen her, on a bright autumn evening ; her graceful figure, her gentle face, and her trustful eyes, and it seemed as if my arm were once more clasped around her, that her head was reclined upon my shoulder, that the parting hour was come, and that—"FIRE ! FIRE ! FIRE !" I started from my reverie, wrapped my cloak tightly about me, and dashed down the nearest street, regardless of ice and snow, and straining my eyes in the direction, where already huge, wavy masses of flame were leaping into the air, making the waters of the bay to glow and redden with their lurid light.

## II.

The fire was over ; the streets, lately so full of eager and excited men, were deserted ; the shouting of firemen, the rattling of engines, and the loud, confused tramp of hurrying feet, had ceased. Night, which for a time had seemed dethroned, resumed her seat, and silence and solitude returned with her to their wonted places.

"I say, Dick," said a well known voice close behind me, as I entered the college yard, "is that you?"

"Well, I have various reasons for inclining me to think it is ; come up to my room, will you, Ned?"

"Any thing to please you, Dick ;" and five minutes afterward, Ned Davison and I were seated before a comfortable fire, in room No. —, — College. Davison's character is of no marked or unusual kind. Though his intellectual developments are not of a very high order, he manages to sustain a reputable standing, while for general information, he relies upon epitomes, reviews, and such hints as he can pick up, from the conversation of others. His reading is, of course, not very extensive, and he seems to care but little about it, either way. He is intolerant moreover, and somewhat slovenly, but he is good natured withal, and as he seldom takes the trouble to contradict, a man fond of talking could hardly find a more agreeable person with whom to spend his leisure hours.

After chatting a few moments, upon ordinary topics, Ned began, in an abstracted manner, to turn over the books lying upon the table.

"Hal—lo ! Dick !" said he, suddenly, "here's that abominable Tom Jones again ; 'twas but a week ago that I caught you reading *Peregrine Pickle*. Now, really, Dick, I *do* think, that you waste too much time over these filthy productions of Fielding and Smollet."

"Did you ever read any of them, Ned?"

"Why, I can't say that I have, exactly ; but I was looking over a biography of Fielding, the other day, which gave me no very favorable opinion of *his* character ; and I have been told, that none of these works are fit to be read."

"And so, upon such authority, you call them 'filthy productions,' and censure me for devoting a portion of my time to the perusal of them. Reasoning upon similar grounds, you might consign Chaucer to the flames for licentious delineations, Spenser for too passionate description, and Shakspeare for obscene jests ; and, indeed, I doubt not but that blockheads enough might be found, ready and willing to do all this. I have been astonished at the sort of mawkish sentiment which prevails about

college, with respect to the writings of many of our best English authors, and especially in reference to those of Fielding and Smollett. To be seen reading any of their works, has got to be considered, by some, as an evidence of extremely perverted taste; by others, as a proof of moral depravity. And now let us examine some of these 'filthy productions.' As Tom Jones is at hand, we'll look at that. A foundling boy, discovered under certain remarkable circumstances, is brought up in the family of a country squire, and eventually marries the daughter of a neighboring squire. But, 'as the course of true love never does run smooth,' we are conducted through some three or four volumes, before we arrive at this happy consummation. The history is made up of recitals of adventures, the most entertaining that ever it entered into the heart of man to conceive; of delineations of character, the most perfect that ever proceeded from the pen of a fictitious writer; and of essays, as elegant in construction and language, as any in the English tongue. Observe the dramatis personæ; the amiable, the noble, the Christian Allworthy; the toryish, boorish, indescribable, inimitable squire Western; the gentle, beautiful, heroic Sophia; the clamorous philosophers; the wild, gallant, often wrong-headed, but always noble-hearted Jones. Note the masterly conduct of the plot, from beginning to end, and conclude, with one of the first of the German critics, that 'the history of a foundling must ever hold the first rank among British works of fiction.' Our own Irving, we know, has made the writings of Fielding his study, and in some respects his model; and the main beauties of many of his works are found, in still greater perfection, in Tom Jones and Roderick Random. And these are the books which, though you have never read them, you style 'filthy productions.' Shame! shame upon you, Ned!"

"I—I beg your pardon, Dick," said Ned, raising himself up with a yawn, and rubbing his eyes, "but really that long speech of yours has made me rather sleepy; what was it, that you said about Shakspeare, and—Irvine! zounds! I believe I *have* been asleep!"

"Pshaw!"

"Well now, I don't think it's over polite to answer a man after that fashion; but, hark! there goes twelve o'clock, and I'm going too; good night, Dick!"

### III.

In the afternoon of the day succeeding the incidents detailed above, Davison, with another classmate, Frank Weston by name, and myself, found ourselves seated in Mr. Richard Hasty's room, (that's my name, reader,) each silently enjoying that

peaceful kind of abstraction which an indolent man is apt to feel, after a hearty dinner. The stillness which prevailed was only now and then broken by the creaking of Weston's chair, as he threw himself backward, to withdraw his cigar from his mouth, and puff out an uncommonly huge volume of smoke. Frank is what, in college, we call an odd genius; I have never seen him sullen or melancholy for fifteen minutes consecutively; a fountain of good humor seems to be always welling up from the very bottom of his heart, which flows over upon every person or thing with whom he is connected. A sight of his honest, beaming countenance, or the sound of his hearty "how are ye!" is sufficient, at any moment, to disperse a fit of "the blues." His intellectual acquirements will be best estimated from what follows. It was he that first broke the silence.

"What are you thinking of, Davison, that causes such a genial smile to overspread your countenance?"

"I was reflecting on the ludicrous termination of Dick's discourse, last night."

"Eh! what's that, Dick?"

"Why, Ned and I had an argument about the respective merits and demerits of Fielding and Smollett, and in the midst of an elaborate critique of mine, he fell fast asleep, thereby tacitly giving me the victory, you see."

"Quite flattering, really."

"Well, Frank," said Davison, "you've read these authors; what's your opinion of them?"

"I don't like to venture an opinion from the little that I know of them; but if I were obliged to judge, I would say—to Fielding all honor; but as for Smollett, it were better if he had thrown away his pen."

"And why, Weston," said I, "what are your reasons for thinking so hardly of Smollett?"

"Reasons enough, Hasty. The extreme licentiousness of his writings, first of all. Take Roderick Random, or Peregrine Pickle, for instance;—they are, simply, sketches of the lives of two rakes, written indeed in a masterly manner, but with immorality and the loosest profligacy, painted in the most seductive colors upon every page. Smollett is said to have been an imitator of Fielding's; in style, he is perhaps almost his equal; but of his sentiment he has caught only the faults; its higher qualities he could never reach. Such a character as Allworthy, Smollett never could have depicted. I find but one parallel to it, the good Vicar of Wakefield; but surely there is nothing either in the characters or fortunes of Roderick Random, or Peregrine Pickle, fitted

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

"Your objections, Frank, are perhaps well-founded; yet I confess I am not convinced. I have somewhere in my note-book a remark of Scott's, which may well apply to this case. Here it is. "Men," says the great novelist, "will not become swindlers or thieves, because they sympathize with the fortunes of the witty picaroon, Gil Blas, or licentious debauchees, because they read Tom Jones." The same I think may be said, with perfect propriety, of the fictitious writings of Smollett. Take your own example, *Percgrine Pickle*. The fiery, generous youth, is followed from one scene of debauchery to another; he heaps folly upon folly, and crime upon crime, till he arrives at that crowning act of baseness, the attempted seduction of Emilia. In one place we feel inclined to laugh, in another to weep, but here we turn away utterly disgusted. We look back and readily perceive the train of causes which led to this effect, and the great moral at once bursts upon our minds:—a life of licentiousness, however noble and generous he may originally have been, who passes through it, must eventually not only alienate his friends, but debase, nay, utterly deprave himself. There are, it is true, expressions, sometimes whole passages, which we might wish were not there; but in general, I think that the place which Smollett's fictitious writings have gained among British classics, is well deserved. The good old Saxon-English method of composition, seems now-a-days to be almost forgotten. Look at the essayists whose voluminous works are brought to us across the Atlantic. There's Carlyle and Macaulay, Hazlitt and Kit. North—though perhaps I ought to except the last; names world-renowned, yet I love none of them so well as these fine old novelists, or coming to more recent times, as the quiet, eccentric Charles Lamb."

"Aye, but, Dick," exclaimed Frank, "you couple the names of Fielding and Smollett, without marking the distinction between them. In the former there is but little or no real vulgarity; the latter abounds with it; the licentiousness depicted in the writings of the one is disgusting, in those of the other attractive. Jones is a brave, gallant, high-spirited youth, scorning from the bottom of his heart a base action, and when led into folly and crime by the impetuosity of his temper, bitterly repents his precipitation, and makes the strongest resolutions to reform. Pickle is brave, indeed, but vice and debauchery are to him amusing recreations; he never laments his crimes, except when foiled in his purposes; abuses his best friends, insults his mistress, and finally is dismissed to the same happiness as Jones. This is neither poetical or prose justice, and I repeat again—to Fielding all honor; but the world would suffer little loss were the fictitious writings of Smollett buried in oblivion. But let

Fielding and Smollett go ; to your opinion of Charles Lamb, I can most heartily subscribe. There is a quiet, thoughtful simplicity, a truthful, loving humor, in those 'Essays of Elia,' for which I look in vain elsewhere."

"True, Weston, stop a moment. Here is Elia ; I open the book at a marked place. Now listen.

"'Antiquity, thou wondrous charm, what art thou ? When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity ; then thou wert nothing ; but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calld'st it, to look back to with blind veneration, thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern. What mystery lurks in this retroversion ? The mighty Future, is as nothing, being every thing, the past being every thing, is nothing. What were thy *dark ages* ? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and our ancestors had wandered to and fro *groping* ?

"Now, Weston, this is just what every man feels, but very few can express. I can never think of the times of Pepin and Charlemagne, without fancying a vast pall drawn over the face of things, in whose portentous shade giants, enchanters, and errant knights wandered 'to and fro groping.' If I try to imagine the sun rising in the morning, I seem to behold a huge red meteor, glaring at me from the East, through fogs of seven-fold density. The waving forests, the green fields, the dancing rivulets, and the great ocean, appeared to be covered with that sort of mongrel darkness which we see in a partial eclipse."

"With me, Hasty," said Weston, "the case is somewhat different. I do not look so much at the appearances of things, as at the things themselves. If any thing could make me melancholy, the reading of history would. I call to mind the many kings, generals, statesmen, poets, and orators, that have sprung into existence, breathed out their brief span of life, and disappeared forever ; and then I look around me and behold—what ? thousands of eager mortals pursuing the same beaten track—that track which leads only to the grave and oblivion. I turn over the pages of ancient learning, and reflect that the hand of Homer and the lips of Cicero are now but the veriest dust upon which the vilest slave may trample with impunity. I read of the exploits of Charlemagne and his warriors, and remember only, that

————— 'Themselves are dust,  
And their good swords rust !'

I turn to" —

"Stop ! for the love of comfort, stop ! Frank," exclaimed Da-

vison, starting up, "you're getting too dismally solemn. Who would have expected such horribly gloomy sayings from you? If Charles Lamb induces such feelings as these, do read something else; the Anatomy of Melancholy, for instance. I've been told that's fine; or better buy a Comic Almanac, an infallible remedy for the blues."

"Ned, that's outrageous to interrupt a man just as he's getting into the pathetic—ungentlemanly, inhuman!"

"Hallo!" said I, "there goes the prayer-bell."

"Where! Where!" shouted Ned, running to the window.

"None of that, Hal. Throw your cigar into the stove, Frank, and come along: an abominable habit of yours, that smoking!"

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#### JONATHAN QUIZZY, M. A.

HONOR be to the graduates of Old Yale! Already are they found in every land where enterprise invites—where danger challenges, or duty calls. In the nation's councils, their voices sway the public weal—at the Bar, their eloquence wakes up the drowsy ear of justice—on the Bench, their oracular lips deliver legal sentences, which shall be precedents for all coming time—in the Pulpit, they clothe the high message of Heaven with more than mortal energy, while a numerous class, stepping into the seclusion of literary retirement,

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,  
Keep on the noiseless tenor of their way."

Among this latter class, perhaps more frequently than in either of the others, is occasionally found an eccentric personage. These are of two sorts: either those whose minds naturally run in an erratic orbit, by the very laws of their being, and therefore, in College parlance, obtain the dubious appellation of "Geniuses;" or those whose understandings have been rudely jostled out of the path which nature meant they should pursue. It is well known to all novel readers and sentimentalists, that the melancholy accident, which most usually causes this disturbance, has its origin in the "tender passion." The poor youth gets crossed in love, and then goes moping about the world, feeding his soul on the sweetly sad reminiscences of the Past, and odd fantasies and dreams, which men whose brains work straight, cannot exactly see the pith of.

On the banks of the Connecticut, in a snug little village,

which I don't care to locate precisely, dwells, or whilom did dwell, an old farmer, by the name of Ichabod Quizzy, or, as he was more commonly called, "Squire Quizzy." He was an easy sort of a body, "well to do in the world;" one of those men whom Fortune seems to have taken a particular liking to. If it chanced to be a bad season for corn, it always happened that he had planted but little that year; in short, he always got his garner full, whatever might be the luck of his neighbors. He always happened to go to the market too, just when produce commanded the highest price. Indeed, so proverbial was his good fortune, that some of his neighbors managed their husbandry precisely as he did his, and went to market the same day; but all in vain, for they were no luckier than before. The squire's only son, Jonathan, was thought to be a very hopeful youth. He was about to be indoctrinated into all the various economy of a Farmer's establishment, when his ambitious mother decided that nothing would do for her Jonathan but a College education, and after a feeble opposition, she carried her point, as women are invariably known to do, when they fairly set out. Having recited Latin and Greek, &c., for a sufficient length of time, in the village parson's studio, he was pronounced "well fitted," and forthwith sent to College, and initiated into all the mysteries which a Yale Freshman is supposed to be acquainted with. He went through the course in the usual number of years, and at its expiration started for home. The only visible effects of his six year's study were, that his name was longer than before by the addition of M. A., in capitals, and an uncommonly white sheep-skin, which was ever afterwards observed hanging up over the squire's parlor mantel-piece, encased in a huge gilt frame, and all covered over with mystic German letters and hard Latin, which, neither Jonathan nor any body else in the village had ever been able to read, except the parson, who had often tried to make the squire *think* he made sense of it; and the village doctor, who had still oftener been known to make nonsense of it. There was, indeed, one other quite important result of his College course, which, on a careful examination I am led to believe, is not a necessary concomitant, or effect of College learning, though very frequently connected with it. Jonathan had become a little crazed sometime between the important eras of matriculation and graduation. There was some difference of opinion as to the cause. One old gentleman, who thought himself much shrewder than common people, declared, "that nobody could have been such a fool that had'nt been to College," thereby charging the whole blame upon our venerable institution. But he was known to be hostile to Colleges, to such a degree, that he even sometimes



ventured to entertain a different opinion upon some subjects, from either the doctor or the parson, and consequently his judgment had but little weight. The most general opinion was, that he was love-cracked, and free blame was bestowed upon some inconsiderate hard-hearted beauty, that was supposed to reside somewhere in the "City of Elms;" but who was the fair authoress of the misfortune, and what were the circumstances of the rebuff, were profound mysteries. Jonathan's sole employment consisted in wandering through the fields in quest of flowers, strolling through the forests, and by the side of brawling brooks, hanging over brows of wild waterfalls—in a word, wherever Nature had displayed any of her freakishness, in the malformation of a landscape, or in strangeness of scenery, it was his delight to be. He was also guilty of perpetrating rhymes and sonnets on various subjects, and some very choice ones were addressed to Mary Z——. He had also scribbled off tales of all sorts and sizes, in most of which there was a strong tinge of romance and love; but they frequently turned upon the adventures and hardships of new settlers, and occasionally there was found a disquisition upon some sober subject, or a piece of criticism; but these latter, in his native place, were not reckoned of much account. Some of these fugitive productions he had sent to "the papers" for publication; but it was always supposed that they did not reach their destination, as they were never heard of afterwards. By these varied effusions, he had rendered himself very popular among the simple villagers, so that they would as soon have thought of doing without their parson, as their poet. Some of the more reading part of the community were anxious to see some of these fine things in print, and prevailed upon the parson to select one, and send it to some literary paper of note in the State; and thus it is, that the immortal productions of Jonathan Quizzy, offer their riches to our favored Magazine. One single reflection, it is thought, is due to the illustrious author of the following story, that if any critic should be disposed to take umbrage at the odd conceits and sentimentality that will be occasionally conspicuous in it, he should remember that these writings ought not to be criticised with the same rigor as those of a man perfectly sane.

#### THE WOODSMAN.

A TALE, BY JONATHAN QUIZZY, M. A.

At a period subsequent to our Revolutionary War, the precise date of which shall be nameless, a hardy pioneer settled down in the heart of a dense forest, which at that time over-spread the southwestern part of Vermont. Ephraim Burke,

(for by that name I shall designate him,) as he came into the wilderness to take up his abode, was not encumbered by vast possessions. A faithful dog, the woodman's axe and rifle, two or three old books on Elementary science, and last, but not least valuable to a New Englander, the Puritan's Bible, constituted his whole estate, real and personal; unless, indeed, a troop of bright-eyed children might be allowed to swell the catalogue—a dubious kind of stock, which so far as filthy lucre is concerned, must be allowed to be far from profitable. With such an outfit, he would have been undeserving the name of "Yankee," if he could not speedily have reared for himself a comfortable dwelling, and furnished it with such homely conveniences as were suited to the limited wants of a hunter and settler. Ephraim was not forced from home by poverty, for his thrifty industry was fast bringing him to that comfortable state, which obtains in New England the appellation, "fore-handed." In these days of venal adventure, the man that mingles in the crowd of emigrants, and takes up his abode on the rich prairies by the broad rivers of the West, may, perhaps, speedily surround himself with the wealth and luxuries of civilized life; but at that period, the lonely dweller in the forest-depths found slender resources to gratify his avarice. But there was a spice of romance in Ephraim's character, which well accorded with the grandeur of the untamed wilderness, the excitement and danger of the chase, and the hazardous game of cunning to be played with the treacherous aborigines. He had been bred among the woodlands of the Bay State—had spent the vigor of his youth in despoiling them of their ancient glory, but when those primeval shades had faded from the landscape, before the encroaching footsteps of civilization, he removed himself so far from the frontier settlements, that he deemed his independence would never again be circumscribed by the dominion of law, or his ear wearied by the monotonous din of husbandry. Nor did his worthy help-meet consider it as her bounden duty to unseat her spouse from the hobby which he rode with so much desperation, as some notable housewives are accustomed to do. Indeed, she was herself a romantic little body, and some years before had given her hand to Ephraim, simply because he was an adventurous fellow—had been known to kill a bear with a hemlock knot—run down a deer in the chase—outwit an Indian—and attack a catamount with a clasp-knife, much to the disadvantage of his ferocious antagonist—in short, because there was no mad scheme of daring or frolic stirring, but that Ephraim was chosen its leader. Having in no small degree offended the aristocratic pride of her family by this eccentric step, they immediately disowned her, and drove the lovers, like another of-

sending Adam and Eve, from the paradise of their affections and their home. Yet little did she care for the tricky decorations of fashion—the dainty delicacies of that opulence she had voluntarily relinquished. It mattered little, so long as her heart held in secure possession, the object upon which its rich affections had long been centered. She passed without a murmur from the comforts and conveniences of opulence, to the rude abode of this Nimrod of the forest—to the toil and privations of poverty. And when she had become settled in her forest home, where the old trees, and the winds, and the murmuring rivulets, were her only schoolmaster and parson, she lavished the riches of that education, which she had gained carelessly and at random, upon the infant minds unfolding beneath her eye. One only of these little prattlers is destined to make a conspicuous figure upon the changing phases of this narration. Bred up in the wilds of a forest, Rose Burke, if her maidenhood had been cradled in the lap of opulence and luxury, might have been a leading star in the galaxy of fashion—a brilliant center of attraction for all eyes at the court levee. This idea has already been wrought out by Grey, so as to defy all improvement or competition:

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear—  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

It is not intended to give a minute description of the flaxen ringlets, auburn hair, blue eyes, and sunny face, and faultless form of our nymph, but quite another method will be taken, which is thought to be at once original, ingenious, and expeditious. It is proposed that each reader should place before his mental vision, the most perfect beauty he has ever beheld, either in waking or sleeping dreams, and should imagine this same faultless beauty to be the heroine of this tale—the veritable Rose Burke. Besides relieving the poor author from abundance of toil and perplexity, this novel expedient, it is thought, will be productive of universal satisfaction, inasmuch as each one will then have a heroine to his own taste, or, if he does not, whose fault should it be but his own? Suffice it to say, that had some interesting young hunter met her in some romantic valley, by sunlight, by moonlight, or by starlight, (but more particularly by the latter two,) he would unquestionably have thought her an angel or a fairy. Instances of this kind are known to occur with great frequency in all well authenticated novels. Years rolled on, bringing with them no change in Ephraim's wild mode

of life ; indeed, I cannot find that they were of any particular consequence at all, except as they tended to unfold and ripen the beauties of the above said heroine.

Two or three journeys per year to the nearest settlement, for the purpose of exchanging his skins for ammunition, toys for his children, or trinkets for his wife, constituted the whole of our hunter's extraordinary doings, while the regular routine of his life was taken up in rudely tilling the smallest quantity of land "just for greens," or in ranging the forest in quest of game. One day when the blazing sun of August was in the meridian, and Ephraim was partaking of a homely repast, he was startled by the distant echo of the baying of dogs ; a moment more and a deer swept by, in full speed, followed at a moderate interval by two hounds. "Some plagy settlement dogs," said Ephraim, pettishly ; "guess they like to be spoken to," continued he, drily, as he brought his deadly rifle to his eye. Quickly the foremost pursuer, fleet though he was, was overtaken by a far swifter messenger. He reeled forward a few tottering steps, and then with a piteous moan stretched himself upon the ground, yet to his last gasp eagerly watching the progress of the chase. Throwing aside his cumbrous rifle, and loosing in its scabbard the knife which he always wore, the hunter leaped forward, with light and rapid step, to join in the chase. The noble animal, thus hotly pursued, made directly for a high steep cliff, which formed a part of a range of hills stretching away to the northwest, till they were lost in the towering heights of the Green Mountains. For a moment the "antlered monarch" paused irresolute at its base, then with a few gigantic bounds, sprung to its summit and disappeared among the thickets, which clothed the opposite declivity, while the hound, with equal celerity, followed close in the rear, and vanished from sight. Casting a hasty glance up the steep and craggy ascent, Ephraim nerved his weary limbs for renewed exertion. Pursuing his toilsome way, in a gait not easily described, he had arrived half-way to the summit, when he sank down, upon a projecting rock, in exhaustion and despair. "So much 'cause a man must grow old," said he. "I should like to see the mountain that a deer could jump over like that, and I couldn't ha' followed him, twenty years ago. However, its the natur of man to grow old ;"—a remark which he intended should display an equal degree of philosophy and submission to the will of Providence. The summer breeze moved lazily through the wide forests, and murmured as it came. An imaginative man might have thought it the deep sighing of the forest genii, as they retreated before the ruthless axe of the settler. The rude hunter was fast settling down into that tranquil, self-pleased reverie, into which the

unobtrusive, but powerful voice of Nature, will occasionally bring any one, however little romance or refinement he may have in his nature. Presently from the base of the mountain towards the south, a sound rose up through the branches, that had very little poetry in it, especially to *his* ear. "Whoa! haw Buck! I tell ye. Come along, can't ye? Gee Bright!" shouted the stentorian voice of an ox-driver, together with sundry other vociferous commands, the purport of which seemed to be that the lubberly beasts should keep on at the same pace, and in the same direction as before. Ephraim hastened down from the mountain to gain a sight of this unwelcome intruder. He had proceeded about a furlong, when he descried through an opening in the trees, a person entirely adequate to produce all the above mentioned sounds. He was a short, thick man, with a face round as the moon and ruddy as the sun, with a little knowing gray eye stowed away under each eye-brow. By his side, a pair of cattle, puffing most piteously, with their tongues thrust out of their mouths, was slowly dragging along a huge trunk of a tree. He gazed at the lolling brutes with surprise, not unmingled with anger. His eye wandered far away over acres of slashed timber—here he beheld the smouldering remains of the forest Titans—there the yellow grain was waving among the blackened stumps, and farther on, the chimney of this new-comer's hut was sending forth its industrious puffs. He fixed his searching glance upon the settler's weather-beaten countenance. "Who told you to make this clearing here, my friend?" said he. "God and Natur," was the prompt reply, "and partly I gin myself the liberty, I expect." "Perhaps you'll show us some writings on the point," rejoined the other. "I like to see authority for such doings as these 'ere put down in black and white." "Prā-āps its some o' somebody's business, and prā-āps 'tain't none o' nobody's," quoth Jedediah Small, with one of those significant looks which are intended not only to add emphasis to what has been already said, but also to point meaningfully to some half-hidden allusion. "Well, but now, young man," replied Ephraim, "I s'pose I've got power to drive all such squatters as you from this part of the country." "Squatters, eh! I reckon I'm as reg'lar a settler as ever logged up a clearin'. But I guess you didn't know, did ye, how 'at Gin'ral Washington and the ginral govr'ment has gin up all the land hereabouts to settlers for only jest a dollar and a quarter an acre!" Ephraim was struck dumb with astonishment. He fancied he had placed himself so far beyond the rush of immigration, that the spoiler's axe would never more disturb his free domain. But while he had, in the seclusion of his retreat, kept aloof from the stir of men, the great world of life had been in ceaseless mo-

—had been stretching onward and spreading wide, till the most verge of its noisy activity woke up the sleeping echoes of his retirement. The primeval shades were invaded by the light of Heaven—the wild beast was sullenly retreating from his lair—the deer with timorous foot-step was fleeing from the glare of civilization. Ephraim marched home in moody silence, revolving within himself the possibility of getting so far away from the abodes of men, that he should never again be molested by the encroachments of the settlements.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF THE SEA-BIRD.

On the Ocean's breast I dwell,  
Where the winds forever roar,  
Where the waves, with heaving swell,  
Are disporting evermore ;  
Now afar from sight I roam,  
Now along the beach I skim,  
Now I kiss the fleecy foam,  
On the billow's curling rim,  
Now I watch the fisher's boat,  
Now the fisher, full of glee,  
Now I join my merry note  
With the music of the sea.

Tell me not of flowery beds,  
Tell me not of sylvan seats,  
Tell me not that nature sheds  
On the land her richest sweets ;  
All the flowers, that deck the ground,  
All the groves and all the glades,  
All the sweets that can be found  
'Neath the forest's leafy shades,  
All the pleasures of the shore,  
Are not half as sweet to me,  
As the dashing breaker's roar—  
As the music of the sea.

## REVIEW.

A GALLOP AMONG AMERICAN SCENERY: Or, Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure. By Augustus E. Silliman. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1843.

IF our own experience is any test, the above will be found a truly entertaining and lively book. Though early and cordially greeted by most of our leading periodicals, we deem it not unworthy of more particular notice, than a mere passing salute. What first arrested our attention to this little volume, was the inviting look of the very title-page. We were not led to expect descriptions of fairy scenery and daring adventure in foreign countries, though such might be interesting in themselves, as well as fitted to waken "pleasant memories of pleasant lands." Our attention was asked to "Sketches of *American* scenes and military adventure," which was the more gratifying, because, while no country can boast of natural scenery more varied, beautiful, sublime, than our own; though no modern nation can point, in its history, to truer patriots, or to more thrilling and heroic deeds, our native writers, we were about to say, almost without exception, resort for materials to the localities and histories of other and distant lands. When we think of the magic spell which the pen of the ready writer weaves around the humblest scene; of the charmed associations which gush from the fountains of British literature, to enrich and adorn our father-land; of our own Irving lending the aid of his genius to light up with its mellow radiance *English* scenery and rural life—we feel ashamed and grieved that our own country should meet with such neglect. For this unfilial apathy on the part of our writers, can even a plausible excuse be urged? Our territory is ample, and rich in materials. Its fields are white for the harvest, but the laborers are few. We hail, therefore, as an encouraging omen, the appearance of any new reaper in the field, though he tarry but to bind a few scattering sheaves.

The "*Gallop*," as its title imports, is the result of rambles to some of those numerous American localities, celebrated not only for the beauty and magnificence of their scenery, but for the hallowed associations with which they are invested by events in our national history. Our aim will be to impart to our readers some idea of the character of these "*Sketches*," and to select a few extracts, which may illustrate the author's manner and style.

He first transports us to the banks of the Potomac. We

walk in company up the long avenues of sycamores and elms, that lead to the airy East Indian cottage of his friend. Suddenly it bursts upon our view, embosomed as it were in a sea of roses, white lilies, climbing myrtle, and flowering vines. The open door invites an entrance. Our reception—but the reader is invited to take the tour himself, and we pledge him a welcome equally cordial with our own. From these pleasant quarters, our author, like a true hearted American, takes his first gallop to Mount Vernon. To his visit to the “sacred place of America,” we are indebted for one of his finest sketches. As we stand with him in the room, and by the bed where the noble heart of Washington ceased to beat, we feel that he has done all that description will allow, to impress us with the grandeur of that final scene. Nor can we doubt his sincerity, when he speaks of dismounting at night at the cottage door, “more chastened, true, more elevated,” from his pilgrimage to the shrine of Washington.

But as the “*spirited bays*” haven’t sinews of steel, let us leave them to regain their mettle and elasticity, while we take a “run down the Potomac.” A beautiful yacht, truly, and a lively crew. Our trip is beguiled with story and song. To the person of delicate nerve perhaps, the vivid picture of the dissecting room, as exhibited by the medical student, might prove somewhat revolting. Still, as our author suggests, it may have a favorable influence upon those inclined to disparage, or, what is worse, to sneer at the medical profession, “to look in upon one of these even minor ordeals to which its followers are subjected, in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow men.”

We regret that we must take exception to some remarks, at the close of the chapter entitled “the resurrectionists;” though we will charitably conclude, that the sentiments which the language might be interpreted to convey, the author would disavow. It is true that the spirit, even while it tabernacles in the flesh, may often be led to regard the body as “little other than a tasking house of base necessities; a chained prison of cruel disappointments;” yet while our nature is such, that the *lifeless form* to surviving friends retains all its dear associations, even the requirements of suffering humanity cannot, in our opinion, ever justify or make necessary the violation of the humblest grave. It is true likewise, that the region of the soul’s immediate sojourn, after it leaves the body, and the form or mode of its existence, previous to its final award, are not definitely revealed. But surely we are authorized, without indulging any *wild theory of the imagination*, to say that it is *not* the “limbo of the fathers,” nor the purgatory of the Catholics. That it does *not* remain with its “germ of life *torpid*,” like the



wheat taken from the Egyptian pyramids, thousands of years existent, but apparently not sentient." We are not in such total darkness on this point. The sacred volume reveals a surer destiny. In the language of "*the country pastor*," it makes "clear its passage as brightest noonday" to the departing soul. But list, indulgent reader, still on the waters of the Potomac. "Old Kennedy, the quarter master," now claims a hearing. Himself an actor in some of the most memorable of our naval engagements, he describes those bloody scenes in the nervous, impressive language, and with the wakened enthusiasm of a gallant old tar. The spirited narrative of some of the exploits of the famous "*Lee's partisan legion*," during the revolutionary war, sets American patriotism and valor in a truly Spartan light. But we cannot linger longer on the banks of the Potomac. A trip up the Hudson, and then for the West.

"Now the rising mist-wreaths warn us of thy approach, Niagara. We stand upon the Table Rock, and look down into the abyss. How awful, how terribly sublime! How tame, how useless, helpless, description! Would that I with voice of inspiration, could command language adequate to portray the grandeur of the scene, under stern Winter's reign! Transcendently beautiful, once I saw it! A thaw and rain, followed by sudden chill and cold, had clothed all the forest, every hedge and shrub, with transparent coat of ice. Gnarled oaks, from massive trunk to their extremest twigs, became huge crystal chandeliers. The evergreen pines and hemlocks, with long lancing branches, great emeralds; lithe willows, sweeping, glassy cascades; the wild vines, stiff in silvery trellices between them; the undergrowth, with scarlet, blue, and purple berries, candied fruits. The pools of frozen water at their feet, dark sheets of adamant; and ever and anon, as the north wind passed o'er them, the forest was Golconda, Araby, one land of radiant gems, quivering with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, in glittering splendor; pearls, emeralds, hyacinths, chrysolites, falling in showers, as fractured from their crackling branches, they strewed the snowy bed stretched smooth around them. That wide, smooth river, far above the Rapids, ice-chained, a solid, snow-white bed, gleaming in the midday sun."

Now in New England—a morning *gallop* to Mount Holyoke. As the mist rolls slowly from his sides, he rises to view—the veteran monarch of the plain, with his "cragged, coronal o' rocks." Some little climbing, and here we are on the rocky platform of its summit. "Is not the scene magnificent? We stand in the center of an amphitheatre, two hundred miles in diameter. See! at the base of the mountain, curls like a huge serpent, the Connecticut, its sinuosities cutting the smooth plains with all sorts of grotesque figures—now making a circuit around a peninsula of miles, across whose neck, a child might throw a stone—here stretching straight as an arrow for a like distance—and there again returning like a hare upon its course. See the verdant valleys extending around us, rich with the labor of good old New England's sons, and far in the distance, the blue smoky distance, rising in majesty, God's landmarks, the mountains. See the beautiful plains, the prairies beneath us, one great carpet of cultivation—the fields of grain, the yellow wheat, the

verdant maize, the flocks, the herds, the meadow, the woodland, forming beautiful and defined figures in its texture, while the villages in glistening whiteness, are scattered like patches of snow in every part of the landscape; and hark! in that indistinct and mellow music, we hear the bell slowly tolling from yonder slender spire. Oh! for a Ruysdael, or a Rubens, to do justice to the picture."

Our author frequently upon *starting*, we fear, *dashes* on at too furious a rate, to please the more veteran literary traveler. One can hardly avoid catching for breath as "shwist—shwist—through the rivers—over the islands—we glide—we rush—we fly;"—though possibly the *contrast* may enhance our admiration of his wonted more uniform and graceful gait.

We should be pleased to accompany the reader to the "White Mountains;" also to "Greenwood Cemetery," that beautiful home for the dead, but our engagements will not allow. In conclusion, some of the more marked features of this little volume will be found—its spirited and natural descriptions of American scenery—its highly wrought but chastened imagination—and its commendable moral tone. To the American reader, therefore, we heartily recommend "*A Gallop*" to spots hallowed by historical recollections, and among the rich and varied scenery of our favored land.

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#### THE MOORS OF SPAIN.

THERE is no chapter in the history of man, more deeply interesting than that of the rise and progress of Mohammedanism. Even in contemplating the achievements of mighty conquerors alone, of a Cæsar, or of a Bonaparte, we are unable to repress a feeling of admiration and astonishment. With what sensations of wonder, should we then regard the career of Mahomet, who not only commenced the series of conquests, which, under him and his immediate successors, was extended over more than half of the known world, but enslaved the *minds* of the millions who inhabited those vast and teeming regions, and founded a religion, which threatened for a time to swallow up every other creed!

The mighty inundation, having rolled with constantly increasing force to the western shore of Africa, was destined to meet with but a temporary check at the straits of Gibraltar. It crossed into Spain, and rushed with resistless impetuosity to the farthest confines of the Peninsula. It was in Spain that for the

first time the Goth and the Saracen, after running their extended course of conquest, the one issuing from the dark and gloomy forests of the frozen North, the other, from the burning deserts of the South, met and engaged in deadly strife. The fiery Arab, flushed with his long career of uninterrupted victory, and spurred on by the fancied commands of his God, was but faintly resisted by his enervated antagonist, though fighting in defense of his religion and the land of his birth. The fall of the King and his principal nobility, in one fatal and bloody conflict, upon the very threshold of his dominions, crushed at once every hope of successful opposition. No sooner had the victors secured their newly acquired possessions, than they rushed to renewed conquest; and but for the fortunate result of the memorable day of Tours, how different might have now been the destiny of Europe!

In the absence of all positive information, the worthy chroniclers of the middle ages, whose imaginations were, at least, extremely productive of miracles and tales of supernatural agency, have sought to assign some plausible reason for the invasion, and supply the defective portions of its history. To these efforts we are indebted for the charming legends of that period, with all their accompanying marvels, some of which have been related by Irving, with such elegance and beauty. It would seem, however, that the well-known propagandist spirit of the Mohammedan religion, especially in early times, when triumph was its invariable attendant, and the rich spoils offered by the subjugation of the Peninsula, would sufficiently account for this great and eventful enterprise, which planted the Saracen, for so many centuries, in this interesting portion of Europe.

The Empire of the Caliphs having now been extended to its utmost limits, the inherent defects of the Mohammedan system soon became apparent. It was a despotism in its most unmitigated form, centering all power, both temporal and spiritual, in one person, whose will, guided only by the precepts of the Koran, was absolute law; and of course, since it appealed entirely to the fear, rather than the affection of the subject, its loose and disjointed structure could only be held together by a firm and vigorous hand. The governors of provinces, especially when distant, were almost equally irresponsible in the exercise of their authority. It was not to be expected from the frailty of human nature, that these officers, thus possessed of sovereignty in every thing but the name, would lose any opportunity of safely seizing that also. Accordingly, but a short time after the conquest, an independent government, upon the model of the Eastern, was formed in Spain, by the illustrious Omeya, the founder of a dynasty which sat upon the throne for more than three centu-

ries, and in all the characteristics of able, humane, and enlightened rulers, will not suffer by a comparison with any other line of princes which Europe has produced.

Under these monarchs, who, with scarcely an exception, possessed the unbounded affection of their subjects, the Spanish Arabian Empire reached its highest state of both political and literary greatness. With an industrious and dense population, a fertile soil and delightful climate, they had only to employ the materials already provided, to create a great and powerful kingdom. By the encouragement of commercial enterprise and the useful arts—the impartial administration of justice and the enactment of equitable laws—the toleration of all religions, and the reward of merit wherever displayed, the Arab sovereigns soon found the beneficial results of good government, in the prosperity of the country and the happiness and loyalty of the people. The freedom of religious opinion granted by the Moors of Spain, presents a marked and pleasing contrast with the bigotry and intolerance subsequently displayed by their Christian conquerors.

The same political defects which had caused the dismemberment of the eastern Caliphate, eventually produced similar disastrous consequences in Spain. The Christians, who before had been compelled to remain almost stationary, now that the power of their enemy was broken and divided against itself, made rapid advances towards recovering the whole Peninsula. The various petty governments which had arisen upon the ruins of the kingdom of Cordova, were successively reduced, until the province of Granada was all that remained of the once proud empire of the Spanish Moslems. Here, upon this fragment of their former broad dominion, they made a last and gallant stand, and checked, for a time, the tide of conquest.

The kingdom of Granada, though too small to be formidable as an assailant, was yet admirably capacitated for defense. The extended chains of mountains by which it was intersected, afforded a hardy and warlike soldiery, while its spacious and fertile plains furnished the necessaries of life in abundance. The whole line of frontier was thickly studded with fortresses, the numerous defiles through which an invading army must necessarily pass, oftentimes enabled a small force to oppose with success, a large army; and the summit of every lofty and precipitous eminence was crowned with fortifications which bade defiance to the rude military science of that age. The subjugation of this territory, narrow though it was, so compactly situated with so many natural defenses, and crowded with a dense population, trained from infancy to the use of arms, was an undertaking arduous in the extreme, and one which the

Christians were utterly unable to accomplish, until by the union of Castile and Arragon, the whole strength of the Peninsula was devoted to that object. Even then, though assailed in front by an implacable foe, confident in his superior might, and in the rear, cut off by the sea from all human succor, they prolonged the hopeless struggle with a valor worthy of their ancient prowess, and deserving of a better fate. The fall of the capital—the far-famed city of Granada, which the Arabic writers compare to “an enameled vase, sparkling with hyacinths and emeralds,” terminated forever the Musselman power in Spain. In that interesting city, whose ruins attest its former magnificence, much yet remains to remind the beholder of its Eastern origin, and transport him back in imagination to the days of the Moors;—the closed gate through which the unfortunate Boabdil departed—the route he took, and the spot, still known by the touching appellation, “*et ultimo suspiro del Moro*,” where, turning with a swelling heart, he looked for the last time upon the theatre of his former greatness—the Alhambra, with its light and airy architecture, now rapidly mouldering away, but beautiful in its decline—its spacious halls and sparkling fountains. In wandering through its deserted apartments, it requires but a feeble effort of the fancy, to invest it again with all the gorgeous splendor of an oriental court, and people it with forms called up from “the dim and shadowy past”—the dark Zegri, the haughty and fierce Gomere, and the chivalrous, but ill-fated Abencerrages. But the stern voice of reality soon dissipates these pleasing illusions. Instead of the beautiful Arabic, the stately Castilian meets the ear, and the cross, instead of the crescent, is planted upon the turrets and spires of the Alhambra. Could valor have availed, and “deeds of high emprise,” the Arabian power had yet remained unshaken. But the hour of destiny was come. They fulfilled the purpose for which they were created, received and cherished learning, when it found no other resting place, aroused from their long lethargy the slumbering energies of Europe, and were driven back to the deserts, from which their ancestors issued, centuries before, upon their career of carnage.

About the time of the formation of the Spanish Caliphate, the storm of Moslem invasion, after threatening to devastate the world, had spent its principal fury, and the agitated elements had subsided into a comparative calm. The Arab, now released from the toils of war and enriched with the spoils of nations, was enabled to command a luxurious repose. This naturally begat a taste for literary pursuits, to which he turned with his accustomed eagerness; and, seconded by a vigorous mind, a lively imagination, and a glowing fancy, soon rivaled by his re-

finement and intellectual supremacy, the fame of his achievements in the field. The love of letters soon passed over into Spain, and receiving an additional impulse by the fostering patronage of the Omeiyades, produced as marked and happy results in the Western, as it had already effected in the Eastern empire. This noble race, who were distinguished throughout for their liberal and enlightened policy, themselves led the way in the path of learning. Each successive sovereign, instead of wading to the throne through the blood of his brothers, as we have seen in the sultans of Turkey, caused them to be educated in the universities, where they were often distinguished for literary excellence. The example of royalty could not fail of having great influence with a people remarkable for the reverence they paid to the monarch, and from a land of warriors they became a land of scholars.

During the reign of Alhakena the second, the civilization of the Moors reached its highest point. This illustrious prince possessed a mind far in advance of his age, even among his own enlightened countrymen. "In his elegant tastes, appetite for knowledge, and munificent patronage," says a distinguished historian, "he may be compared with the best of the Medici." An accomplished scholar himself, he honored and rewarded the attainments of others, and strove by such inducements as a monarch only can present, to surround his person with the most eminent men of his time. He sent to distant lands, to the most remote regions of the Moslem empire, to obtain or transcribe valuable productions, and at the same time, liberally recompensed authors in his own dominions. By his indefatigable exertions, he finally succeeded in collecting a library, the number of whose volumes, though probably exaggerated by the proverbial extravagance of the East, must have been truly wonderful for that age. So great was the devotion to learning, that even females, whom the religion of the Prophet tends to degrade to the vile ministry of sensual passion, distinguished themselves in repeated instances, by their extensive and varied acquirements. Every city had its library and college, and every village its school. The fame of the Arabian professors penetrated into Christian lands, and the universities of Cordova, Toledo, and Granada, were crowded with students from France, Germany, and even Britain; while the warlike nobles of the North resorted thither to acquire the knightly accomplishments of the Moorish cavalier.

Every department of literature and science, the tragic muse alone excepted, was diligently cultivated by the Spanish Arabs. They almost originated chemistry, and greatly improved astronomy; though from that strange love of mystical science,

peculiar to the Eastern nations, the former was too often made subservient to alchemy, the latter to astrology. Mathematics received valuable and extensive additions, and through them algebra was introduced into Europe. In history, they possessed a multitude of authors; but their belief in fatalism, and the despotic nature of their institutions, to which their religion taught them blind obedience, prevented them from reaching its higher walks, and enriching their writings with those philosophic reflections, which the contemplation of the varied aspects of man's history would seem to suggest.

The mind of the Morisco Spaniard was peculiarly adapted for success in the department of elegant literature. Inheriting, to a great extent, the fervid temperament of his Arabian ancestors, the warmth of his constitution was much reduced by the comparatively temperate climate of his adopted country. But he still retained an ardor of imagination and vivacity of fancy, utterly foreign to the colder intellects of a northern land. Even the ordinary conversation of this enthusiastic people, was metaphorical and impassioned to an extent, that to us would almost seem strained in verse. This poetical cast of mind was nourished by the circumstances attending their situation. The numerous stirring adventures and chivalrous feats, occurring in their unceasing struggles to maintain their possessions, afforded an ample field for the higher efforts of the muse; while the superior estimation in which they were taught to hold the gentler sex, by long and familiar intercourse with their Christian neighbors, and the warmth of feeling engendered by that sunny climate, gave abundant material for more tender effusions. Nothing was more pleasing to the warrior, than to have his achievements celebrated in verse, nor could a higher compliment be paid to the charms of beauty. Consequently, poetry comprises a large portion of their elegant literature; and though its rich, glowing imagery and impassioned language may seem extravagant and meretricious to our more chastened imaginations, it must have had a thrilling influence upon their excitable natures.

The Moors of Spain resembled their countrymen of the East, in their passionate fondness for those beautiful fairy tales, a specimen of which has been handed down to us in the "Arabian Nights." They formed alike the most delightful recreation of the laborer, in his moments of respite from toil, and of the monarch in his hours of repose. "The same spirit," says an elegant writer, "penetrating into France, stimulated the more sluggish inventions of the *trouvère*, and at a later and more polished period, called forth the imperishable creations of the Italian muse."

That the Spanish Arabs exerted a great influence upon the literature of Europe, would seem but a natural consequence of

their superior intelligence ; for at the period of their greatest civilization, Christendom was enveloped in the deepest mental, and, we may say, moral darkness. We have already seen that their universities were attended by students from various parts of Europe. These diffused the knowledge they had acquired, among their benighted countrymen. This was especially so in Italy, the south of France, and Christian Spain ; and in these countries appeared the first indications of the *dawn* of that great revival of letters, which has since ushered in so glorious a *day*. It is now generally admitted, that the Arabic has imparted much of its character to the Provençal and Castilian literature. It gave to the early poetry of the latter, many of its peculiar measures, and indeed, as an author remarks, "so far from being confined to the vocabulary, or to external forms of composition, it seems to have penetrated deep into its spirit, and is plainly discernable in that affectation of stateliness and oriental hyperbole, which characterizes Spanish writers even at the present day."

Whatever may be the comparative merits of the literature of the Spanish Moors, and whatever its influence upon that of Europe, we can but admire the genius of a people, who in so short a time arose to a state of high civilization ; and who, in spite of institutions, both political and religious, highly unfavorable to intellectual development, created for themselves an imperishable renown in the world of letters. Their refined pursuits in that age of gloom, appear doubly attractive when compared with the barbarism of the North, as beauty is invested with new charms by contrast with deformity. While the lazy monk effaced with vandal hand, the chef d'œuvres of antiquity, to be succeeded by his lying record of the miracles of saints, the Arab scholar derived rich treasures from the productions of the Grecian and Roman masters. While the feudal baron, in his fortified castle and surrounded by his retainers, was only intent upon deeds of rapine and bloodshed, the Moorish knight was engrossed by "the gentle exercises and courteous usages of chivalry," or offered up incense at the shrine of the muse. It is melancholy to turn from this pleasing picture, to that of their present degradation. They have been driven from the beautiful land they so fondly loved, and their very existence, as a nation, destroyed. With their power, their learning, elegance, and refinement have departed, and "darkness has again settled over those regions of Africa, which were once illumined by the light of learning." Their exiled descendants on the shores of Barbary, still cherish the remembrance of the glory of their ancestors, and pray to Allah that they may yet be restored to that blissful region, which they imagine to be overhung by the paradise of the Prophet.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

CLASSICAL STUDIES; Essays on Ancient Literature and Art. By BARON DE SENEZAR, President of Newton Theological Institution—B. B. Edwards, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary—C. C. Felton, Professor in Harvard University. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1843.

We have received this work from the publishers, but have not had leisure to review it in the manner we wish to do, and shall therefore defer a more extended notice of it till our next number. Its typography and general execution are commensurate with the publishers, and creditable to the American press.

THE MARRIAGE RING; or how to make home happy. From the writings of ANGELL JAMES. Boston, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1843.

We have been much pleased, and mayhap, profited in a hasty survey of the contents of this neat little volume. The writings of Mr. JAMES have been so long favorably known to the public, that any recommendation of them from us may be deemed superfluous, and it will be a sufficient inducement to the perusal of this, simply to state that it is compiled principally from his acknowledged productions. The object, as stated in the Preface, is to furnish "a Manual for those just entering the marriage state, a period in whose history important interests are involved, and in which, it may never with more truth be said, 'a word spoken in due season is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'" We would invite all, and especially our *Senior friends*, to examine the work. In elegance and neatness of appearance, it is fully equal to the volume before noticed.

SCENES IN INDIAN LIFE; a series of original designs, portraying events in the life of an Indian Chief. By FELIX O. C. DARLEY. Nos. 1 and 2. Philadelphia, J. B. Colver, 1843.

This is a work published monthly, beginning with April, 1843, and to be completed in five numbers. We have received the April and May issues, and have been much pleased with the interesting information which they contain. The tale of the War Eagle answers well the purpose of illustration, and gives a life-like air to the whole performance.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines of "?" will appear in our next number.

Q's "Lines to an old spoon," are really quite graphic; but we shall hardly be able to find room for them in our pages.

"The Hypochondriac" contains some good passages, but we think we have not the following anecdote before: "I remember an old gentleman, who was afflicted in this manner, (hypochondria,) who imagined himself to be an owl; and at night as soon as the moon arose, he would clamber to the roof of his house and would sit for hours, with his form bent up, his head sunk between his shoulders, his hair standing out straight, and his eyes rolling and protuberant, screaming in hoarse notes—'whoo-oo!—whoo-oo!' He was cured eventually by falling head first into a cistern, from which he was drawn by his friends, half drowned, but completely recovered from his mania."

The "Old Ruins" are dust and ashes.

"Black Hawk," and the "Sailor to his love," are rejected.

¶ We had prepared an Epilegomena for the present number, but owing to the length of some of the pieces, it was crowded out.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 8.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

LITERATURE has been justly defined, the aggregate mass of symbols by which the spirit of an age, or the character of a nation, is shadowed forth. Following, necessarily, the course of empire, and adapting itself to the various circumstances which mould the manners and opinions of different nations, the only law it obeys in its progress, is the great law of succession, by which its benefits are diffused among mankind. It accumulates, so far as such a process may be predicated of it, by accessions which, unlike the immutable truths of natural science, bear distinctive marks of their origin. A transcript of mind and of the objects of sensation, it interweaves, throughout its whole structure, delineations of character and sketches of natural scenery which transport us at once to the time and place of its production. Nor do those fundamental principles which are recognized in the mental world, and on which are based perennial models in letters, serve so far to identify the works of genius as ever to obliterate the peculiarities which constitute its nationality. Much less can they prevent the changes which are wrought in literature by the progress of society in civilization; the language, manners, and mental habits of mankind changed from age to age, and correspondent modifications discoverable in all the departments of literature dependent on taste. Pre-eminently is this true of poetry; its elements are essentially different in different stages of refinement. Its spirit is, indeed, identical, inasmuch as human passions remain forever the same in their nature, and its object, also, is constant, being invariably to call out those passions, to quicken imagination.

and kindle emotions of beauty, sublimity, or terror; but its means of accomplishing these ends are as various as the diversified conditions of society; its garb exhibits all the vicissitudes of fashion. Too little regard, it should seem, has been paid to this fact by those eminent critics, Hazlitt and Macaulay, in instituting comparisons between the poetry of a barbarous and that of an enlightened age, derogatory to the latter. We can by no means sympathize with them in their jealousy of the progress of civilization, as if, forsooth, it were some juggernaut car, crushing beneath its lumbering wheels all that is noble, romantic, and heroic in society. Grant that the credulity of childhood gives place to the judgment of age, as the province of the unreal, the visionary becomes illumined by the light of science, and the boundaries of the unknown recede; grant that in proportion as the mind ceases to be inspired with awe or enthusiasm by the phantasms of a preternatural world, more definite and rational views are entertained of the realities of this; yet, from such premises, no other than a most unworthy estimate of the poet's art will lead, even in theory, to the conclusion that the sphere of his influence becomes, in consequence, circumscribed, and the wings of his genius clipped. By every invasion of the dark domains of superstition, by every conquest of knowledge over ignorance, his power finds an ampler scope, his imagination is furnished with richer materials, and may plume its pinions for a higher flight. The mind not only beholds its horizon expand with each step in its upward progress, opening wider prospects and more enchanting scenes, but, in turn shedding light on the objects it contemplates, it renders distinctness of observation commensurate with its extent. And we have yet to be convinced that a deeper insight into the mysteries of nature, gives an air of meanness or of insipidity to her works, or that a comprehension of the grandeur, beauty, and order of the external world, and some familiarity with the causes of things, throw a drowsy spell over the minds of men, from which the 'rod reversed,' relapse into barbarism, alone can set them free.

"Absurd," to borrow one of our theorist's own weapons, "absurd to suppose that the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora." And is there nothing preposterous in the assertion, that the poet, who has drunk deep at the fountains of experimental knowledge, and reveled in the hoarded treasures of classic lore, till his thoughts wander through time and space, travel earth around and return, like richly freighted argosies, from every clime, is, by reason of his acquirements, forever doomed to me-

diocrity; or, scarcely less humiliating, is forced to the conviction that they are at best, 'a lesson to be unlearned,' because, forsooth, enervated by long continued training and encumbered by things of earth, his genius assays in vain to scale 'the highest heaven of invention,' and reason, grown arrogant by discipline, lords it over imagination, rejecting with disdain her proffered flowers? Neither experience nor observation teaches us that one is unfitted to admire the tints of autumn leaves, and draw therefrom a theme for pensive thought, in consequence of having learned the exact process of decomposition, by which each tint is produced; or that he looks with less rapture on the clouds which retinue to rest the king of day, because he knows their golden fringes are all the result of refraction and deception. Nor does it consist with the common sense of men, that he who has attained the highest degree of critical discernment, is the last to perceive and acknowledge the truth to nature, in that noted line,—

"How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* on yonder bank!"

or again, when

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,"

is so shocked at the unscientific appellation of the stars, that he feels no response in his soul to the beautiful description of dawn.

The achievements of science and philosophy, subversive of the higher, the inventive faculties—the Lotos fruit which debases genius! Unworthy sentiment of this theorizing age. They furnish, continually, the very aliment of poetic genius. They have made the wilderness, moral, mental, and natural, to blossom as the rose; they have opened paths into regions hitherto unexplored, affording new glimpses into scenes of wild magnificence and beauty, fitted, when acting upon minds open to their influence, to awaken the deepest emotions; they have made 'this goodly frame the earth, and the brave o'erhanging firmament,' to teem with forms of real, as well as ideal perfection, and clothed with attractive grandeur, worlds which before were either insignificant points in creation, or objects of unmingled terror. They have, in fine, brought home to the feelings of men, through their intellects, vast accessions of the most exalted poetic imagery, which, by their means alone, have been made the poet's legitimate materials; for in his sublimest moods he can, after all, only describe what men think and feel; only as they are elevated on the same table-land with himself, may he portray in full splendor the 'vision,' and exhaust the 'faculty

divine.' That, in proportion as the community becomes thus enlightened, his control over the imaginations of others is less despotic, and his opportunities of imposing on their credulity less favorable, will not be denied. We submit, however, that illusion is not the highest aim of poetry. The humblest of prose fictions, on vantage ground, dispute empire with it here. The world is too old in experience of the power of poetry, not only to touch the heart under every variety of circumstances, but to reiterate its effects, to question its entity aside from those effects, or doubt, with Audrey, if 'it be a true thing, honest in deed and word.' It does not ask that its creations be regarded as real, true in point of fact; it only seeks to body forth those strange visions floating in every mind, like ravishing glimpses into another and a brighter world; visions, which are known and felt to be far beyond the power of mortality to realize. It would satisfy those longings of our nature after something higher, nobler, and more ethereal, than aught presented to the external eye,—love more unalloyed, joy more exquisite, and even pain more intense, than can be felt in this dull world of ours. The loftier productions of that 'fine frenzy,' which is ever the attendant of true poetical inspiration, appeal to deep-seated, unchanging principles, connected with and producing pleasure, independent of a mere sense of harmony, or of any willingness of the mind to be cheated into transient dreams of bliss. They are the visible expression of unwritten poetry within us, the words of thoughts, the signs of feelings; and a chief source of gratification derived from them, consists in identifying their high-wrought pictures and imagery not with outward forms, which strike the senses, but with conceptions which exist only in the depths and soundings of the human soul. Hence the interest with which we contemplate, through the poet's delineations, characters superlatively hateful, as that of the 'demi devil' Iago, deliberately planning his villainies, which, 'with a little act upon the blood' of the generous-hearted Moor, 'burst like mines of sulphur;' or scenes of unmitigated woe, as when the mad king Lear, in the utter impotence of reason bewildered by his wrongs, befriends the warring elements, because they are not his daughters, and calls upon the heavens to avenge his cause, 'for they are old like him.' The effect of such master strokes of poetic genius on the mind, is akin to that produced by some chef d'œuvre of the sculptor's art, as, for instance, the famed Laocoon group. Persuade the spectator, by any device, that other than ideal, life-like agony is embodied in the writhing forms and distorted features before him, and his emotions of breathless awe are changed at once into sickening horror.

But to have done with theory, we turn to a consideration of

he subject before us, in respect of facts, exemplified in the distinguishing features of poetry, as produced in a barbarous and in an enlightened age. We have said the difference is radical. It is a difference, not merely of degree, but of kind. The poetry of Wordsworth is not that of Chaucer, passed through the alembic of a more enlightened and philosophic mind; indeed, a greater anomaly in literature could hardly be produced, than the works of the latter modernized. Says Shlegel, "the poetry of man admits of a two-fold distinction. It may hold up a mirror of actual life, whether of the present, or some departed age of heroic action and adventure, or it may consist in a stirring up and awakening of the hidden depths of human feeling." Precisely the distinction, which obtains in the widely differing elements that characterize the poets we have mentioned, as well as the periods they represent, and which is confirmed in every instance of the development of national intellect.

Men in the infancy of society, live in a world of sense; their entire mental characters are moulded by the scenes and circumstances in which they are placed, and all their feelings assume the tone of influences acting upon them from without. Heroes mailed for battle, isolated deeds of daring, 'moving accidents by field and flood,' or the legends of a wonderful past, with its giant forms and feats—these are the objects which awaken their profoundest emotions, and excite their warmest sympathies. Unaccustomed to trace the connecting links of great events, or to comprehend the relations of social life, and acknowledge the ties which bind them to each other, they look upon actions, not as grouped in one harmonious whole, the parts of a grand drama, but individually, as they affect their own self-interests, within whose narrow sphere their thoughts find ample range, and for aught beyond which they have neither joys nor sorrows. The limits of actual vision embrace their world, themselves are its gods. Nor does it, in fact, militate against this position, that much in the structure of their lives, their mystical legends and heroic ballads, appears to us but the fabrication of fancy; for, to them, truth and fiction are almost alike real. Abstractions are deified and then worshiped under bodily forms. Traditional fables, the notions of invisible agents, and the wildest frenzies of imagination, are so incorporated with their being, by an undoubting, omnipotent faith, that they, also, become objects of sense, transmitted as they are received, upon downright evidence. The poet of this age is the poet of action, of manners and real life; too intent on the glories and interests of passing events, to retire into himself and contemplate, in the operations of the mind, their efficient causes; too much engrossed with the new and marvelous in the world



around him, to apprehend the influence of 'things that are not seen,' and too proud of exhibiting the powers of his own deified nature, to resort to the machinery of any higher order of beings, for even his deities are endowed with attributes, which differ from his own only in degree, and if, perchance, he 'call up spirits from the vasty deep,' they come not as the phantoms of imagination, but as beings starting into actual existence, with the controlling influence of real agents. He has a mind "reflecting ages past," and competent to paint the present with its stirring incidents as they are, but to interpret their mysterious import, and enter into their relations with the future, as if borne irresistibly on by the impulse of its own inspirations, is not its prerogative. Man he describes, as made up of heroic enterprise and suffering, going forth in the pride of his might, exulting in the overflow of animal spirits, and developing, in unparalleled perfection, his physical energies,—but limiting his aspirations, his hopes, and desires, to this 'little life that's rounded with a sleep,' and rarely exhibiting those deep workings of the heart, that present him in all the majesty of which human nature is susceptible. To take comprehensive views of existence, and expand a thoughtless act into a whole eternity of dread results, or 'curdle a long life' into moments of interest most intense, is only given to the poet of a civilized age. He alone can unfold the immortal energies which are wrapped up in the mind, can "penetrate those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished," and bring thence to light the passions disembodied, the tender, the gloomy, the guilty, and sublime,—exhibiting the horrors of remorse, the joy of hope, the agony of despair. Not that we mean to imply that a mere analysis of feelings or of passions constitutes poetry; yet we venture to assert, that such a knowledge of these great agents, in their individual action, as can result only from a complete anatomy of the human heart, laying bare its inmost structure, is indispensable to a full development of those outward and visible indications of their presence, which awaken correspondent emotions in the observer. The truth of this will be manifest, if we contrast some poetical embodiment of certain ideas, as they exist in a barbarous age, for instance, the ideas of extreme suffering, with a like production of a later age. Orestes, maddened and tortured by the furies! what is he but a faint, and yet to the extent of a heathen mind, a perfect shadowing forth of a Hamlet, weighed to earth under a sense of powers all inadequate to the accomplishment of the solemn task imposed upon him; or of a Manfred, writhing under the stings of remorse, rendered endurable only by indomitable pride? Prometheus hurling defiance at the gods, while suffering the direst torments

hey can inflict! what are his pangs, in comparison with those of King Lear, wrought upon by the all-engrossing thought of monstrous ingratitude'—

—— “Till the tempest in his mind  
Doth from his senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there?”

Sublimity of character, as here exemplified, is beyond the utmost reach of physical suffering to impart; its source lies deeper in mental anguish, an appreciation of which, so general as to render it a proper object of poetry, argues no little advancement in civilization. And when we add to this the many infinitely stronger elements, introduced and familiarized by Christianity,—the triumphs of faith, immortal hopes, the scourgings of conscience, and the ‘dread of something after death,’—we would fain believe those insincere, out of charity to their good sense, who make it a primary requisite of the true poet, that he shall have had his birth in a barbarous age.

Remarks of a similar import with the foregoing are applicable to the poetry of nature; in this, also, civilization has given rise to a new era, establishing it upon higher principles, and extending its dominion from the finite and fleeting to the boundless and enduring. The early poetry of a nation is almost wholly objective; it deals only with the seen and tangible, and its most vivid descriptions awaken no deeper interest than arises from the simple perception of outward forms. These, on the other hand, the poet of a later time regards as only instruments to shadow forth nobler conceptions. He depends for his means not mainly on the objects which address themselves to his observation, but makes these subordinate to the emotions they produce, hurrying the mind, in the words of Bacon, into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul. Holding communion with nature, as with an intelligent, sympathizing being, he interprets her language, and gives to all her works, independent of their colors and figures, a deep significance. His landscapes present us not so much the images of natural objects, as the feelings of which they are symbols. Mountains, waves, and skies, are ‘tinged with hues of thought.’ Leaf shaking Olympus’ and ‘rosy fingered Aurora’ are exchanged for the dancing rill, the sighing breeze, the moaning forest, and the wailing blast.

That the elements of the mere descriptive and fanciful lose something of their power to charm, in proportion as they grow familiar, or betray their unreality, we will not deny. And the modern poet who seeks inspiration in these alone, may find his

delineations, fraught, as they may be, with truth and good taste, scarcely redeemed by 'golden cadences' from neglect. Nay even, vainly striving to rouse within himself the ardor and enthusiasm of the early poet, who stood related as the father of his race, enjoying the proud distinction of giving names to the objects of creation as they passed before him, he may declare in the bitterness of despondency,

"That there hath passed away a glory from the earth,"

and sigh for the return of that elder time, when nature wore the freshness and lustre of its morn; but reflection minds him that the relinquishment of a mere sensual delight has been the easy price paid for that awakened sensibility, to which

"The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

and he is strong again, rejoicing in the consciousness that his empire stretches over things, until the world becomes a realization of the spirit,

"Swayed to the mood  
Of what it likes or loathes."

We have not spoken of the delicate turns of thought and expression which abound in the modern poetry of sentiment, nor yet of the principle of association, which has extended its influence as far beyond its former limits, as the world of Milton is greater than that of Homer. But enough has been said, we think, to show that the forebodings which are rife at the present day, respecting the decline and fall of poetry, because, forsooth, the world is growing old, and life itself becoming a familiar thing, scarcely worth possessing, are not grounded in a just estimate of things. There is poetry around us, within us, and above us, which as yet we know not of,—poetry which, as the light of knowledge dawns upon it, like Memnon's statue, touched with morning rays, shall break forth into music. There yet remaineth much land to be possessed—and kings shall yet arise in Israel.

## THE CELEBRATION OF BUNKER HILL.

## I.

Room for the sons of Freedom ! room  
For those who come in Freedom's name,  
To worship at the hallowed tomb  
Of martyrs to the sacred flame,  
Whose first fierce lightning flashes shone  
Where stands this monumental stone,  
Rolling their thunders far away  
O'er sunny plain and mountain steep,  
Till the loud peal from Mexic's bay,  
Re-echoed o'er the Atlantic deep.  
Ho ! East, and West, and South, and North,  
Where'er ye Freedom's birthright claim,  
Send your rejoicing thousands forth,  
To sacrifice in Freedom's name.  
Hushed be each jarring sound of strife,  
Each party feud, with faction rife,  
Each jealous thought away ;  
As round that altar stone ye kneel,  
Let each exulting spirit feel  
We're brothers all to-day.

## II.

It was a thrilling sight I ween,  
Upon that glorious morn of June—  
The earth arrayed in richest green,  
While thousand warbling songsters tune  
Their loudest notes of joy to greet  
The countless multitude who meet  
Upon the consecrated ground,  
Where scarcely threescore years before,  
As Autumn leaves spread thick around,  
Swam headless, mangled trunks in gore.  
Yea, on the self-same spot where stood  
That self-devoted martyr band,  
Pouring like rain their precious blood  
For Freedom and their native land ;  
Rose rank on rank of beauty bright,  
One heaving wave of flashing light,  
A glorious array,  
Of famed New England's beauteous fair,  
Met in one vast assemblage there,  
Upon that gala day.

## III.

Room for the sires of Freedom ! room  
For the last, lone surviving few,  
Who with life's setting sun have come  
To take their final, proud adieu,  
Of that immortal field whereon  
Their fadeless laurel wreaths were won.  
Strange is the scene ! some magic hand  
Hath spread its bright enchantment o'er  
The holiest spot of Freedom's land,  
The scene of mighty deeds of yore.  
Changed now in all ; save that which ne'er  
The wasting march of time shall know—  
Above the same blue skies appear,  
The same rejoicing earth below,  
And still upon the rock-bound shore  
Is heard the heaving ocean's roar :  
But where the squadron's close array,  
The thundering fleet on glassy bay,  
The din of mortal strife ;  
Where Charlestown's flames piercing the sky,  
The victor shout, the vanquished cry,  
The groan of parting life.

## IV.

O who the burning thoughts shall read,  
Which thrill those time-seared hearts to-day,  
While with slow measured step they tread  
The earth where sleeps their brother clay !  
Ye meet again : yet not alone  
Around that consecrated stone ;  
Bends from his starry throne on high,  
Each martyr spirit who first sealed  
The Covenant of Freedom by  
Death on this glorious battle field.  
Ha ! heard ye when that mighty throng  
Sent up their glad, earth shaking cry,  
The spirit echo loud and long  
Rolled back the overhanging sky,  
All heaven above, and earth below,  
The zephyrs bland, the ocean's flow,  
Hearts of the myriad free,  
Their loud harmonious voices raise,  
To celebrate in songs of praise,  
A nation's jubilee !

## V.

Pillar of Freedom ! which on high  
 Dost rear thy glory-circled head ;  
 Proud record of the spot where lie  
 New England's holiest, hallowed dead,  
 Forever aye, in grandeur stand  
 Stern Sentinel of Freedom's land,  
 Linking the names whose valor won  
 Our birthright, with earth's noblest free,  
 The patriots of Marathon,  
 The heroes of Thermopylæ ;  
 Thou art, to earth-chained millions when  
 They burst the bondage of despair,  
 An Earnest of what earnest men  
 In Freedom's cause can do and dare ;  
 To haughty tyrants who would bind  
 The chainless energies of mind  
     Beneath oppression's rod,  
 Thou hast a warning voice as dread  
 As shook old Sinai's hoary head,  
     Before an angry God.

## THE WOODSMAN.

[CONTINUED.]

accordance with the usual method of story-tellers in like  
 instances, we must now go back and bring up arrearages  
 of the story of Jedediah Small. Jedediah had always been a  
 very ably cute lad, all things considering. Indeed, while he  
 was in his swaddling clothes, an old fortune-teller, after a  
 very elaborate investigation into black-letter lore, had been  
 obliged to declare, that he would make an uncommonly smart  
 man, if he didn't have any pull backs. It is well known that  
 fortune-tellers are not obliged to answer for pull backs in any  
 future life. He had been the most forward boy in all the  
 town where he was bred—had cyphered all the way  
 through Dillworth's Arithmetic—was never abashed at the tall  
 tales that could be found in the Boston papers—at the early  
 age of nineteen, had swayed the pedagogue's birchen sceptre in  
 place of his native village, and had finished up his educa-  
 tion by traveling into foreign parts, that is to say, as far as the  
 city of Boston, having spent two whole days and a night in that  
 metropolis, for the purpose of seeing the world. Stay-  
 sufficient length of time to accomplish his object, for

a man of his observation, he went back to his native village, then and there to take into consideration plans for his future life. Jedediah's long toil, together with an unexpected piece of good fortune, such as has been often known to boost men of genius up the ladder of wealth and distinction, had put him in possession of one hundred and twenty-five dollars and a quarter. He magnanimously resolved to *spree* it with the quarter, and to leave the one hundred and twenty-five dollars an unbroken fortune to retire upon—a sovereign talisman, at whose powerful command every thing should become obsequious to his bidding; whether it should be land, houses, popularity, office, or “if I should ever want a wife,” quoth he, “how easy I could get her, eh!” The more he reflected upon the nature of the latter object, the more desirable did the possession of one appear to be. The only difficulty about the matter, he thought, would be in the selection. An ass laden with gold, was thought in ancient times to be better able to reduce a fort, than an army of soldiers—how, then, should not Jedediah Small with *his* gold, together with his knowledge of books, men, and things, be able to conquer the no less difficult fortress of the female heart? In pursuance of his new design, he cast his eye upon a splendid article in the female line, recently imported from Boston, and dizened out in the chameleon hues of the latest fashions, and well versed in all the newest coined expressions of elegance, which were supposed to be still in vogue in the first circles of London and Paris. Now Jedediah had an idea that it would be no easy matter to gain possession of her hand, and that, therefore, a successful effort would bring him all the more glory; while, on the other hand, it was a maxim of his, that there was no fun in getting into love, if the conquest was certain. Accordingly, repairing to the abode of his *Dulcinea*, with his pocket book boldly peeping out of an orifice, made for that express occasion, in the fore side of his nether garment, he met with a sad rebuff, the particulars of which I shall not stop to mention. It is inconceivable how much this providential event lowered his opinion of the sex. “Deceitful creatures, all taken by show and glitter—he had a mind to punish the whole tribe, by never showing another one of them the least attention, and as to the Boston notion—how thankful was he that his eyes were opened to the dangers he had escaped—he wouldn't have her if he could get her, not he!” Filled with these reflections upon the nature of woman-kind, and their low appreciation of real merit, Jedediah returned home, and that self-same day marked out for himself an entirely different course of life. He now determined to invest his fortune in public lands, and settle down upon them himself. By virtue of being the first settler,

he should of course have a sort of patriarchal authority over all that should come into those parts after him. His superior learning, too, would assist in gaining for himself all the influence he should ever want. He would, therefore, in the fullness of time, cause himself to be elected member of Congress, senator, judge, president, governor—in short, whatever office seemed pleasant in his own eyes, that would he have. We have seen the first part of this resolution carried into effect, in that clearing which so disturbed the hunter's equilibrium. When Ephraim Burke had arrived at his own hut, and had made his wife acquainted with the proximity of the new comer, she received the tidings as that of a deeply afflictive event, so much was she accustomed to share in his capricious feelings. But when he spoke of plunging far away into the western wilds, her spirit shrank within her, at the thousand nameless terrors with which the idea of a western wilderness was at that day associated—she remonstrated with mildness, yet firmly. For the first time in his life, Ephraim felt himself crossed in his wishes. He loved his fond, devoted wife, but his will was stubborn,—no moral suasion could bend it, though it came from lips most dear,—nothing, in short, but the God that made the soul, softening its haughtiness by the dews of affliction, or calling forth from its deep recesses some stronger passion, the power of which had never been tried. While this sad conference was going on, during the darkness of a summer's evening, it was broken off by a loud rap at the door. "More settlers, I 'spose," said Ephraim, as he opened it. A pale, sickly, middle-aged man entered, accompanied by a weary looking stripling of eighteen. Although Ephraim disliked the settlements so much, and every thing that could remind him of them, yet he had a heart full of human sympathy, and with joy bade the strangers welcome. In the course of the conversation that followed, the stranger briefly recounted his history—a very lucky circumstance, as otherwise I should be unable to tell it myself. He had in former times been a wealthy merchant in the metropolis of New England—had been a firm friend of liberty, in the troublous times of the revolution, and by his active exertions, had raised up against himself many enemies. They, when the cause of freedom had triumphed, had fallen in with the wake of popular feeling, so far at least as not to bring odium upon themselves by their sentiments—but they had not forgotten their hostility to him. He told how in an embarrassed state of his affairs, they had found means to buy up the notes that were against him—how he confessed himself unable to meet immediately their demands, and he was thrown into prison in consequence—how his faithful wife, like a ministering angel, had visited him every day in his



cell, till worn down by fatigue and sorrow, she died—how fiendish arts were used to seduce his children from the paths of virtue, in the absence of their natural guardians—how one had yielded to temptation, had become vile, had gone off upon the high seas—how the rest had all sickened and died, except one noble-hearted boy—how *he*, unseduced by temptation, unscared by the hostility of his foes, unwearied by his arduous toil, still clung to him—how, fearing the hatred of the populace, his enemies had at last been obliged to release him—how he had retired to a little country village, with his only boy, a broken-hearted man—how, on the sudden and mysterious disappearance of one of those who had procured his imprisonment, he had been tried for murder, and acquitted by an impartial jury, and that at last, weary of a heartless world, he had come thus far into the wilderness, in quest of a refuge from its cruelty.

“And you shall have a refuge,” rejoined the host, “if Ephraim Burke can give you one. You and I think just alike about the settlements. I never thought that it was according to nature, to live in them.” Thus a feeling entirely new had sprang up in his breast; for no one before had ever stood in need of his aid, and consequently his sympathy had never been drawn forth. He began to think he should like to stay where he was, be a comfort to the lonely stranger, hunt with him, and together with him make a common cause against the settlements. A little cabin was speedily reared for the strangers, whom I shall designate by the names of Giles and Henry Upton. While thus a new development was brought out in Ephraim’s character, no less did a new feeling start up in the breast of young Henry. He had seen among the crowds that promenaded the metropolis, many faces that were called beautiful; yet their images had passed away from his memory, like an April cloud; but the countenance of Rose Burke, somehow made an indelible image on his heart, large as life. I am sensible that a great deal that is interesting and poetical, might be brought into this very place. How two young hearts, far away from the selfish world, melted into a mutual embrace, and became all the world to each other; how they rambled forth under the old trees, by the pale moon light, gathering flowers and beholding their imaged faces in the clear brooks, and many other such pretty things, which lovers are invariably known to do in all good novels. But these things I must leave to the imagination of the reader, with the added exhortation that each should complete the outline, in a manner at once simple, chaste, and in accordance with the best prescribed models.

On a certain day, not long after the deer chase, Jedediah had wandered away to an unusual distance from his habitation.

Having proceeded some miles through the pathless wilderness, his ear suddenly caught the dulcet sounds of a female voice, singing snatches of wild songs, with that self-pleasing melody, which gushes forth so naturally from the heart of happiness and innocence. Now though Jedediah looked upon himself as a pretty perfect specimen of humanity, all things considering, yet he could not be said to be entirely void of curiosity. He crept cautiously along through the bushes, now clambering upon a clump of prostrate timber, now upon a half fallen tree, till at last he perched himself upon the extremity of a branch that stretched far out over a pond, and maintained his position by clinging to the twigs above. He paid little attention, however, to his precarious footing, for the focus of his whole soul was directed to the quarter whence the melody proceeded. Through a narrow opening in the branches, he beheld Ephraim with a gun in his hand, looking earnestly towards some apparently approaching object—but where was the fairy singer? Presently a wild-wood garland greeted his eyes, then the little hand that held it came slowly into view, and finally the woodsman's laughter stood revealed to his wondering vision. There was something in beauty and innocence combined, which is fitted to draw admiration from all that have souls. It obtains homage from the mind that is mean and vulgar—it subordinates to its will the pride of royalty, and sets once more in motion the stoic's insensate heart. Even *Jedediah* felt himself to be human on this occasion. His mighty heart beat in its spacious cabin, with a stroke like that of a steam engine, and he felt he didn't exactly know how. He closed his eyes for a moment, and the charm was greatly weakened. He began to reason with himself. "'Spose a feller should marry her—the old man wouldn't give her two feathers worth of dowry, and then again this ere book larning, she ha'nt got none of that. Ah! 'twill never do. Her name will never be Mrs. Jedediah Small," said he, shaking his head mournfully. Just then the little fairy's voice began its music again, and speedily upset all his logic. He opened his eyes, and beheld her singing half in mockery of a robin that was caroling above her head. They sang alternately a kind of measure, with which Jedediah was prodigiously delighted. He determined from that time forth, that Rose Burke should be his. Suddenly a bullfrog, in the pond beneath him, poked up his unmannerly head, and began to croak loudly to the world above the water, about the politics of the world below.

"Hold your 'tarnal tongue, and hear the music, can't ye, or I'll" —. He was about to show the frog that Jedediah Small was not to be trifled with, when his foot unluckily slipped, and

he descended with astonishing celerity into the pond. The frog shrunk aghast at the impending ruin, and he and Jedediah arrived at the bottom at the same instant. Our hero found himself in a very embarrassing situation, and determined that it would be highly expedient to extricate himself as quickly as possible. But all his efforts only sank him into deeper perplexity. No sooner did he take up one foot, than the other with great ease slipped into its place, and made a few inches progress downwards. In this unpromising state of affairs, necessity, "the mother of invention," was about to force from him a loud appeal for foreign aid, when suddenly he reflected that Ephraim was his nearest neighbor, that he was the father of the fairy singer, and that he had best be careful as to the circumstances in which the first meeting should occur between himself and the testy hunter. In the course of his reading, he had perused some very instructive novels, in several of which he had found that the hero had met with a wound well nigh mortal, or been seized with sudden sickness in the immediate neighborhood of his future sweetheart, (all unknown to himself, of course,) that thereupon he had been taken to the identical house where she resided, and that during his long and interesting convalescence, he had had her sweet eyes to watch over him, and her sweet voice to fill his soul with the music of its tones. And what could be more interesting, thought he, than a graphic recital of this sort, which would some day doubtless form a part of the chronicles of the past. Jedediah Small, far away from home and friends, in a howling wilderness, almost drowned in a lake, rescued from death by the bravery of strangers, carried to their hospitable mansion, attended throughout the long illness which ensued, by a being decidedly angelical, and then—but here the succession of ideas became altogether too rapid for utterance, and they were accordingly left unuttered. The more he thought of the ingenious plan which his inventive genius had struck out, the more feasible did it appear. What could be easier than to have a typhus or a lung fever, after such an exposure? A lung fever being deemed the most eligible of the two, he immediately commenced operations by coughing violently, but having given his body an unlucky wriggle or two, he found that his head had arrived at a most alarming proximity to the surface of the pond. Instantly there rose up through the air a wild and earnest cry,—“Help! help! here’s a man a drownin’!! murder!!”

Ephraim was quickly upon the bank. Our hunter had usually a morose countenance, upon which a smile was a seldom visitant; yet on this occasion he dropped his gun, and resting a hand upon either side, burst into laughter long and loud. The

settler's rubicund visage just peeped above the waters, like the morning sun upon the eastern wave, and all around the edge of the pond sedate-looking bullfrogs were clinging to the bank with their fore feet, and looking mischievously over their shoulders at our hero, no doubt inwardly chuckling in high glee at his misfortune. Efficacious means were, however, immediately applied to rescue him, which, for the benefit of those who may ever have friends in such a predicament, I shall now describe. A long pole (lever) was poised upon a stick set up endways, (fulcrum,) one end extended to the sufferer, and he was thereupon quickly hoisted into the air, and swung around upon dry land. From the outlines of his figure, it would have been difficult to have told what genus of animals he belonged to. He speedily divested himself of the superabundant strata of soil, and though afflicted with violent pains in the chest, coughing fits, &c., he made shift to stagger away to the cabin of the hunter. A rude couch of bear skins was quickly spread for him, and the half of a basswood log with the bark peeled off, and the rounding side up, was placed under his head, in lieu of a pillow, and many other such conveniences which Ephraim would have thought entirely superfluous for any other person, were afforded to him, on the ground of his being a sick man. "Jest feel of my pulse, see how it jumps," said Jedediah, wishing to excite sympathy. Ephraim, who was his sole attendant, didn't exactly know where to find the pulse: one while he thought of grasping him by the neck to find it, and would have done so, had it not occurred to him that it might be decidedly uncomfortable to a sick man. "And whereabouts may your pulse be?" inquired the hunter, at the same time taking him by the elbow with so powerful a grasp, that he sprang from his basswood log, and roared for mercy. "Ah, sure enough," said he, greatly delighted with his own dexterity; "sure enough, your pulse *does* jump—I thought I could find it—I warrant I'm as good a doctor as any in the settlements." "Harkee," continued he in rough but kindly manner, "don't you stir from my shantee till you're well—well enough to kill a deer, and bring him home on your shoulders; I never think a man exactly healthy, when he can't do that." Then leaving his patient at perfect liberty to call for all help he needed, and all he didn't need, he bustled out of the room, to prepare for a deer chase. He was passing on into the forest, with all his hunting accoutrements, and his heart full of *malice prepense* towards the first luckless animal that should cross his path, when his attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps in the sick man's apartment, and an occasional half suppressed chuckle, that sounded like the sigh of an uneasy apple-dumpling, under the process of being boiled. He

approached to reconnoitre. Had Ephraim's hut been discovered among the ruins of Palmyra, Thebes, or Memphis, it would doubtless have been taken for some curious astronomical machine, descended from remote antiquity, for it had a peep-hole for every constellation in the firmament. He applied his eye to one of these crevices; Jedediah was evidently in a state of entire abstraction. He was standing before a little mirror, which Ephraim had purchased in his last trip to the settlements, at a vast expense of racoon skins and personal feelings, for he hated all trinkets, yet had found it impossible to resist the importunities of Rose and her mother—a wife and elder daughter! what a combination! how often have they made null the strong resolutions of man's will, and turned into perfect weakness the might of his obstinacy! But to return from my homily about the looking-glass. Jedediah was standing before the mirror, and trying on all sorts of countenances for future important occasions. First, there was the smile to be assumed, when the "mutual eyes" of himself and his Rose should first meet. He intended that surprise should be the main characteristic of the aforesaid smile, and that it should be duly set off with shadings of the delicate, the romantic, and the poetical, for all these he had learned from novels, were absolutely essential to a man in love. Then there was the expressive phiz which he meant to take to himself in the hour when he should be a confident and acknowledged lover. Having worked his features into all manner of shapes, he at last screwed them up into a look of such unutterable tenderness, that he didn't even know himself. Highly satisfied with this last experiment, he overleaped all intermediate occasions, and fixed his attention upon that interesting crisis, when the honey-moon should have waned into its last eclipse, and he should invest himself in the authoritative majesty of husband and lord. What dignity now reigned on that forbidding brow! and a kind of something in that severe eye, which seemed to say, "you needn't ask me, my dear, for no more money nor clothin', caus' you can't get none, no how." Suddenly he called to mind his old rebuff, and he began to cogitate with much anxiety upon the course to be pursued, in the event of such a predicament. Two methods are mentioned by novelists in such cases, namely, that the injured lover should either commit suicide, partly out of spite and partly from melancholy, or else that he should faint away. To the former Jedediah had decided objections, for he feared that it would be attended with some pain, and might be productive of fatal consequences. He was about to commence practising upon the latter, when Ephraim, suspecting some duplicity in his convalescence, broke into his apartment, and dragging him to the

door, projected him from the extremity of his indignant foot, through a curved line, which has received the technical appellation, "Irish hoist," but what its mathematical properties are, has never yet been discovered.

On the evening of this eventful day, Henry Upton was sitting by the rude window of the cabin, looking out upon the waving forest, and listening to the deep—the many-toned voice of nature. The southern breeze crept rustling through the wide wilderness, whispering of his childhood's home, and old reminiscences started forth from their forgotten graves. There are times when the soul takes no cognizance of external objects—when it awakes in some little degree to a consciousness of its comprehensiveness and its power—it surveys in one brief moment all that is backward in the realms of memory—all that *may* be forward in the prospective of futurity. There were voices long forgotten, that once more greeted and refreshed his ear, and there was a throng of persons whom he had at an earlier or later date numbered among his friends. Some of these were laid away in quiet graves, and others were uneasily sepulchred in the stormy Atlantic. Some had been drawn into fearful lengths of depravity, and very many immersed in the petty schemes of self-aggrandizement, had no green spot left in their hearts where the memory of himself was yet kept alive. He could fix upon but one or two of all his old acquaintances, that still sympathized with him in his hard and lowly lot. He thought of all he had ever known of a cold and selfish world, till the luxury of tears relieved his heart of its burthen. Then fancy roamed through dreams of love, and many a web of future life did he weave, whereof both warp and woof were made of bright threads. And ambition mingled in his thoughts, and reared stately structures only to be demolished and give place to others. He knew these were groundless and unprofitable reveries, yet he cherished them fondly, for like all other men he was not at all unwilling to cheat himself. Thus for some time had memory, and hope, and fancy, been mingling together a motley assembly of images, till sleep locked up his wearied senses, and gave birth to reveries more discursive perhaps, but no less reasonable. Suddenly there burst forth from the depths of the forest such an appalling whoop, as if all the demons of purgatory had broken away from their prison-house and come upon earth to give mankind a specimen of what they could do. Then a score or two of hideous-looking savages hurried from their hiding places. Henry started from his seat and seized a gun near by, but a strong hand was laid upon him, and he was drawn through the window, his gun taken from him, and he given to one of the oldest warriors for safe keeping.

In the absence of Ephraim and the elder Upton, the savages finding no one whom they thought it much object to kill, took them all captive. They hushed the crying fit of the youngest child by dashing its brains out upon the hearth-stone—then took up their line of march to their far-distant home in the north.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### ALONE.

*I weep that I am all alone.*—H. K. WATTS.

##### I.

NAY, ask me not why thus I weep,  
And shed the silent tear,  
While all around gay festal keep,  
And songs of joy I hear.  
Its own deep, untold bitterness,  
Each heart alone can feel ;  
And mine hath known that keen distress  
Which nought but Heaven can heal.

##### II.

I love the Spring's blithe, joyous hours,  
Its soul-reviving breeze,  
The fragrance of its perfumed flowers,  
The birds' song in its trees :  
I love the light of sparkling eyes,  
And the 'thrill of happy voice,'  
When 'neath the cloudless, vernal skies,  
The young and fair rejoice.

##### III.

But oh ! my heart is sad and lone,  
And tearful yearnings send  
For those my early days have known,—  
My childhood's cherished friends :  
They've faded all, long ere their time,  
As morning flowers decay ;  
While I, grown old e'en in my prime,  
Must linger on my way.

## IV.

On every song sad memories come,  
 Of some loved voice it tells ;  
 And joys around the hearth of home,  
 Where now death's silence dwells :  
 All gone ! and I alone am left  
 Their memory to keep :  
 Of all most loved on earth bereft,—  
 Dost ask me why I weep ?

CL.

## SCRAPS,

FROM A GATHERER'S NOTE-BOOK.

" It shal not ben of philosophie,  
 Ne of physike, ne termes queinte of lawe,  
 Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe."

*Chaucer.*

## IV.

It was a clear, sunny morning, toward the close of the merry month of May ; for four quick-passing weeks Yale had been the habitation of solitude—a voiceless dwelling, but now, the vacation was fairly ended, and the precincts of college were full of returning activity and life. Here might be seen a solitary Freshman, gazing pensively upon the busy scene before him, and thinking, sadly, mayhap, of the loved ones from whom he had so lately parted, yet, despite his homesickness, delighted with the beauty of this our goodly city. There knots of busy Sophomores were collected together, smoking, talking and laughing in full chorus, forgetful of the past, prodigal of the present, and careless of the future ; while at intervals along the walks, single individuals or companies of two or three, rejoicing in the sonorous title of "members of one of the higher classes," were proceeding at a dignified pace to the respective duties of the lecture-room or the study. Now and then some Tutor laden with ultra gravity, or staid Professor, would make his appearance ; of whose approach low bows and an universal touching of hats gave timely notice.

It was on this very morning that I, Richard Hasty, sat in an easy arm-chair in my own room,

(" May I not take mine ease, in mine own Inn,")

engaged in building a most fantastic air-castle, when suddenly my reverie was broken by a rap at the door.



"Come in!" the door opened, and a middle-sized, fashionably dressed personage entered the room.

"Ah! how do you do, Mark?" said I, rising, "how do you do?"

"'ow d'ye do, Hasty? I'm deyvilish glad to see you," replied the visitor, as he languidly extended his hand; "when did you get in town? It is a confounded bore to be dragged back to College again, just as a fellow is beginning to enjoy vacation. Don't you think so, Dick?"

"Well, there *is* some truth in that; but then one likes to return here to his old acquaintances; especially after the spring vacation; every thing has such an air of improvement, of renovation, and so many smiling faces and ready hands meet you at each corner, that you have scarcely time to be homesick, or even lovesick, though you have never so strong an inclination that way."

"Aye, but, Dick, such deyvilish fine girls as a man discovers in vacation time. Now it was only last week"—

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed I, interrupting him, for I dreaded the repetition of a story whose prototype I had probably heard fifty times before; "that's your ailment, is it, Mark? Take a dose of Ovid—cure warranted—especially if you take it in Latin."

Mark Harland, I am sorry to say it, is a kind of a fop. He admires the ladies, well-cut clothes, and—himself; and of himself more especially, his fashionable inexpressibles and highly polished boots. He dabbles in literature also; goes to the libraries, takes out half a dozen books, looks at the covers, perhaps at the prefaces, carries them back, and—criticises them. In this way he has induced many to look up to him as a prodigiously well-informed personage, and, indeed, none are more firmly convinced of his erudition than himself. Yet, withal, he is a very harmless being, and his dignified self-complacent airs are calculated to excite compassionate laughter, rather than disgust.

"But," continued I, "do you find no other amusement for vacation than flirting?"

"Oh! yes, I have been reading some half dozen poets within the last four weeks; Byron and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, Scott and Cowper, &c."

"And how do you like the poets you have mentioned, Mark? You have so lately read them, you ought to be in the criticising vein."

"And so I am, 'Dick. And first of all, I say, deliver me from Wordsworth; his name always puts me in mind of a 'long left ear.'—But, Byron's the man."

"Yes, I should suppose so ; but"—

My inquiry was broken off by the abrupt entrance of Frank Weston, who seating himself in an arm-chair, and thrusting his feet out of the window, turned to Mark, exclaiming,

"So, Harland, you made a conquest last night at the concert, eh ?"

"Pshaw, nothing at all, Frank ; but did you observe that lady on the opposite side of the room, when I was sitting by you ? Well, she nodded to me, and held up a paper in her hand, smiling all the time ; deyvilish pretty girl too, Frank ?"

Weston looked at Mark a moment, and then burst into a roar of laughter. "Why, look here, Harland, ha ! ha ! ha ! that was my sister ; the paper was a letter from home, and she was calling my attention, supposing I would like to see it ; and you, sitting by my side, imagined that it was to you her gestures were directed, ha ! ha ! ha ! no !"

"Oh ! ah ! the deuce ! a—I beg pardon, Weston," said Mark, coloring to the tips of his fingers, "I really thought—a—"

"Pshaw, Harland," said I, "never mind, man, the best of us are liable to mistakes."

"Well," inquired Frank, "what were you talking of when I interrupted you so unceremoniously ? something literary, I should suppose, from Mark's important air."

"Yes, he was just commencing a criticism upon Byron ; and I feel rather unwilling to lose it ; what was it you were saying, Harland ?"

"Why, Byron's the poet for me ; so sublime, so pathetic, so natural, so gloomy ; and then he always expresses my feelings exactly. Why, what should a sensible man care for the world ? It never finds out his merits till the grave covers him. Now Byron *knew* that he was a *deyvilish* smart fellow ; other people were not willing to acknowledge it ; and didn't he pay 'em off for it, eh ?"

"Which of his poems do you like best, Mark ?" inquired Frank.

"I can hardly tell ; they are all splendid, but the shipwreck in *Mazeppa*, has always struck me as being peculiarly fine, the ocean and the tempest, the naked, starving mariners, the father and his dead son, and the"—

"Why, zounds, Mark," said Weston, "you're describing one of the most capital passages of Don Juan !"

"Oh ! yes ! I—I was reading about him in the Edinburgh—I mean I was looking over Byron the other day, and I was thinking it was in *Mazeppa*, ah !—yes ! yes ! But isn't this a fine idea,

'Oh! that a desert were my dwelling-place,  
 With one fair spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And hating no one, love but only her!'

"It is very well adapted to some minds," said I, "is it not, Frank? Let us have your opinion now without any jesting."

"After all that has been written and said about the 'Founder of the Satanic school,'" replied Weston, "it is hardly possible to give any new ideas in reference to him; though indeed I have never yet found a *single* criticism which exactly expresses my sentiments. Carlyle seems to have understood Byron more thoroughly than almost any of our professed reviewers, yet I cannot coincide with all of his opinions. I do not believe that Byron, if he had lived to threescore and ten, would have become a Goethe; his mind was not an essentially great one, wounded by the coldness of a selfish world and retiring within itself to brood over its sorrows and cherish a blind misanthropy: of this such a mind is incapable; the really great man, while he finds a glorious loveliness in the meanest of Nature's works, discovers also a loftier beauty in her noblest performance—man. However sullied and disfigured his fellow-mortal may have become, in whatever depths of wretchedness and misery he may have been plunged, he still bears the impress of the Most High God, the impress of all that is beautiful, all that is sublime. It is not for the poet then, whether neglected, hated, or despised, to retire in sullen solitude and hurl forth his Anathema Maranatha against a selfish world. Does he feel within himself the consciousness of intellectual power—and feel too that he is not appreciated? It is his to wait for another generation to do him justice. 'What,' said the enthusiastic astronomer, when his long and grievous labors, his grandest discoveries, were subject of derision and mockery to the bigoted, self-styled Philosophers around him, 'has God waited five thousand years for an eye to behold these things, and may I not wait an hundred for men to believe them?' Are meanness, ingratitude, and vice the triumphant principles in the community? Let him rely upon it, that nobleness, generosity, virtue exist also, and though their lights *now* may be hidden, the time *will* come when they shall shine as the midday sun. Pity and not anger should be and is the cherished feeling of the great poet and man toward the vile and degraded of his race; he hates the action,—he compassionates the actor. Of these sentiments, and I do not offer them as originally my own, but as gleaned from the writings of the great and good, Byron seems to have had no conception: he wished to be, at once, the first; others were not willing to grant him this, and he raved and

ranted in most satanic style at his disappointment. Misanthropy became his leading passion; he looked at his fellow-men through a distorted medium, which rendered all faces alike, however dissimilar may have been the originals; hence the sameness of his heroes; hence his want of truth in depicting them. Even in his female characters, where he has been thought most successful, I believe him to be false; his woman is not

‘A Spirit, yet a Woman too;’

but she is either a being of all etherial mould, or the simple minister of sensuality. Take, for instance, the verse which Mark has quoted:—

‘O! that the desert were my dwelling place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,’ &c.

Now only imagine the irritable, impatient, romantic, self-conceited, lame poet, with his ‘fair spirit’ in a cottage ornee, surrounded by a sandy, grassy, or woody desert, and the ‘happy couple’ approaching the interesting age of sixty-nine! Pah!”

“Quite an agreeable picture, you’ve drawn, Frank,” said I, “and one which I think the Poet hardly contemplated. You appear to me, however, to be somewhat severe upon the noble bard, and I do not believe that you will find your judgment sustained by the best critics, or by the effects which the poetry of Byron has had upon your own mind. You may sneer at his sentimentality, you may dislike his misanthropy, you may scorn his falsehood; yet, he still wields a mighty power, and you can hardly sit down to a perusal of his writings, without being at first insensibly carried along by the current of feeling, till wrapt up in the gloom of the author, you forget alike your contempt, your hatred, and your scorn. This is the power of poesy, and it is this which convinces me, that, however distorted his vision, however stifled his sensibilities, Lord Byron still possessed a poet’s eye and a poet’s heart.”

## V.

Reader,—I have called myself a Gatherer, and it is not merely in reference to the opinions and actions of others, that I have adopted the title. True, in the miniature world by which we are surrounded, there are many things to attract the attention and enlist the sympathy, and I love to watch the development of character and trace the sources of action in my fellows. When I see a man of undoubted talents, who professes to consider study foolishness, and the acquiring of information through the medium of books—a bore; who wastes the precious hours of youth

in idleness, frivolity, or dissipation, from my heart I pity him, for I know that but a few years at longest will elapse ere he will awake to a sad perception of his folly, and bitterly repent his prostituted time and misused advantages. If I know a class-mate of humble birth and scanty means, who has toiled night and day to gain the precious boon of knowledge, who has thus far relied upon his own unaided efforts in this pursuit, though his coarse raiment and awkward appearance may afford a subject for mirth to brainless fops—I honor him, for there is something godlike in his career, and cordially will I ever extend to him the right hand of friendship, and most willingly give him a hearty welcome. If I find a fellow-student, who thinks only upon externals, whose first care is dress, whose goddess is Fashion, whose purest enjoyment consists in flattering a—Woman, and bowing at the shrine of painted beauty, I think of the truth-telling lines of Pollok, and am silent :—

———“ There was one, who, while  
Beneath the sun aspired to be a rool :—  
With scrupulous ease exact, he walked the rounds  
Of fashionable duty ; laughed when sad ;  
When merry wept ; deceiving was deceived.—  
Fashion was his God.—  
In all submissive to its changing shape,  
Still changing, girded be his vexed frame,  
And LAUGHTER made to men of sounder head.—  
Oh ! fool of fools !—  
Pleased with a painted smile, he fluttered on  
Till Death put forth his hand and drew him out of sight.”

But, as I said, it is not solely in reference to others that I have adopted the title of Gatherer. It is to me an instructive task to watch the phases of my own mind, and as new images, thoughts, and resolutions enter there, to collect, compare, and store them away for future use. We have heard of the leaf of Memory ; think once ; could the thousand memories which center in a single human bosom be gathered together, and recorded on printed leaves and bound up in one large folio, what a volume were there, my friend ! The joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the loves and hatreds, the wishes, the aspirations, the vain longings, the “ surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions ” of a MAN'S life, to pore over and dream upon, and be guided by ! We have no such book as that ; if we had there would be but ONE superior to it. It is such a volume I am trying to make for myself : it is but just commenced now, and these few Scraps are a portion of what I have already gath-

ered. "Bah!" you exclaim, "I am tired of this egotism." Well, so am I, and we will turn to something else.

Our episode is ended, and we return to our friends; since we left them, an old acquaintance, Ned Davison, has joined the company, and with him a heretofore unmentioned personage. Henry or Harry Rowley—such is the stranger's name—is one of those men who are heartily liked by some, and as heartily hated by others. He is as independent a being as ever trod this earth: fearless of the opinions of his fellows, he never hesitates in the expression of his own, though he is always ready to do equal justice to the merits of friends and enemies. Quick to resentment, yet easy of reconciliation, I have known him leave a companion in a fit of anger, at some harsh word or careless remark, and then retiring to his own room, sit down and absolutely shed tears of bitterness, as he thought over the occurrence. Under a rough and devil-may-care exterior, he conceals a generous heart and a keen susceptibility, which he exhibits only in his unguarded moments, to his most intimate associates. He has, I think it is probable, more enemies than friends, for his acquaintances hardly know him; yet those who have once learned his character, could not easily be brought to dislike him. His knowledge is extensive; with England's master-bards, he is well acquainted, and her classic prose-writers are as familiar to him as "household faces." Such is Harry Rowley; and now observe him closely; he is among friends, and he feels it; the conversation has turned upon his favorite theme, and there he stands behind his chair, gesturing violently with his right hand, and holding a lighted *Principe* in his left.

"Compare Byron with Burns! nonsense! Think you, if the Scottish peasant had enjoyed the same advantages with the English lord, he would have gone puling about the world because, forsooth, men didn't notice him enough? No! Robert Burns' heart, even as he was, was too great for that, and in his very saddest moments, when 'poortith cauld' was knocking at his door, he never stooped to it. What is there in all Byron's life which sets him near the humble ploughman? both, alas! were guilty of errors enough; but Burns' were those of necessity almost, the titled poet's those of choice. What in their writings? Where, in all Byron's mawkish, love-sick sentimentality, is there aught equal to the simple *naturalness* of this:—

'There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me of my Jean;'

or this, so sad, yet so exquisite in its sadness :

‘ Wi’ mony a vow and lock’d embrace,  
Our parting was fu’ tender,  
And pledging oft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;  
But, oh ! fell death’s untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early,  
Now green’s the sod, and cauld’s the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

‘ O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I oft hac kiss’d sae fondly !  
And clos’d for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
The heart that lo’ed me dearly !  
But still within my bosom’s core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.’

Now that’s what I call poetry, gentlemen.—Hallo ! my cigar’s gone out, hang it !”

“ Take another, Harry,” said Weston, opening his cigar-case, “ and finish your speech ; but in the meantime just allow me to observe that Burns never wrote a long poem, and however beautiful his fragments may be, we have no surety that in such a work the ‘ Scottish peasant,’ as you call him, would have sustained himself.”

Rowley took a cigar, lighted it, seated himself in an arm-chair, and commenced.

“ True, Burns wrote no long poem ; would that he could have been suffered to do it ! When I think of the young love, the buoyant ambition, the noble heart, and the glorious soul of that ‘ Scottish peasant,’—of his youthful dreams and longings, and his manhood’s bitter disappointments,—of his broken resolutions and sad errors, and then read some of his wild, half-jesting, yet, through all, spirit-broken songs, and listen to his now merry, now soft, but deeply mournful music,—my very heart burns within me, and I know of a truth that there is no poetry in the wide world which affects me like THAT. There is one little fragment of his which depicts faithful, life-enduring love, beginning with bright youth and ending only with the grave, which I would rather be the author of than of all that ever Byron wrote. You may think me whimsical, for the verses are sung in our streets, and quoted from the most common-place lips ; but I will repeat them, and perhaps as you

listen, with your attention roused, you will be struck by them as you never have been before :—

‘ John Anderson my jo, John,  
 When we were first aequent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 And your bonnie brow was brent.  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
*We’ve clamb the hill thegither,*  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We’ve had wi’ ane anither,  
*Now we maun totter down, John,*  
*Yet hand in hand we’ll go,*  
*And sleep thegither at the foot,*  
 John Anderson my jo.’

I tell you, in those few lines there is the history of a life, and he who admires them not with his whole soul, must possess a heart dead to all man’s finer feelings. How common, how natural, yet how beautiful, how sublime the figure in the last verse, with its sadly tender conclusion :

‘ We’ll sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson my jo.’”

“ Well !” said Davison, rising up and yawning, “ that is pretty much as you say, Harry, though I never thought of it before ; isn’t it, Mark ?”

“ Yes, oh ! yes, ’tis deyvilish fine,” replied Harland, “ though I don’t think it quite equal to that passage in Childe Harold, about the

‘ Light of a dark eye in woman.’

Heigh-ho ! I believe I must leave you !” and he sauntered out.

## VII.

Alone—alone—the twilight is just deepening into darkness, the winds are hushed, so that scarce a leaf stirs on its tiny twig ; the stars one by one are becoming visible, and night, sober, melancholy, yet pleasing night, is again descending on this weary earth. Bright in the western sky appears Venus, the evening star, her mild radiance contrasting strangely with



the gloom of the dark forests that skirt the distant horizon. Oh! many, very many, are the eyes which are now turned upon that beautiful planet. The laborer returning from his daily toil, as the rays first catch his sight, hastens his steps, for he knows that a grateful meal and a kind smile of welcome are awaiting him in the little dwelling by the hill-side; the robber and murderer, emerging from their dens of infamy, glare angrily at the shining orb, for it awakens the voice of conscience within them, and carries their thoughts back—back to the day of childhood and innocence, when they first wondered at its loveliness, and—now, how changed! And there in the pleasant arbor are sitting, or yonder along the green lane are walking, the youthful lovers, forgetful of any but each other, and dreaming, alas! of years of uninterrupted happiness; and as they look up at that star's calm lustre, their bosoms thrill with deeper affection, and their vows are plighted with a yet holier feeling. Behold on that couch the dying man! The sun has set, for him never to rise again, and as his glazing eyes turn toward where they last saw the king of day, lo! the brightness of the Star of Promise beams upon them, and even as the mortal gazes he expires. Infancy, and gentle maidenhood, and youthful manliness, and weary old age, crime and remorse, and holy piety, with all their varied thoughts and feelings, are even now looking upon that fair planet; and I, the Gatherer, can almost imagine that I hear in the air sounds and voices betokening their conflicting emotions—the merry laugh, the pensive sigh, the curse, the groan, and the prayer, fall all quietly, I have almost said, silently on my ears.

But hark! there is a muttering in the sky yonder, which tells of a coming storm, and over the brow of that distant cliff the black clouds are rolling upward, growling and roaring like ferocious beasts as they advance. The red lightning gleams playfully upon their breasts, revealing by its momentary glare forms more fantastic than ever "imagination bodied forth." I remember that, long years ago, I used to sit and look out upon the rising tempest, and as the dark vapor-masses, wreathing and tumbling, hastened to overspread the heavens, and the voice of the thunder echoed fearfully from hill to hill, I shuddered in very intensity of delight at the majestic panorama. But the big drops are beginning to fall, and my windows must be closed, so that, kind reader, I must lay down my pen and put away my manuscripts, and bid you heartily—good night!

## STANZAS.

THE world once was lovely,  
 My heart was then glad;  
 Now 'tis cheerless and lonely,  
 My heart now is sad:  
 O, give back my childhood,  
 Those bright sunny hours,  
 When I roved through the wildwood,  
 And culled the gay flowers.

I care not for riches,  
 For honor, or fame;  
 They smile to deceive us,  
 Who plead in their name.  
 The tinsel and glitter  
 Of wealth I despise;  
 Fame's fountain is bitter,  
 Pride drinks and hope dies.

Pleasures surfeit and pall,  
 When directed by art;  
 O, what are ye all,  
 To a light, happy heart?  
 Then give back my childhood,  
 Those gay, careless hours;  
 Let me rove through the wildwood,  
 And pluck the bright flowers.

?

## MY FRIEND, TOM CARSON.

"WELL, Charley," said my most particular friend, Tom Carson, as he startled me from the utmost depths of an infinitely deep reverie, on the eve preceding the Glorious Fourth; "what do you intend to do with yourself to-morrow? By what contrivance will you speed the wings of fleeting time—prick up the hours—*lubricate* the wheels of Phæbus' resplendent car? Do you wish to enjoy the *rus in urbe*? Can you resolve with martyr fortitude, to endure the sweet accord of martial fife and spirit-stirring drum, the livelong day—to listen to 'unusually patriotic and eloquent addresses,' with rapturous applause belched forth from cracker, pistol, gun, and cannon? If you can, I cannot, for, I must confess, my thoughts are still on peace."

"Really, Tom," said I, "you are following out precisely my meditations, which had just led me through a like train of arguments, and safely landed me, as your old favorite, Isaac Walton, would say, at the same conclusion. Of course you have a project to unfold; so tell me what it is. Come, out with it, man,—don't pretend to be just searching for a plan; I know you too well."

"What say you, then, to a quiet sail down the harbor?"

"Say! I have nothing to say on the subject! I suppose you have a boat in readiness, and the provisions all on board for a day's jaunt; if so, I will be at the rendezvous at whatever hour you please."

"Well, I must plead guilty to the charge, since you have guessed pretty nearly right. Nine is the hour—don't forget." With this, Tom took his leave.

Now, Mr. Editor, the fact that no prophet has honor in his own country, is an old, but a true one, and just so it is with my friend Tom. His generation does not appreciate him; it will be left for posterity to know his full worth. As was said by a late orator of Napoleon Bonaparte, "He is no ordinary man." We see that his body is as other bodies, but do not perceive the magnitude, the hidden magnitude, of his soul. As on this day he said more than he was ever known to utter on any previous occasion, and developed one leaf of his life's history, in justice to him and to mankind, I request that you will, by publishing his sayings on this thrice famous Fourth, give to the world an opportunity of knowing more than they heretofore have known of my friend, Tom Carson. That my unworthy self should, in this manner, be brought before the public gaze, is, I assure you, a minor consideration. It is my friend, and not myself, I would have immortalized. Indeed, my native delicacy of feeling would blush, to be torn from its life-long retirement, were it not that beneath the broad shadow of his glory, my littleness will be hid from view, or, at least, sheltered from insult, when it may meet the public eye, as is the meek violet, that turns its pale face upon the oak, amidst whose roots it finds a quiet nestling place. Mr. Editor, I am a *violet*, but *men* call me Charles Softed.

The sun rose gloriously and shone brightly, as it should rise and shine upon our nation's birth-day, but the summer heat was tempered by a cooling breeze, that slowly wafted us in our light vessel through the smooth harbor, towards Long Island Sound. "Old Long Island's sea-girt shores" loomed high above the waters, and distant row boats seemed huge iguanodons, gliding above its surface, coming with outstretched arms, to make of us their morning meal, whilst the airy sail boats

offered a peaceful contrast to those moving *monstra horrenda*. The whole scene could not have looked more beautiful, even had it been the morning of our execution, which, as is universally conceded, is the very best time for the enjoyment of scenery. As with buoyant spirits we rode upon the gentle rise and fall of Old Ocean's heaving breast, the hours passed swiftly by, in sage converse, joke and song.—Oh ! that my brain were soft as wax ; then would my mental retina retain the brilliant corruscations of thy fleshing wit, Tom Carson—then might the world read, and know thy greatness ; but it may not be—Nature has not so ordained, and far be it from me to rebel.

The point we made for, soon came in sight ; we tack, and our boat is now safely moored beside the well-shaded beach, on which we proposed to avoid the noon-day sun, and pay our respects to “hungry nature's sweet restorer—balmy dinner.” Ah ! Mr. Editor, it is a pleasant thing to see two youthful appetites, bound by no absurd restrictions, no useless forms, develop all their powers—to watch the budding form and calm, contented eye—to dwell with rapture.—But no ! I will not wander, even on this delightful theme, from my subject and my friend.—Whilst Tom, who, in all expeditions is chief performer, as well as projector, was busily disclosing the mysteries of various corpulent baskets and suspicious looking flasks, to which ever and anon he applied his intellectual lips, a deep scar upon his forehead, which somewhat disfigured his otherwise quite handsome face, attracted my attention. I had often noticed it before, but never asked or heard when or where it was received. Our materials for mutual enlightenment having been well nigh exhausted by the heavy draft upon them, in the morning's sail, I determined to ask its history, for I longed to know, since all connected with my friend must be interesting. True, men say that Tom is prosy, decidedly prosy ; but, what is man ? *He* is too great—too high—to truckle to the world's opinion, and would as soon retrench his dinner as his sentences. “What !” said he, when I questioned him, “have I never given you its history ?”

“Never.”

“That is strange, since quite a tale hangs thereby, (don't suppose that he wears a *queue*, for it is no such thing,) when we take into account the dull, monotonous way in which men live now-a-days. Indeed, the degeneracy of our age is truly appalling. It is enough to tempt all, who like myself possess the least spark of romance, to take a premature departure, in some violent way from this sublunary sphere, were it not that the operation is so deucedly unpleasant. Why ! in a whole lifetime we do not have as many adventures, good, warm, stirring adventures, as would make a pleasant morning's pastime for a knight

of the olden time. Blessings on them ! the remembrance of their deeds is all we have to live upon. Poor starvelings ! we smack our lips and pat our shriveled maws at the bare sight of the dry and pressed specimens, which we find in those *herbaria* of valorous feats, the novels of the Middle Ages. Yes, yes, the good old days of Chivalry for me.—Just pass me that chicken, and let me amuse myself with it, whilst I take breath.”

“Now, Tom,” said I, “do come to the point, and give up this foolish habit of bewailing the times, when a thick scull and a brawny pair of shoulders were the only sure passports to distinction and evidence of talent. If you do not, your tale will be as insupportable as those abominably dry dishes, of which you but now spoke. Indeed, I think it would be well if, when you feel the symptoms of an approaching digression, you would spend your force and time on some of the more substantial viands before us.”

“Really, Softed,” (he calls me Softed when he feels romantic) “it is exceedingly ungrateful thus to criticise my method of telling my own story, when it is at your request that I do it; yet, since it is for your pleasure, and not my own, that I am to tell it, (a point narrators are too apt to forget,) your request deserves consideration. But to the point :—

“Perhaps you may remember, that about this time last year, having without any solicitation on my part obtained leave of absence for the remainder of the term, I journeyed homeward. There easily making my father appreciate the honor bestowed upon me by our instructors, and receiving from him a substantial token of his gratification at my success, I determined to take a trip to the Virginia Springs, watering places which, though I had long wished it, circumstances had never permitted me to visit. At some other time you shall see the letter written on the occasion by my mother, who in the goodness of her simple heart thought it incumbent upon her to thank the dear old President, as she is wont to call him, for his especial kindness to her darling boy. But, I see you threaten me with the last of the sandwiches, an ineffectual barrier to my digression, for it will fall before my might as easily as do the Islands of the Pacific before England’s navy. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*. No ! no ! none of that mutton—it is my trip I mean. With a well filled purse and merry heart, New York’s noble harbor is soon crossed, and her spires vanish from my sight, without a sigh. But, I will not detain you with the narrative of my pilgrimage ~~on~~ the well trodden path through which hundreds hurry, each summer, in pursuit of health or happiness. It is not necessary to untold to your well traveled eyes, in all their length and breadth, the beauties of Philadelphia, with its ever-pleasant

streets and shady parks, the prime nicety of its houses, and its unrivaled fair ones, though the theme is an inviting one. Tearing myself with difficulty from these attractive charms, none the less that I was solicited to make a more protracted stay, by dear friends, I passed rapidly through the Monumental city, and, tracing the broad Patapsco to its source, borne on wings, not of wind but water, for railroads desecrate the banks of this once quiet stream, cleaving their way through walls of solid rock, soon reached that lovely spot—Harper's Ferry.

"Well worthy is it of being described by the pen of a Jefferson; I will not attempt the hopeless task of giving to the scene a fitting meed of praise; would you know its grandeur, view it as painted by the hands of Nature—view itself.

"But the car allows short time for musing—onward—onward we go—

'Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock our race we take.'

Nearer and nearer do we draw to the blue hills of Virginia, till the first range of the Alleghanies is no longer before, but behind us. We now exchanged the long, unsocial jarring car for the old jolting stage, whose familiar form is so fast departing, with all else that is primitive or unbusiness-like, from our detestably active country. Thank Heaven, it will be long ere the steamer drives from the mountain road, horse, stage, and driver. On these rugged hills they may make a successful stand against their deadly enemies, and bid defiance for awhile at least, to steam and steamers. *How long* these barriers erected by the hand of Nature will be respected in this remorseless age, and how soon these impediments will be overleapt, no one can venture to foretell; as in the days of our good friend Flaccus—

'Audax omnia perpeti  
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.' "

"Beware of digressions, Tom; you are becoming, I am sorry to say, rather prosy—you don't get along very fast even when on the railroad: what you will do when plodding along at the dull rate of six miles an hour, I shudder to predict."

"Do, Charley, let me take my own course: do you not see, that by interrupting me, you throw me entirely off the track, and so cause delay? Where was I?"

"In fact, it is rather hard to determine your position, when left to steer your own course, but you seemed to be sympathizing with Horace, in his detestation of railroads, and preference of stages."

"Ah, yes! I remember—but canal boats, not cars, were the bane of traveling in his lifetime. I was commending the stage coach, and well worthy it is of our commendation. How delightful the intimacy to which you are introduced with your fellow-passengers, how closely are you bound to one-another, how much are you thrown together; together you go through life's ups and downs, together you stand or fall! Well has the poet said, 'Their hopes and fears are one.' Would that I had the power of metamorphosis—railroads would not long disfigure our fair lands, debase our morals, and destroy all social feelings. The coachman should again assume the high and respectable station which he once held, flourish the whip, and wind the mellow horn. Engineers should vanish, like dew before the summer sun. But the day of new things has come—all that is old has passed away. Resignation to Fate is our only resource."

He wiped a tear from his eye, and with a long drawn sigh resumed.

"On we went from mountain top to valley, and from valley to mountain top again, winding round the sides of lofty hills, with, on one hand, the steep rocks ascending far above us, and on the other, dark precipices, over-grown with wood, shelving sheer down for many a hundred feet, as though we traced the path of some huge serpent, that wound and curled himself across the opposing range. At last we reached a higher peak than any we had passed, and after a toilsome ascent of some miles, the summit was attained. Here there broke upon our eyes a view that well repaid us for our weariness and toil. On every side, stretched far as could be seen, mountain behind mountain, all clothed in verdure, and softened by that mellow light which 'clothes the mountain in an azure hue.' Beneath us, almost at our feet, they seemed so near, lay in a hollow bowl-like nook, the quiet little cluster of houses and baths, which surround the warm Springs of Virginia. Whilst our horses took breath, previous to the descent, we lay upon the smooth green sward, enjoying with the prospect, that delicious feeling which steals over us, when the longed for goal is before us—the prize at which our wishes aimed, almost within our grasp. For me, Pandora has reserved her richest gift, whilst Hope still dwells within her box. What is enjoyment, when compared with expectation! One palls upon the appetite, fades and dies, the other is ever fragrant, ever fresh. Have you feasted on it long? You may still feast, and feast forever—the cruse fails not, the store is never less. Enjoyment is the shadow, for which we would cast away realities; it is the fading twilight, which vanishes ere we have drank of its pleasures, and leaves but darkness behind it.

"But let us on. Again within the stage, with locked wheels,

we take the downward course, sliding at each moment with an augmented velocity along the steep descent. The plain was almost gained when we passed, quick as thought, a group from the Springs, who stood by the road-side gazing inquiringly on the new arrived. The glimpse we caught was but for an instant, and but one of them was seen by me. You may laugh, Softed, but you cannot be a more determined infidel on the score of love at first sight, than myself; yet I must frankly confess, that if not subdued by the malicious little god, I then caught the first fragrance of the bowl, from which, ere long, I was to drink deep and intoxicating draughts. At a watering place an introduction is a matter of no great difficulty, especially in the genial clime of Virginia. That very evening, at the social assembling of the company, I found myself beside the fair being who had made so deep an impression on my then tender sensibilities; nor did a nearer view dispel the charm. When, even at this distance, I think of Lucy Thurlow, I cannot but feel some slight twinges of the old disease returning, like the gout of some jolly alderman, to bring again the remembrance of past excesses. I cannot describe her to you as she first appeared to me, for no pen can tell the secret spell that binds the heart, nor will I make the vain attempt. Call up your own cherished beau ideal, and let that be her image. To me, all that is lovely in female beauty seemed centered in her soft, blue eye; all that is graceful in nature seemed thrown around her faultless form—in short, I was in love.

“The petted daughter of indulgent parents, her father a wealthy Baltimorean, not guarded by suspicious brothers, nor fettered by an accepted lover, she chose her own amusements and companions, spent her time where and as she pleased: consequently her mind and manners were neither insipid nor effeminate. Nor did she frown on my advances, but rather added fuel to the flame, which might otherwise have languished and died for want of aliment. Our friendship, as she was pleased to term it, rapidly advanced despite the efforts of envious beaux and displaced rivals, who looked with jealous eyes on the success of the new comer with the belle of the season, for such she was. We walked together and talked together, we rode together and danced together. Her father was either blind to it, or cared not to check the growing intimacy, and each day found me more deeply involved in the meshes. I became absolutely mad, and doubtless played the fool to perfection, but I thought not of that. The various rendezvous of fashion and disease, mirth and misery—the White Sulphur, the Blue Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, and the Salt Sulphur Springs, to visit which but a short time since seemed the acme of my desires,



were now forgotten. It was enough for me to know that Lucy intended to pass some weeks at the Warm Springs.

"But why should I detain you with the remembrance of my folly, happy though it might be—too happy, alas! to last? My pride was doomed to have a dismal and a speedy fall. I have learnt one lesson—never to philosophize on love, or deride his power, for we know not how soon we may fall beneath his keen darts. I, the quondam Stoic and scorner of women, was now a very slave, chained, though with golden fetters, unable as unwilling to move, save at my mistress' beck. Although in all our walks and rides the tie that bound me to her had never once been mentioned, although the burning thoughts that filled my heart were never uttered by my lips, yet I *felt* that she *must* know I loved her, and I believed, vain fool, that she loved me. True, she would at times coquet, assume hauteur, or flirt, but this made more apparent the favor with which at other times she treated me; as the landscape around us is made to wear a brighter green by the shadow which yon cloud casts on that little spot.

"Often was the fervid declaration on my lips, but, with some gay sally or light jest, she checked it ere expressed; indeed, at one time, I thought she trifled with my feelings and derided my confusion, but it was impossible long to cherish aught but love for the beautiful—the perfect Lucy Thurlow. I had not, however, yet become wholly regardless of the fleeting days and weeks, nor would the hollow tones, in which my lightened purse admonished me, permit much longer dalliance with my love. Of this at last I thought, and in full council met, determined to be no longer in uncertainty, but from her own lips to learn my life-long fate, as I then supposed, for joy or misery. The arrival at the Springs of a young Charlestonian, Staunton by name, who seemed in no way indisposed to be my rival in Lucy's affections, confirmed me in this determination. I could not but feel that to a poor student like myself, with his handsome person and profuse expenditure of money, (no light merit in a lady's eyes,) he would prove a most formidable competitor. To secure the prize seemed my best policy.

"At the close of a sultry day, whilst we promenaded the long portico, and watched the changing features of the landscape round us, she engaged to ascend with me, at sunrise the next morning, the mountain that towered before us, and seemed in rugged mood to court 'meek Dian,' who with dimpled cheeks just smiled beyond his reach.

"We took an early start, for she was no sluggard, before Phœbus had quit his couch, and whilst all nature was wrapped in mists as deep as those that circle round the book of Fate—

emblem of my hopes and fears. Never had she looked so beautiful, never seemed so attractive to me as then. As she walked by my side, dressed with easy yet elegant negligence, her face flushed and eyes sparkling with the inspiration caught from morning's rosy breath, giving free license to her joyous wits in jest and repartee, unchecked by the cold trammels of city etiquette, I deemed her an angel, and could have worshipped her. In her manners there was a strange compounding of reserve and frowardness, simplicity and stateliness, that wove a charm around all who came within her sphere of influence—one could resist her, yet all felt they could not understand her. She ever seemed rather to lead than follow, to give rather than receive laws, and now I did not seem so much her guardian as her follower.

"The time passed swiftly, as we made the slow ascent, beguiled by the charms of her conversation; ere long the summit is attained, and the noble prospect bursts in all its grandeur on us, as we turn a rocky point that hid it from our eyes. Before, behind, on right, on left, far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but mountain-top behind mountain-top, rising and falling in ceaseless undulations—no space is left unoccupied, not an opening but is filled by some deep blue hill, rearing its lofty head far from the spot on which we stood; whilst beneath our feet, rolled in one wide sheet, ever moving banks and waves of fog, curling and climbing, striving each to gain the highest seat, clinging in huge billows to the hill sides, seeming vast Titans, aiming once again to scale the lofty battlements of heaven. We gazed in silence on the swiftly shifting scene, till cloud after cloud rising from the lowlands, writhing and struggling to leave its base proximity to earth, shot swiftly up as the sun's rays broke upon it, to join its fellows riding in the clear blue sky above us. The curtain was now withdrawn, and the fair scene below revealed to our admiring eyes.

"How exquisitely beautiful," were the first words she uttered in a soft, low tone, that thrilled through my excited frame. How calm, and yet how grand!

"Beautiful to me," I replied, "clouds ever are. They catch the first bright rays of morning, to warn us that day breaks, and persuade the evening light to linger and soothe us with its gorgeous hues. Even now these pure, unspotted billows seem ministering spirits, sent to keep quiet watch by night, await the sun's morning kiss, and then start up to the bright sunlight above, to dwell with sister spirits in the upper skies. I love them, for they are full of peace."

"The world around us, too," she said, "save that we hear the huntsman's horn and baying hounds, seems sunk in sleep,

free from the conflicting stir of passion and emotion—man's soul seems slumbering.'

"'Miss Thurlow,' I answered, no longer able to control my feelings, and determined rather to know the worst, than longer endure the miseries of doubt, 'you cannot but know, you cannot but see, that the emotions of *my* soul are far from quiet; you cannot but have foreseen that my hand as well as my heart would be laid at your feet; and what answer shall I receive? May I be permitted to hope that you look with favor upon my suit? I know that I am undeserving of your love, but when will you meet one worthy of yourself? Never! Nor will you ever find a more devoted'——. She started and paled. I heard the rapid fall of footsteps coming towards us, the deep voices of hounds burst suddenly on my ears. I turned and sprang to my feet, as I saw swiftly bounding along the path on which she stood, but a few yards distant, a tall antlered stag, wounded and goaded to desperation by the dogs that followed close upon him. In a moment I perceived her danger,—another spring, and he would be upon her. His head was low bent to strike, as I sprang forward and strove to turn him from his course, but fell beneath his blow. A ball from Staunton's rifle, who was the foremost of the hunters, brought to the earth the noble beast, and she was safe.

"A rude litter was made, on which I was carried to the hotel, insensible, and how disfigured by my wound, you may well judge from the scar I still bear with me, and will ever wear. A week elapsed, ere I was informed that Lucy was unharmed, and with her father had the next day left the Warm Springs, for the more fashionable air of the White Sulphur Springs. You can conceive of the misery I felt, when this was first announced to me, and I discovered that she cared not for me. I was plunged into the very depths of despair, and neither hoped nor wished to smile again; but, when I heard that Staunton was with her, and stood as high in favor as ever I had, the whole truth broke upon me. Although it had often been hinted to me by well meaning gossips, that Miss Thurlow was a flirt, all such accusations were set down as the workings of envious malice; to me it seemed impossible that any imperfection should spot her character. But it was too true, and I found myself, when *disfigured* in her service, a cast off lover, supplanted by a new and more handsome suitor. I now felt but little grief, rather congratulating myself on so fortunate an escape from worse than Circæan snares, the arms of a flirt. Having written a letter of condolence to Staunton, advising him to free himself from his dangerous position as soon as possible, I packed my trunk, paid my heavy bill, and journeyed

homewards, poor in money and spirits, but rich in experience. Whether the exchange was a good one or not, I leave you to judge. And now, Charley, as you are rather open to the tender passion, and unsuspicious of the fair sex, let me give you a little friendly advice. Never deem yourself competent to judge of a young lady, from what you may see of her at any watering place; but above all, never offer your hand and heart to the belle of the season at the Springs."

"Come, we had better be off, for it looks like rain."

Mr. Editor, I think no comments are necessary, nor will I make any; but if you wish an introduction to my friend, Tom Carson, apply at any time to your humble servant. That you will never repent it, is as certain as my name is Charles Softed.

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#### THE USE OF THE UNINTELLIGIBLE IN COMPOSITION.

"δρῶντες δ' οὐ βανόθην νύξ."

Messrs. EDITORS:

It was a maxim of Rochefoucault, that language was given us, that we might conceal our thoughts. Statesmen and diplomatists seem generally to have profited by the dictum. Its application to science and belles-lettres, has been less perfectly understood. The ancients, as was to be expected, of rude semi-barbarous heathens, unblest with printing-presses and steam-engines, had very little notions of the matter. They stated their ideas clearly and concisely, and thought in their simplicity that they had done all which could be required of them. Yet, some of their writers, as Lycophcon in poetry and Jamblichus in philosophy, attained an obscurity which would not disgrace a first-rate mystic of modern times. The alchemists of the middle ages, while groping about to find the virtues of every thing in nature, or out of it, among other curious and valuable matters, stumbled on Rochefoucault's principle. With singular acuteness they perceived how much assistance, in a pursuit after the grand arcanum, might be derived from making an arcanum of every thing else. Set a secret to catch a secret. He who can turn light into darkness, need not despair of turning lead into gold. But failing to observe, what is familiar to our Sophomore debating-clubs, that the joys of anticipation are incomparably superior to those of participation, men wearied at length of alchemy, and gave up in a great measure the use of the unintelligible in composition. Benedict Spinoza and Jacob Behmen labored strenuously, but in vain, to restore "the grateful twilight hour" to letters and philosophy. The sun

would shine, and go on shining with increasing brightness. Of late, however, a movement is observable in the opposite direction : you may discern "faint dawns of a brighter day."—No, that will not do : say rather, solemn loomings of a darker night : clouds, at first no bigger than a man's hand, have been spreading over the literary empyrean, and are already raining their watery influences into the mouths of gaping multitudes. Interesting specimens of humanity ! let no man give them the advice tendered by an English nobleman to the august sovereign. "Kent," said the monarch, "it begins to rain, and my mouth is wide open : What shall I do?" The ready-witted courtier was at no loss for a reply. "With all due deference to your Majesty's superior judgment, I would humbly recommend to your Majesty, to close the royal mouth." No ! let them continue to imbibe the ethereal dews. It is delightful to think that hundreds of stomachs, which rejected the coarse beef and solid pudding of our earlier writers, are at length supplied with a less oppressive pabulum ; compared with which, water-gruel is strong ; Croton water-works furnish not a thinner fluid, nor a cheaper.

Encouraging it is to see how this reviving predilection for obscurity diffuses itself through the Colleges of our land : College compositions, College disputations, College periodicals ; all bear traces of its influence. It is painful to use the language of censure ; but the truth must be owned, that your Magazine, Messrs. Editors, is in this respect behind the age. There is a precision and perspicuity about many of your pieces, which lead us to suspect (unjustly, we would hope) that your contributors continue still to read the antiquated works of Addison and Goldsmith. We do not, however, despair of you : not a few articles have appeared, in preceding volumes of your Journal, which display a depth of unmeaningness, perfectly incomprehensible. We might refer by name to the pieces which we have in view ; but their general cloudiness cannot fail to strike the most superficial reader ; and "comparisons," etc.

We propose, however, to exhibit some of the advantages which belong to a judicious use of the unintelligible in composition. First, then, it places minds of very different orders on an equal footing in the republic of letters. In truth, this same expression, "republic of letters," has been hitherto an absolute misnomer. Instead of equal rights and privileges, we find through the greater part of literary history, only unmitigated tyranny. Everywhere the strong lord it over the weak : powerful and grasping intellects ambitiously appropriate the honors and emoluments which ought to be divided among all. Self-elected aristocrats establish themselves in the strong holds of criticism ; and from these their impregnable fastnesses, make

frequent descent into the level regions of bathos. In these wild forays neither age nor sex are spared : unoffending gentlemen are grossly maltreated, females of the most respectable character barbarously outraged, and even the innocent lisps and pathetic sprawlings of infancy call forth no milk of human kindness from the breasts of the execrable marauders. Often are the hapless author and the fondly cherished offspring of his brain doomed to perish at one fell blow. Poor Colley Cibber cannot indulge himself in writing laureate odes, incapable of doing harm to any living creature, but forth marches a sharp-shooting Pope, and with one discharge blows the wretched man into nonentity. The Dellas Cruscan tom-tits are twittering gaily from every rose-bush, when Gifford, like some ferocious tabby, leaps in among them, and, heedless of their cries, rends and devours the gasping innocents. Who can tell how many really excellent people have been destroyed by that insatiable monster, the *Edinburgh Review*? In the language of honest David, it may be doubted whether "there is any so bloody-minded a beast in the world, as your loaded"—*Review*. We do not recall these distressing scenes merely to harrow up the feelings of the reader, but to show the imperative necessity of some radical reform. Matters would be somewhat improved, if all who are disturbed by hostile criticism would adopt the prudent course of a well-known author, who beside paying back his critics in their own coin, contrives to extract from them a coin of considerably greater value, and manages to reap profit alike from the use of his books and the abuse of them. Few literary men, however, have the dexterity requisite for this adroit legerdemain. But suppose now, that all at once the critics and the criticised should adopt the unintelligible style, who does not see how soon all these difficulties would vanish, and harmony prevail throughout the literary commonwealth? When night comes down upon contending hosts, the battle first of all slackens, then ceases, the parties lose each other out of sight, spend their blows or shot, not on flesh and blood, where they often give rise to "loss of respiration and other inconveniences," but on the air, which seems never to be seriously damaged by the concussion, until at length, wearying of this harmless warfare, they draw off and betake themselves to peaceful rest. Let us pray that the approaching night may quickly darken round our beloved literature.

But it is not of quarreling alone, or fatal strife, that we now complain. As a sound, thorough-going democrat, we object to the enormous inequality of rank which maintains itself still in the world of letters. How absurd that one human being should arrogate superiority over another on the ground of his having accidentally come into the world with a somewhat

greater quantity of wit or talents. It is time that such groundless notions were exploded from society. But, unhappily, they are so deeply rooted, that we must resort to indirect means to obviate their influence. It is with this view, that we recommend the practice of writing unintelligibly. Could authors be induced to put themselves on this ground, the odious distinctions which now create such jealousy and heart-burning, would soon disappear. Every man might then flatter himself with the prospect of rising as high in literary fame as any body else. If there were any advantage belonging to one above another, it would lie, as in every well-regulated democracy, on the side of the weakest, that is to say, the dullest: for to them the style which we propose would be most natural and easy. We are convinced that no recommendation could produce a more powerful effect than this on the benevolent mind. It is melancholy to see how the immense class of stupid writers have been generally treated. As we turn over the pages of literary history, our hearts bleed for the miserable tenants of Grub Street, toiling and sweating, biting their nails and hammering their brains, to gain a miserable pittance, while the Popes and Giffords of their times, rioting in the affluence of superior abilities, have passed them by with cold indifference, or assailed them with cruel mockery. We shed tears of the amplest size for the woes of the English Operative—Mr. Robert Tyler's howlings over the down-trodden Repealers, call forth responsive groans from our sympathizing breasts—but have we no tears and groans for Grub Street? Doubtless the benevolent feeling of the age—the feeling which leads to fancy-fairs for innumerable objects—which prompts good-hearted ladies to dispose of pin-cushions and pen-wipers for less than twenty times their real value—which suggested the great association for preventing cruelty to piano-fortes—will awake to the situation of stupid and neglected authors. We have even positive encouragement to hope for better things. Already the public are beginning to patronize works, not for talent, insight, force of thought, or elegance of diction, qualities which belong only to a certain “favored few,” but for bombast, obscurity, confusion, which lie within the reach of all.

Let us remark, now, how admirably adapted this unintelligible style is to an exhibition and defense of many popular notions of the present day. Not a few of these are so peculiar and extraordinary, that all attempts to maintain them in any other way, have been and must be failures. Suppose, for example, that a writer wishes to show that the tail ought everywhere to take precedence of the head—that a government of the ignorant and vile is incomparably superior to a government of the virtuous and educated—that a man whom you

would not trust with fifty cents in cash, may safely be entrusted as a legislator with your highest interests—that people are under no manner of obligation to pay their debts—that the American newspaper-press is the ablest and purest in the world—is a writer, we would ask, who sets himself up to maintain these vast and important propositions, to be restricted by the narrow limits of the intelligible? Assuredly not.

We are somewhere informed, that “even a fool, if he holdeth his peace, is a wise man.” An excellent suggestion, if you wish only to become distinguished among your own acquaintance. But no wide-spread reputation can be thus acquired. If you would be generally known, you must publish something. Now be unintelligible, and you come as nearly as possible to the recommendation just quoted. To say what nobody understands, is, in fact, only a louder way of saying nothing at all.

From a celebrated critic of antiquity we have the maxim, that, wherever true sublimity is found, there must be more to think upon than meets the ear. Of course, then, as the obvious meaning diminishes, the latent meaning, and with it the sublimity of any passage, increase; so that, if we make the obvious meaning as small as possible, in other words, reduce it to zero, we shall arrive without fail at the acme of sublimity. This principle is supported by the well-known criticism, that the *Paradise Lost* is indebted for much of its sublimity to a certain air of obscurity which belongs to it: an obscurity, however, which amounts at best only to slight haziness or vagueness, scarcely sufficient to shield the author from the reproach of *perspicuity*. How astonishing, then, how overwhelming must be the effect produced by a total deprivation of sense and significance! That much should be left for the reason and imagination of the readers to supply, has been recommended as conducive in the highest degree both to energy and elegance, by all writers on Taste and Rhetoric. It is deeply to be regretted, however, that in this instance, as in so many others, they have contented themselves with a miserable, half-way criticism, instead of carrying out their views fearlessly to the full extent. Had they come out unequivocally upon this topic, and enjoined it on the student, that he should leave *every thing* to the intellect, and taste, and fancy of the reader, the movement of to-day might have been anticipated by decades, perhaps centuries of years, and the necessity of writing, not without trouble, this present epistle to yourselves and the public, been wholly done away.

Just and sound were thy parting words, O greatest of plodders: “what is known is little, what is unknown, infinite.” Alas then for thee, that throughout a lengthened existence upon earth, wert busied in the degrading employment of converting



the infinite into the infinitesimal. Far different must be the author's course, who wishes to be truly great or even to have the name of greatness. He must avoid the low rock-reefs of the known, and the shallow quicksands of the knowable: without chart or compass, he must launch out into the wild sea of the unknown, nor ever in his representation make it other than as it is—unknown. The reader, who understands you, fancies himself as great a man as you are; nay, is apt to think that he knows a little more than you do. He imagines that he has always had the same idea in his head, latent perhaps, but nevertheless there, and ready to come out whenever he should think upon the subject; and he is quite sure that had occasion offered for him to say it, he should have said it in pretty much the same way, though no doubt a good deal better. In fact, by making yourself perfectly intelligible, you make yourself familiar to your reader, and it is an old adage, that "familiarity breeds contempt." But say things which he cannot understand, which he shall ponder day and night, without becoming a jot the wiser, and he straightway looks on you with reverence. He suspects that here is something which he did not know before—that there is one man who has seen deeper into things than he has—one who has accomplished what many famous writers have not done—puzzled *him*. He takes you at once for his "magnus Apollo;" quotes your sentences, which are probably applicable alike to any thing and every thing; praises your profundity and penetration, which, as nobody understands you, nobody can very securely deny.

At a period when general diffusion is the rage, it will not be deemed the least important recommendation of the style which we propose, that it lies within the reach of all. Easy of attainment, however, as it is, it may not be amiss to throw out some hints for the direction and assistance of the neophyte. As regards phraseology, the most important rule is to avoid the old and the familiar. New modes of expression are more likely to be unintelligible, and they have besides an appearance of originality. Particularly shun the idioms of the so-called British classics; one and all, they are deeply tainted with the vice of perspicuity. Nor ought much attention to be paid to the dictates of Lindley Murray. If you labor to be grammatical, you run the risk of becoming intelligible. But there is another precept of far greater consequence. Never allow yourself to think clearly on any subject. It is almost impossible for clear-headed men to write otherwise than clearly. The University-student, in particular, cannot be too earnestly admonished to beware of the dangerous habit of getting his lessons. Rather let him brave the ire of Professors and Tutors, and submit to the jeers and flings of every plodding dullard in his class. Let him

not shrink from these sacrifices. Virtue is its own reward; and it is truly delightful to witness the resignation, nay, even the cheerfulness with which many of our persecuted young men confront these appalling martyr-agonies.

There are several works which, as models, may be perused with peculiar advantage. But we must defer our remarks on this head to another time, when we intend to present a criticism of the most distinguished unintelligible writers, with such remarks as will suffice, it is hoped, to render the "darkness visible."

With great respect I am,

Messrs. Editors, your ob't serv't,

DUNS SCOTUS.

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#### EDITORS' TABLE.

CLASSICAL STUDIES: *Essays on Ancient Literature and Art.* By Prof. Sears, Edwards, and Felton.

THE object of this work is to give an idea of the course which classical studies have taken, during the last and the present century. In the last century, the Dutch were the philologists of Europe. With the exception of Bentley, who at the beginning of the century towered far above the scholars of his time, scarcely a Greek or Latin scholar of the first rank can be named, who was not born or domesticated in Holland. The principal traits of the Dutch philologists, are great industry in collecting parallel passages, a pure Latin style in writing notes, and the use of analogy in tracing back words to their primitive forms. Familiarity with the ancient writers, and a diligent use of note books, to put down their observations as they read, are what strike us in this school, rather than any remarkable critical skill or poetical susceptibility. It is worthy of remark, that of the heads of this school, Hemsterhuys, Wesseling, Valekenær, Ruhnken, and Wyttenbach, three were Germans domiciliated in Holland. One of these, Ruhnken, deserves to be called, perhaps, the most elegant Latin writer of modern times.

Towards the close of the century, an English school may be said to have arisen out of the disciples of Porson. Its characteristics are seen to most advantage, in the great scholar whom we have just named. They are very careful study of the tragic style, and great skill in conjectural emendation. But the field which the English chose for themselves was a narrow one, and they looked aside, perhaps, from the true end of classical studies, to a reputation for acuteness. The school, from its limited range, could not last long. Elmsley was the only worthy successor of Porson. The more recent English scholars allow themselves to learn from the Germans, and are thus infusing a new life into their own scholarship.

The Germans were nothing but plodding annotators, until Winckelmann interpreted for them the treasures of ancient art, preserved chiefly in Italy; and a new philosophy, awakening what was philosophical

in their nature, led them to explore the causes of the phenomena of language. To these excitements of the national mind, must be added the revived poetical spirit, freed from French trammels, and the feeling aroused by the revolutions of the last age in Europe. The Germans aim to be universal, and in a certain sense there is no philological school there, while in another sense there are two, if not more. Their investigations have reached every thing which could be included under philology. The result may be seen in great, nay, in excessive scepticism, as to the text and early condition of the classical authors; in the most careful study of grammatical forms, which have given a new face to that science; in endeavors to explain mythology, and to fix the life and meaning of early history; in æsthetical criticism on works of art and fine writing: indeed there would be no end, if we should enumerate with accuracy the points to which, in this age of their great literary activity, their attention has been turned. Suffice it to say, that classical literature has now wholly another form, in consequence of their labors. Its relations to art, to the laws of beauty, its perfect form, its meaning, as embodying the life of two most remarkable nations, were never understood before. Some of the distinctive traits of the Germans, are disregard of authority and honesty in searching after truth, great ardor in what they undertake, a fondness for making new combinations of facts, upon which new theories are built, and a desire to come to the reason of the thing into which they examine. They are deficient in clearness; they weary by tedious theories which have a smaller base than superstructure; and by the affectation of philosophy, where it is not wanted. But with all this they are agreed on one hands to be the best philologists in Europe, and their honesty of purpose and desire for perfection, cannot be too much praised. At the head may be placed Wolf, who is dead, and Hermann and Boeckh who are living.

The reader of the classical studies would do well to begin with an account of the Dutch school in the latter part of the volume; then turn back to the remarks upon the German; uniting with each the appropriate letters, and by no means omitting to consult the notes which give very careful and authentic accounts of very many eminent scholars. Having from these parts of the work obtained a sketch of philology, as represented by the lives of its chief promoters, he may then with advantage turn to the essays translated from German writers, which will give him an idea of the liberal studies which the scholar is now expected to unite to the study of language. We particularly recommend to him the three essays by Frederic Jacobs, on 'the plastic art among the Greeks,' on their dialects, and their 'moral education.' If the last named essay had been called 'on æsthetical education,' by its author, perhaps an exaggerated impression might have been avoided; for we must not forget that in the highest sense of moral education was but imperfectly conceived of among the Greeks, the duties to the state being the highest ones that could exist among them.

In concluding this notice, we will only add that the translations are carefully made, with no intermixtures of German idioms.

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STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"When some good sense, some honest passion,  
Thou art, I think, a noble thing."

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THE  
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PURISM.

THE man of genuine taste and feeling must always look upon his native language with the deepest interest. He has felt its influence at every period of his life, and must own himself indebted to it for much of what he is, as regards both capacity and culture. In childhood it lay around him, at first the strangest among a thousand marvels, then by slow degrees unfolding itself to his comprehension, next aiding him in his rude efforts to make known his childish wants and feelings—at all times growing with him and in him, until at length it has come to be, as it were, a part of his nature, shapes his thoughts, registers his knowledge, and lends to each idea within him the outward form and body, by which alone it becomes visible to others. It is associated with recollections of his early years, the best and happiest of his life, when his mind, rejoicing in its own activity, caught eagerly at each new object, and received impressions never to be effaced. Its words bring back the scenes of his past life; they reanimate the forms of departed friends; they recall the occasions, when differently marshaled, they fell upon his ear, with tidings of the most joyful, or the most solemn import. What wonder, then, that other languages, however rich, various, and musical, seem to him in comparison cold and unmeaning? He may dwell for years in a strange land, and learn to speak a new idiom fluently and well; but whenever, as in dreaming or delirium, the fancy and the passions break loose from the iron bondage of the will, the mind flies back to its first love, and again he hears and utters the sounds which have long been strangers to both tongue and ear.

But there are special reasons why we, whose native language is the English, should cherish it with peculiar pride and fondness. It is a badge of lofty birth, by which we claim descent, not from titled fools or princely ruffians, but from the bold, free, Saxon race—"a race born to be, in no land, hewers of wood or drawers of water;"—surpassed it may be by others in grace, quickness, and dexterity—surpassed by none in honesty, earnestness, and fearless independence. It stands connected with ennobling historical associations. The ancient Roman might extol his language, as the chosen organ of conquest and of empire, which had spoken in terms of irresistible authority to a subject world. Ours is a nobler boast. In English accents tyranny has heard its death-knell, and oppressed humanity hailed with joy the voice of the deliverer. But apart from these external advantages, the language which we speak challenges high admiration for its intrinsic excellence. It possesses an exceedingly rich and copious vocabulary; and as it draws its resources at once from the Saxon and the Latin, it combines the simple fidelity of the one, with the polish and cultivation of the other. Without being remarkably distinguished for either subtlety or precision, and although certainly deficient in ease and lightness, it is nevertheless a language of extraordinary capabilities, energetic, grave, and manly, admirably fitted for the exhibition of practical truth, and eminently a language of business and business men. It is, perhaps, adapted rather to the wants of the statesman, and orator, and historian, than to those of the poet; though as regards the expression of intense feeling, and the use of sublime imagery, it leaves the latter very little to desire. The highest praise which we can bestow upon it, is to say that it is worthy of the literature which it contains—a literature such, that if we were to exchange it for the extant treasures of any other tongue, however much we might gain in particular departments, it can scarcely be doubted that we must be losers on the whole.

It is the way with some, when they get hold of a good thing, to mix up with it so much extravagance and folly, that the whole affair becomes ridiculous. If we consider attentively those pets, so cherished by their owners, and so laughed at by all the world beside, known under the familiar name of hobbies, we shall find in general that they contain something just and true, though concealed under a rubbish heap of overlying absurdity. For example, the attainment and preservation of a pure English style, is in itself a commendable object of pursuit, but when taken up by a certain class of critics, it becomes a genuine hobby. The people to whom we refer, are always exhibiting a restless and anxious solicitude, lest the

language should receive some detriment. A new word or a new phrase fills them with alarm. As the old Romans made no distinction between "hostis" and "peregrinus;" so they, in judging of words, look upon every stranger as an enemy, either an open foe or an insidious spy. In examining a recent publication, they fall diligently to work, weighing every syllable and letter, placing such as have full weight on this side, and such as are too light on that: after which they tie them up in separate parcels, labeled respectively, "Authorized" and "Unauthorized," to serve, when occasion offers, as the materials of some prospective review. But as regards the standard by which every literary effort must be tried, there exists among them a difference of opinion. In general they are great sticklers for authority; they warn us against the errors and transgressions of the age, and bid us to return to the old models, to the writings of Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Addison, and Jonson. Now there are some who appear to have overlooked the fact, that the language of these writers is not in every particular the same, and who would therefore have us follow them all at once; which, in the order of time, we can do well enough; but in what other way the feat is possible, is by no means easy to make out. Others confine themselves to the usage of some single author. Thus Charles James Fox, in composing his history of England, took it for a rule to use no word which could not be found in Dryden. At first view we are amazed, when we see so singular an example of servility in literature, proceeding from one whose public career was an incessant struggle for freedom, both in opinion and in practice. But, on second thought, we have no difficulty in understanding how the man of active life should distrust his own judgment on matters purely literary, and should wish to shield himself from attack by taking refuge behind the ægis of superior authority. Others would have us use only those words and idioms in which standard writers concur—a very inconvenient rule, to say the least, since it requires you not merely to read the works of every standard writer, but, what is harder, to remember them. Others again refer us to the best authors of our own time, thus making present usage the ultimate appeal; a principle, which although in the main unquestionably just, may yet, if pressed too far, and taken without the modifications suggested by a thorough examination of the subject, become the source of considerable mischief.

Thus we see that the purists are not in all respects agreed among themselves; they unite, however, in keeping up a perpetual din about "purity," "corruption," "dangerous innovations," "violated analogies," &c., &c., until our heads ache and



our ears are stunned with the uproar. The hapless cur, tired of bearing about the jingling burden which naughty urchins have fastened to his tail, at length turns desperately round to ascertain by ocular inspection the nature of the foe who hangs so close upon his rear. Even so may we, after long confusion and bewilderment, address ourselves in earnest to the inquiry, whence the outcry which has perplexed us hitherto? what are its ground and origin, its meaning and its tendency?

Obviously there are reasons which make it desirable that a nation's language should be uniform throughout all the divisions of its territory, and uniform also through successive historical periods. The contemporaneous existence of several different dialects precludes free communication and close adherence between the members of the body politic, perpetuates local partialities and enmities, and fosters a dangerous separation of feeling and of action on questions of general interest. Nor is it less prejudicial to literary culture. That every dialect should have its own cultivation and its own writers, is commonly impossible, and if possible, would be anything but advantageous. To this remark one exception must be made to suit the case of such a people as the Greeks, gifted with so rare a sense of art, that regardless of provincial rivalries and prepossessions, they brought all their dialects into the common stock, employing each in that department of composition, to which, by its peculiarities, it was best adapted. We can easily believe, that if our poets, English as well as Scottish, had used the Scottish dialect, the Doric of our tongue, in lyrical and pastoral poetry, our literature would have been the better for it. But who can suppose that any advantage would have followed, if Hume and Robertson, Scott and Baillie, Wilson and Macaulay, had chosen their own rude northern speech in preference to the cultivated idiom of the Southron? It is clearly desirable that the literary men of a country should unite their efforts to rear the fabric of a national literature. But a multiplicity of dialects renders such a union less probable in the first instance, and less widely useful, when actually formed. For the chosen idiom, be it which you will, is of necessity a stranger to great numbers of the people, many of whom, prejudiced against it, or averse from the labor of acquiring it, will not read at all, while many others will but imperfectly comprehend what they do read. The consequences are much the same, if the literature of a country, or any considerable part of it, is contained in an obsolete dialect: it might almost as well be in a foreign language. In either case, you cannot understand it without an effort which few are willing to put forth; and when you have with toil and weariness made out the meaning, the impression on your mind

. . .

is much less clear and strong than that made by the words of your own vernacular idiom. It may be questioned, even, whether the case of an antiquated writer in our own language, is not worse for us than that of a foreign author. The style of the former strikes us at first as awkward and rustic; nor is it always easy by subsequent study to overcome this first impression. When we take up a French or German work, we are driven to seek the help of grammar and lexicon, without which we are unable at the outset to decipher any meaning. We thus fall into the habit of critical reading, and learn to master everything as we proceed. But if the work in hand be written in our own language, we are too apt to look upon a dictionary as superfluous, and while we know enough to make out our author's general drift, are therewithal content; the exact form of his thought and the nice shading of his expression being allowed to pass unheeded. How few, among the countless readers of Shakspeare, have any clear understanding or just appreciation of some of his finest passages? No one can doubt that the great authors of the Elizabethan age would produce a far more powerful impression on the reading public, if their works could be rendered into the current language of the day.

It is plain that we cannot claim for our mother-tongue that character of immutability, which, according to the Romanists, appertains to their mother-church. If, as some appear to be persuaded, every change in the language implies corruption and degeneracy, it must have grown by this time wofully degenerate and corrupt; for it has been changing for centuries, and, so far as we can see, is changing still, "*varium ac mutabile semper*." If we go back to Anglo-Saxon times, the antiquaries assure us of a marked diversity between the styles of an earlier and a later period. The natural progress of society, the introduction of a new religion, the establishment of altered political relations, must of themselves have made the language of Edward the Confessor different from that of Hengist and Horsa. But beside the operation of these causes, we may trace the influence of the conquered Briton, and the victorious Dane. At length we see a complete revolution in words as well as things, wrought by the permanent conquest of the Normans. Slowly, but surely, the languages of the victors and the vanquished join in friendly union, and modern English stands revealed on the page of Chaucer. But even here we have not escaped from the dominion of change. The editions of our earliest poet furnish, in the glossaries by which they are accompanied, the means of estimating how much has since been taken from, how much added to his "well of pure English

undefiled." Mr. Speght's glossary, published in 1602, contains two thousand words, described as "old and obscure;" Mr. Tyrwhitt's includes three thousand five hundred words, found in the *Canterbury Tales* alone, which needed explanation in 1798, the date of his edition. What is odd enough, Mr. Speght thinks it necessary to define a considerable number of words, such as "abandon," "excite," "menace," "malady," "revel," etc., which are now-a-days on everybody's tongue.

In truth, it is absurd to expect that a nation's actual speech should continue on from age to age, unaltered and unalterable. Words are not laws of the Medes and Persians, that they should be incapable of change. Like man, and all man's works, like the great frame of external nature, they are subject to mutation and decay.

" Ut silvæ, foliis pronos mutantis in annos  
Prima cadunt ; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,  
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.  
\* \* \* Mortalia facta peribunt,  
Nodum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax."

The memory of nations, as that of individuals, is imperfect, and this circumstance alone must occasion the disuse of many words. Dr. Skinner is of opinion, that setting aside all other causes of change, between two and three thousand words have been lost from sheer forgetfulness, since our language first had existence. But men are naturally inventive, and how restrain them from exercising their inventiveness, in creating new forms of expression, especially if circumstances prompt them to do that which they are apt enough to do without prompting? New modes of thinking and acting, new habits, new conditions, new discoveries, new ideas, call for corresponding modifications of language. Without adopting new terms, or using old ones in senses hitherto unauthorized, we are often reduced to the utmost embarrassment, compelled to resort to lumbering and awkward circumlocutions, and unable after all our pains to express what we mean with tolerable clearness or precision. He who would know the nature and possible magnitude of these difficulties, may consult the works of modern Latin writers—of those in particular who have aimed most at elegance, while treating of subjects on which the moderns have departed farthest from the ancients. To convey all the ideas of the nineteenth century in the words of the first, is certainly no easy problem. Yet he has a problem to solve of the same nature, and differing only in the *degree* of difficulty, who would express the ideas of the nineteenth century in the words of the eighteenth.

Unchanging uniformity in the spoken language of a country is out of the question, unless mental and social progress are arrested, and everything kept, as in China, from one generation to another, at the same dead level. Even then we cannot be sure of the effect. The Arabs are in manners and culture what they were in the year 10 of the Hegira; but the unlettered Bedouin cannot comprehend without interpretation the language of his Koran. Besides, a nation so situated is little likely to derive advantage from its older writers, if such it have; of course, the reasons just alledged for deprecating change, lose all their force.

In this inevitable fluctuation of the spoken idiom, what is the duty of the literary man? He who first uses a language in writing, has but one guide and model out of himself—the conversation of that circle with which he is most familiar, or that which, from whatever cause it may be, he holds in the highest esteem. His style, accordingly, is formed on that of conversation, though probably not without some degree of license in departing from it. But a succeeding writer has before him not only the common usage of society, but also the practice of a well-known author. Which of the two must he select as his great standard of reference? Which follow most sedulously in the formation of his style? If he prefer the former, and the same choice is made by his successors, then the written and the spoken language flourish side by side, giving and receiving mutual assistance and support. The speaker relies on the writer for direction and cultivation; while the writer borrows from the speaker the favorite expressions of the time, which he must consent to use, if he would produce the deepest effect on the public mind. But let us suppose that all writers, after the first, neglecting the current usage of their day, form themselves strictly on the model of their great predecessor, and what now will be the result? Plainly, that the written and the spoken language must depart farther and farther from each other, until the literature of to-day, speaking in the accents of an age long past, becomes unintelligible to all but the initiated few. The style of books is then to the people at large an obsolete dialect. Literature ceases to exert its legitimate influence on the popular mind, and the man of letters resigns his high vocation as a teacher of men, to become the oracle of a coterie. Yet more, to write a dead language with correctness, (and any language may be called so, when instead of living in the daily speech of men, it lies entombed in manuscript or printed volumes,) requires an ever-watchful attention to minutiae, which is exceedingly unfavorable to independence and originality. A habit of servility is contracted; and he who is stri-

ving, as for life, to imitate the words of others, is likely to end by copying their thoughts. Let it not be said, that in forming our style on the spoken language, we expose ourselves to the same danger. As by mingling in society we involuntarily catch, and unconsciously repeat its tone, so we acquire the language of conversation, without the studied imitation, the perpetual word-mongering, which are necessary on the other plan. Besides, the spoken idiom is always freer and more flexible than the written; it yields more readily to extension or modification, and imposes less constraint upon the writer. A style formed from books alone is generally stiff and pedantic: on the contrary, a style formed from conversation alone, though it may be too light and familiar, is almost always easy and natural.

But to exact a rigid and scrupulous adherence to an arbitrary standard, is the characteristic of a purist. While we agree with those who would make the actual language of society the basis of their style, we have no sympathy with those who proscribe all departure or deviation from it. Is it to be supposed that the language, in its present form, has all the excellence of which it is susceptible? Might we not gain greater copiousness and flexibility, without surrendering one advantage which we now possess? But we have already seen that changes, as they are certain from the universal law of nature are often desirable and necessary, in consequence of the altered circumstances and relations of society. It will not be denied that these changes, as they indisputably do occur, must originate *somewhere*. Why, then, should they not come from the man of letters? As an individual of the nation, his title to introduce new forms, is quite as good as that of any other individual. But for this office he is eminently qualified by his pursuits and attainments. He knows the resources of the language, knows its deficiencies, and may therefore work intelligently and effectively, where others, groping in darkness, must fail oftener than they succeed. He knows, too, the laws and analogies of the language, the plan on which it is constructed, and can so adapt the additions and alterations which may seem requisite, that they shall harmonize with and support, instead of weakening or deranging the primitive edifice. Let him then exercise this office, as one of those which belong to his peculiar calling. Such amendments as appear to him practicable, let him propose to the public, and urge them forward by the means which he has at his command. If generally adopted, the "*usus, quem penes . . . norma loquendi*" sanctions them, and they become law; if not, they fall to the ground, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be; the proposer, at all

events, has done what he could, and is not to be held responsible for the failure.

We would not say anything here which should countenance rash and hasty innovations upon settled usage. Uniformity is an advantage in and for itself; not indeed to be retained when greater advantages may be secured by parting with it; yet, on the other hand, not to be lightly sacrificed. No one should think of meddling with it, until he has gained by long and careful study, a thorough insight into the real state, and means, and wants of the language. For the half-learned man to set himself up as director of the public taste, is equally offensive and absurd. Yet if those who are truly qualified will not make the alterations which are needed, the work must fall into the hands of sciolists and quacks, and we shall be deluged with innovations, which, as breaking in upon the established order and harmony of the language, deserve the name of barbarisms. For such a state of things, should it occur, we shall be indebted in good part to those who blindly set their faces against all change, be it ever so useful or necessary.

We may fitly conclude this article with a few words on that plague and eyesore to all purists, Thomas Carlyle. Critics who find in affectation the key to his peculiarities, know little of the man whom they are criticising. If one quality of his nature be more conspicuous than the rest, it is his contempt for everything hollow and deceitful, for "the false, the plausible, and the half," and of course for all trickeries and clap-traps resorted to with the view of gaining notoriety. Were it otherwise, a man of his mark needs no such arts to bring him into notice; not to say how improbable it is, that an author intent on popularity should adopt a style which, beyond doubt, offends many more than it pleases. Nor can we ascribe uncultivated taste to one whose life has been spent in enthusiastic study of the noblest works of genius. That he has not fallen into his present style from inability to write effectively in that of other men, is evinced by the extraordinary vigor and eloquence of his earlier compositions, as for instance his *Life of Schiller*, in which few Carlylisms were yet apparent. Whatever we may think of the merits or demerits of his style, this at least is certain, that he adopted it deliberately, because he regarded it as suited to the thoughts he had to utter, and required by the principles of taste justly understood. He wished to emancipate his native English from the chains which an age of tameness and servility had forged around it. In the writings of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, in the early youth of the language, he found an ease, and depth, and richness, which held

out the fairest promise of its maturity. But the influence of foreign models, themselves constructed on the narrowest principles, fettered its development, confining it like the Latin to the limited usage of polite society, and reducing it almost to the trim precision of the French. This change in the character of our language, has been noticed and justly criticised by A. W. Schlegel. We conceive it to have been the object of Carlyle to escape from these self-imposed restrictions, and to return to that earlier freedom—the freedom of truth and nature—which we have unwisely exchanged for the trammels of a pretended art. For his peculiarities of style we have certainly no great *penchant*. Many of them we would gladly dispense with; many, which in him are not unbecoming, would be intolerable in any of his imitators. Nor is it to be wondered at, if in attempting to throw off the restraints of prescription and conventionalism, he should have erred upon the other side, and shown too little regard for established usage. We believe, however, that on the whole he has judged well and wisely, and has rendered essential service to our literature.

No man, probably, has done more to release us from the thralldom of a narrowing criticism. By precept and by example, he has shown that speech is, and of right ought to be, subordinate to thought—that an author's excellence is not to be measured by those lighter graces of style and utterance, so overvalued in a prosaic age—and that a solicitude to gain the name of cleverness, is by no means the highest motive which can actuate the man of letters. Great as Carlyle's influence has been, it seems destined to become yet greater. Time and familiarity will reconcile us to much that is repulsive in his style: but they can only increase the admiration which his various learning, his firm grasp of thought, his purity and nobleness of soul, his earnest and genuine feeling, extort from all who read his works.

## MOUNT CARMEL.

## I.

OLD Rock, before thy wind-swept height I muse,  
While memory wanders through the shadowy past:  
Visions of childhood greet me, fitful hues  
Of boyish fancy, crowding thick and fast.  
'Twas thus in other years I gazed on thee—  
Thy steep reclining 'gainst the Northern sky—  
Now watched the summer clouds, which floated free  
Along thy brow, then melted from the eye:  
Now listened, while thy snow-clad hills resound  
Amid the eager chase, to the deep-baying hound.

## II.

O for the golden hours forever fled!  
O for the fresh and dewy morn of life!  
When the young soul, her new-fledged pinions spread,  
In trembling rapture sought the emulous strife  
Of rushing wings, and fluttering in mid air,  
Looked down in wonder on an unknown earth:  
Admired the frame of nature, passing fair,  
Rich in all forms of loveliness and worth.  
New scenes came thronging round the gazing boy,  
Instinct with glorious life, and radiant with joy.

## III.

Yet what to thee the thoughts which in my mind  
Awake, as o'er thy rugged slopes I roam?  
Or what to thee the golden ties which bind  
Thy name in memory to my early home?  
Small heed hast thou of human love or hate,  
No softer feeling moves thy stony heart,  
No raging passion shakes thy lofty state:  
Enduring and sublime, thou dwell'st apart  
From men, their joys and griefs, and hopes, and fears,  
Thy years revolving ages, and thy moments years.

## IV.

Had'st thou but noted them, before thee here  
Strange scenes have passed. In yonder tangled wood  
The Indian oft has tracked the flying deer;  
Full often angled in the limpid floods,  
Which wind in light far down like silver wires.  
In yon dark valley, where the waters glance,  
Gathered the red men round their council fires,  
To talk of war, and weave the martial dance.  
Hid in yon nook, impervious to the day,  
In ambush for his foe, the Pequot warrior lay.



## V.

But thou hast heard amidst the startled shades  
The woodman's echoing stroke. In mortal pain  
The forest monarchs bowed their stately heads.  
Reclaimed from darkness, crowned with waving grain,  
The fields looked up rejoicing to the sun.  
Hamlets and cities swarmed around thy base,—  
Meanwhile before the intruders, one by one,  
Sunk the stern warriors of the Indian race :  
Long years ago upon the passing gale  
Their last sad requiem swept, a fallen nation's wail.

## VI.

Well hast thou borne the siege of time, Old Rock,  
Vain against thee the might of that dread arm,  
Nor hail, nor beating rain, nor fiercest shock  
Of clashing tempest-winds, could do thee harm.  
Decay, who grinds to dust the works of art,  
And lays their makers in the silent tomb,—  
Who waves his sceptre o'er the crowded mart, :  
And busy life gives place to lonely gloom,—  
From thee turns sullen : and old time, to hide  
His vain assaults, with moss o'erspreads thy rock-ribbed side.

## VII.

Then say, what wonder if so brave a sight  
Recall the legends of a by-gone age?  
How earth-born Titans scaled the empyrean height,  
And urged by conscious strength, essayed to wage  
War with dread Jove. From his Almighty hand  
Above, around, incessant lightnings gleam ;  
Vain were all earthly puissance to withstand  
Those arms of proof: yet they, though baffled, seem  
To tower like thee, bold and unyielding still,  
Undaunted, self-sustained, defying utmost ill.

## VIII.

When Night, that brooded o'er a new-born world,  
Before the God of Day recoiled dismayed,  
Upon thy brow his first keen shafts were hurled,  
His first glad beams among thy foliage played.  
So when the circling centuries have sped,  
When snaps the thread of fate, and Time must die,  
His rays shall greet thee in that hour of dread ;  
And as he sinks beneath the Western sky,  
Thy form unchanged his burning eye shall see,  
And his last lingering look still fondly dwell on thee.

## THE WOODSMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

READER! did'st ever journey through an American wilderness? If not, then verily art thou greatly to be commiserated—then hast thou never seen where Nature, in her chosen retreats, rears her rude majestic temples—makes them instinct with life, and vocal with variously modulated melody. Now I do not mean those parsimonious patches of wood-land, which one may see in these cultivated parts of New England—the dwarfish descendants of a mightier generation; but go, in thought, with me, I pray thee, where the old “Anakims” are yet in the land—to some secluded region, where the torturing hand of modern improvement has never been.

Here lies, dishonorably stretched upon the ground, some ancient forest-Methuselah. Half a century ago, his veins “were full of lusty life,” and he, no doubt,

“Thought all *trees* mortal but himself.”

But alas! how low his head lies now. Already is he covered with the excrescences and greenness of decay, and a whole troop of ignoble plants and shrubs are fattening on his remains. What a chapter of excellent morals might be written upon this fallen Titan!—how “one generation passeth away, and another cometh”—how kingdoms rise, flourish, and wane away, and fall into shapeless ruins—how others spring up in the self-same place, draw life from the dust of *their* decay, and run the same round of glory and of dissolution; but, gentle Reader, in consideration of thine own exceeding good abilities, I leave thee to make these reflections at thine own discretion, merely suggesting that half an hour's soliloquy on this most important topic, will in most cases be amply sufficient.

Here is an aristocratic oak, rejoicing in his green old age, and looking down with towering contempt upon all the modern upstarts below him. He was in the prime of life when Columbus landed with his band of adventurers upon this continent, and a vigorous stripling when Richard, the lion-hearted, fought the impious Turk on the plains of Palestine. Here is an ugly, misshapen dwarf, scarred with thunder, in very bad humor with all the world because of his own deformity—a decided misanthrope, and out of pure hatred to his species, he has knotted and gnarled his countenance into a scowl frightful as was ever worn by man or tree.

In such a sylvan scene as this it was that some half-christianized Druid stole his model for a Gothic abbey. There be your sublime arches, towering aloft full many a fathom, till they taper and melt away into the solemn obscure of their leafy canopy. There be your dim religious lights, where the sun protrudes his discolored rays through the dense foliage, revealing the outlines of mighty and majestic forms just sufficiently to arouse and awe the imagination. There be your alcoves, within whose sombre recesses what Divinities may not have their oracular abodes? There be your ivy-mantling vines, whose wizard folds wreath the gray pillars in their verdant embraces.

Now I fear there are multitudes of people in the land, who can discern in this patch of "heavy timber," not a single vestige of the huge abbey I have been rearing with so much pains—whose first idea when coming to the premises would be, "what lots of saw-mill logs there are here," or, "what a nation sight of bother it would be to log up a clearing in these parts." And this leads me to make some observations on the utter lack of poetic sensibility in this dollar-and-cent age of speculation and—

"But hark'ee, Jonathan, where's that story?"

That story? Why, man, I haven't wandered from my subject at all. These, with some unimportant alterations, are the very reflections that passed through the mind of Henry Upton, as he followed his Indian conductors through the wild solitudes. In truth, he did not manifest quite so much energy and spirit as he ought to have done, when we consider his situation as hero of this sublime narrative. But he was, doubtless, totally unconscious that he was to be the chief personage in this most important story, or he would have acted out his real nature with all the *vim* and pathos which heroes always manifest in like circumstances. Besides, I verily believe the Indians had entered into a kind of conspiracy to keep his true character *incog.* as long as possible, for they neither ran away with Rose or her mother, in which case he would have been compelled to run after them, and exhibit feats of daring, which should utterly astonish both spectators and readers; nor did they suffer the lovers to walk so near together as to converse in that interesting language of symbols which Love ever knows how to employ. In short, so provokingly insipid a part did they force him to play, that he fell into many profound reveries upon things past, present, and future, which I shall not trouble myself to relate.

The shades of night were gathering round their pathway, when as yet they had proceeded but a short distance from the hunter's cabin. While they were preparing to take quarters for the night, a dark looking object was discovered in the cen-

tre of a low bushy tree, which wore a very suspicious appearance. The ladies screamed, thinking it a catamount. The elder Upton, deeply versed in the lore of Mather's *Magnalia*, judged it to be the devil, or at least a witch. The Indians, however, appeared to view the matter differently, for they beckoned the animal, of whatsoever species it might be, to come down, but he shrank himself up into smaller dimensions, and seemed not at all inclined to obey the summons. An old chief then resorted to a more expressive intimation of his wishes by pointing a gun at him. "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" cried the voice of the terrified Jedediah Small, as he descended with vast agility from his hiding place. Having wandered away with a disconsolate air from the scene of his discomfiture, he had perceived a band of savages approaching, and observing a favorite maxim of his, that "discretion was the better part of valor," he had hastily mounted this tree to shield himself from observation. Satisfied with this fresh acquisition, the Indians made arrangements for passing the night where they were. Not daring to kindle a fire so near the scene of their depredations, they bestowed themselves and their captives into marvelously uncomfortable lodgings, and stationed vigilant sentinels around to guard them from surprise.

Resuming their wearisome journey on the morrow, they were sitting down to partake of a rude repast at noon, when a deer (which, for the sake of adding interest to my story, I will suppose to be the same one that had escaped Ephraim before) sprang across their line of march and was quickly lost among the stately trees which darkened the eastern highlands. Soon the eager huntsman appeared in the self-same track, preceded by his faithful dog. "You won't get away this time, without you jump over the Green mountains," said he, adding fresh impetus to his flagging energy. The deer gradually bending his course towards the south, after running a few miles, turned round to fight the dog, like many a weak mistaken mortal, that, ceasing to fly from temptation, turns to dally with his destroyer—to yield—to die. The dog barked and the deer shook his horns at him in defiance—the dog took a nearer position and barked again—the deer in return made a desperate pass at him, and thus a contest most unprofitable for both parties was kept up, till a voice from the old hunter's gun-barrel announced the arrival of a messenger with full powers to settle all existing difficulties.

"Take a dose of cold lead," said Ephraim, making a large effort to be witty—"it's the only medicine that cures all sickness and trouble." Thus having said, he selected such parts and parcels of the animal as suited his palate and his conven-

ience, and wrenching away the horns to keep for a trophy of his victory, he started for his humble dwelling. Whose home is dearer to himself than the woodman's hut? Behold where its low roof peers through the parted foliage! could it rise, exalted to the greatness and magnificence of a palace, its value would not be enhanced one groat in his estimation. And yet he did not somehow like the looks of his cabin. His heart foreboded that something had befallen it. Besides, where was the little prattler, whose bright eye was ever the first to mark his coming, whose little voice was the first to herald his approach? He passed hastily through the half-opened door; he rolled his eyes around the room in speechless surprise, till they rested on the cold and mangled form of his darling boy. He passed his hands over his eyes, as if to shut out the horrid spectacle—but in vain, for imagination painted the bloody image vivid and distinct as reality. He dropped his useless venison—flung away the sylvan trophy he had won—seized hastily, yet with decent care, the body of his murdered child, and laid it away in another apartment; then, having securely fastened up every entrance, he snatched his ammunition and rushed from the door. He had a dim recollection of having seen a band of Indians somewhere, but thought it at the time an unimportant matter in comparison with the game he was pursuing. He stopped not to mark out a cautious and elaborate course of action, but dashed through the forests to the northward. There were mightier passions in his breast, than the mere excitement of the chase. Revenge and Love united! What may they not—what have they not accomplished! They have changed the torpidity of age to the energy of youth—added wings to extremest speed, lit up despair with the promise bow of Hope.

Thus had he pursued his rapid course for a couple of hours, when his quick eye caught the vestiges of an Indian trail. Presently he discovered the place where he had beheld them dining. A piece of bone had been negligently left on the spot, the foot-tracks were but partially obliterated, and a tiny wreath of smoke was curling up slowly from a piece of decayed timber, upon which a spark of fire had fallen. He sat down to meditate. He was evidently pretty near the party—but what could he do?—a single man against a score of vigilant and cunning savages! It was impossible to attack them by day. And now he began to consider his whole proceeding as rash—then went back to the days of his first love, and remembered that he had stolen away the heart of a young and romantic girl—had enticed her away from her peaceful home into the toils and perils of the wilderness. Was this the final catastrophe to which he had brought this dreadful drama? For the first time in many

years the tears flowed freely down his stern features, and he put up an earnest prayer to the God of counsel for assistance in this his hour of need. Gradually he lapsed into that mood of mind, wherein the intensest feeling is mingled with the coolest determination—the most exalted courage with the greatest caution; a mood of mind which the pressure of circumstances frequently develops in souls of heroic mould. The remainder of the day he employed in constructing for himself a bow and arrows, that in the silence of the ensuing night the messenger of death might be unheard as well as unseen. Stealing onwards, towards the north, in the dusk of evening, he had proceeded three or four leagues, when he perceived a glimmering light at a distance. A hoarse gale from the southern Atlantic was groaning noisily through the forest. The clouds were moving slowly over the face of the sky in huge heaps and piles, suffering a star to peep through here and there, whose light seemed to have no other effect than just to show how very dark they were. Ephraim took a wide circuit and stationed himself on the other side of the fire, in order that the wind might bear the sound of his footsteps away from the party—then drew near to observe the situation of its individual members. On one side a slight tent had been constructed for the female captives, and an experienced warrior was sitting near as sentinel—motionless as though wrought out of marble. On the other, two young braves were guarding the remainder of the captives, who were placed at such distances from each other, that they could not conspire together in any plan for their own deliverance. The guns had been placed in the tent for protection from the weather. The rain now began to fall in large drops, and thus the combined voice of the elements and the dimness of the fire, served to protect the new comer against the keen sight and hearing of the savages. He drew near to the tent. It was evidently necessary to secure or remove the old chief, since nothing within the precincts of the little camp would escape his experienced eye. But though Ephraim, from his youth up, had been a “man of blood,” yet had he never taken the life of a human being. And even as he stood by the tent of those he loved so well, and heard their voices appeal to him for aid, amid their broken slumbers, he hesitated to perform that office which ought to be the prerogative of God alone. But not long did he hesitate. The Indian sat upon a large fallen tree, with his back placed against a smaller one, that was living. He approached noiselessly behind him—seized him by the throat, that he might not alarm the rest by his cries—with the other hand, quietly drove his long knife to his heart, and then reaching his arms around those of his victim, fastened them together with his body to the tree, till

his last struggle with death should be finished. In the dim light of the fire, as the dead man reclined against the tree with his eyes wide open, no one would have discovered that he was not as shrewd and observant a sentinel as before. There was one eye, which, although it affected to be half in slumber, marked this whole proceeding. Henry Upton had thrown aside his reverie, and had been thinking over a very good plan for delivering himself and his companions from "durance vile;" and it would undoubtedly have been crowned with success, had he known how to take the first two or three steps. Ephraim's next movement was to secure the guns in the tent. These he removed to a place where such of them as he chose would not have their priming injured by the rain. He was approaching the other captives, with equal caution, for the purpose of reconnoitering, when Henry's keeper started to replenish the almost extinguished fire. Ephraim glided up, cut the thongs that bound the captive, and directed him to go and divert the attention of the other sentinels, while he himself was liberating Jedediah. This charitable object accomplished, he stepped lightly up behind the savage, and catching a fold of his blanket, wrapped it over his head, to stifle any articulate sounds he might see fit to utter. His gun was then taken away and himself was gagged and bound with the same thong which had bound his captive, and was led away to a secure place. Suddenly an appalling yell rose through the air, roused up distant echoes from their hiding places, and brought every sleeper involuntarily to his feet. At length the fire had been revived, despite the rain, and the slaughter of the chief and removal of the guns discovered. The sentinel who had made this discovery was making an animated harangue to the rest of the Indians, who were utterly confounded at these unexpected occurrences. He pointed angrily to the tent, then rushed in with lifted tomahawk. At this instant, a concise speech from Ephraim's rifle put an end to his impetuosity and anger. The remainder of the party turned towards the quarter whence the report proceeded, ashamed to be repulsed by so small a number. But armed merely with hatchets, they fought very unequally against bayonet and ball—for the intrepid wife of the woodsman loaded their pieces as fast as they were discharged. Wearied at length with the fruitless contest, after most of their number had been wounded or slain, they broke away from their encampment towards the north, with a yell of disappointment. One of them discovered near by the identical bow and arrows which Burke had himself made the day before. Like the Parthian, he turned as he fled, and launched an arrow into the breast of him that fashioned it.

The storms of the night had passed away with its darkness. On a rude litter, which Henry had hastily constructed, the huntsman was placed, with his face towards the newly-risen sun. The wound from the arrow was mortal, and the moment of dissolution was rapidly drawing nigh.

"Bring hither," said he, "the Indian who was gagged and bound. Why did my red brethren," asked the dying man, "steal away my squaw and children, and murder my baby?"

"Sassinett," replied he, mournfully, "Sassinett had many sons and daughters; but they were all slain by the pale faces. Then Sassinett told his braves to go and get some pale faced children to fill up those places in his wigwam which their big guns had made empty."

"Go in peace, my brother," said the other, cutting the cords that bound him with his last remaining strength. "And now, Mary," said he to his wife, "repeat for me some verses from the good book, and sing some of your old hymns, before I die." Then she spoke to him out of one of the Prophets, about the "man of sorrows, that was acquainted with grief," and how he said of himself, "I am the way—the truth—the life"—how he said, in another place, that whosoever would, might take of the water of life freely—how he blessed the thief on the cross—and how one, in that book, had recorded of himself in the full confidence of faith, "when I go through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—for thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Then in a voice, rendered doubly plaintive by her own exceeding sorrow, she sang an old familiar hymn to a simple and touching tune; and while its last prolonged cadences were dying away on the morning air, amid the wild and silent woods, his spirit returned to Him who gave it. They dug a humble grave beneath a great oak, and buried him in it—fit resting place for the roving hunter. Young Henry composed these simple lines of poetry on this mournful occasion, but whether it was done *impromptu*, or sometime afterward, or whether it was meant for an epitaph or not, I do not know—in fact I never heard.

THE HUNTSMAN'S GRAVE.

O rest thee, Huntsman, from thy wearisome life,  
In the sweet quiet of this woodland tomb,  
Where Passion's noise, and fierce Ambition's strife,  
May never come!

Above thy mould shall many a sylvan flower  
Rear its frail stem and bow its drooping head,  
And clambering wood-bines form a rustic bower  
To guard the dead.



The giant oak, wide o'er the lonely heath,  
 That wraps thy clay, his spreading boughs shall wave ;  
 And fling his autumn leaves, a funeral wreath,  
 Upon thy grave.

Thou shalt have music, such as may beseem  
 The dead—wind-music, thrilling now and clear ;  
 Now lulled to harpings low, that like a dream  
 Fall on the ear.

Here we, whom thou hast loved, full oft shall stand,  
 And talk of thee, how kind and true and brave,  
 And hope to meet thee in that better land  
 Beyond the grave.

Now as to the sequel of this tale. I suppose that all will immediately guess what it will be. How Henry Upton married Rose Burke—how they lived long and happily together—how they saw their children of the third and fourth generation, and finally, how all the respectable inhabitants of those parts are either their immediate descendants, or very nearly related to them. Nor let it be supposed that this wandering narrative is wholly without a moral. If it bring thee, gentle Reader, to realize better than before of what heterogeneous elements the *substratum* of the population of all new settlements is composed, the folly of eccentricity and vanity, and particularly the toils and sufferings of our ancestors in preparing for us the goodly land in which thou dwellest, then is not my labor utterly in vain.

---

SONG.

" BITTER and chilling,  
 The breath of the wintry Fast,  
 Sweeps over me, killing  
 The buds of joy with its ruthless blast."

" Gloomy before me  
 The Future his pall hath spread,  
 And shadows hang o'er me,  
 That thrill my soul with a nameless dread."

Not of to-morrow  
 Then think, nor of yesterday.  
 Would'st live without sorrow ?  
 Live in the present ; 'tis thine alway.

## THE SONG OF THE DRYADS.

We are sisters joined forever,  
 By the ties that none can sever;  
 In the shady woods we roam,  
 Glens and fountains are our home.  
 Beauteous wreaths we intertwine  
 With the rosemary and vine,  
 Trailing in the gentle breeze,  
 As we glide among the trees.

With the 'golden King of Day,'  
 Faithfully we wend our way,  
 When the glades are paved anew  
 With the diamond beads of dew.  
 Nor until the vesper star  
 Rises o'er the hills afar,  
 May we sleep among the flowers,  
 Pillowed in our rosy bowers.

Wreathed with dewy crystal drops,—  
 Shaded by the tangled copse,  
 In the fountain's sparkling brink,  
 Where the wavelets rise and sink,  
 At the dancing stars we gaze,  
 Tuning soft our rural lays;  
 While pale Luna faintly gleams  
 Through the boughs in silv'ry streams.

Round the sacred laurel tree  
 In unbroken company,  
 Utter we our peans loud,  
 Ringing through the silent wood.  
 Gaily sporting on the lawns,  
 Ere the saffron morning dawns,  
 Down the dell and o'er the lea  
 Do we trip in lightsome glee.

Through our woody haunts we roam  
 Where intrusive feet ne'er come:  
 Drinking from the tinkling rill  
 In the chaliced daffodil.  
 In our leafy, sylvan fanes,  
 Where the God of Nature reigns,  
 Kindle we our altar fires,  
 With a zeal that never tires.

## SCRAPS,

FROM A GATHERER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"It shall not ben of philosophic,  
 Ne of physike, ne termes queinte of lawe,  
 Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe."

*Chaucer.*

## VII.

WHAT a morning! A drizly rain is oozing down from the dull, leaden clouds, that canopy the whole firmament, melancholy mists hide the distant hills, the trees hang their dripping leaves in disconsolate stillness, and the muddy earth, checkered with pools of foul water, warns the looker-on not to venture out of doors. As sturdy old Ben says:—

" It is, methinks, a morning full of fate,  
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car  
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it.  
She is *not* rosy-fingered, but swollen black !  
Her face is like a water turned to blood ;  
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,  
As if she threatened night ere noon of day.  
*It does not look as if it would have a hail*  
*Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns !"*

It is precisely the weather to make a man feel uncomfortably gloomy ; it matters not how pure your life may be—and if it has been impure the worse for you—how conscientious you have been in the discharge of your duties, how devoted to your studies, a morning like this will make you lay down your book, and gaze off at the sad-vestured clouds, and think—and think of past blunders and mishaps, till your head throbs with vexation, or sinks down with melancholy ; it will bring up before you the recollection of wasted time and opportunities, of crimes or follies ; it will fill your mind with unpleasant forebodings—the uncertainty and sorrow of life, the vanity of human expectations, and the treachery of earthly friendships, till existence itself seems almost a burden, and you begin to reflect upon the most eligible mode of dying—pistols or prussic acid, water or burning charcoal. It makes *me* think of funerals, and speaking of funerals, by the way, reminds me of an incident that occurred at one of which I was a witness, not long ago.

It was in the pleasant spring-time, and in a little country village, that the incident of which I speak took place. An aged woman—she was nearly ninety years old—had died, and was to be buried on the ensuing Sabbath. The Sunday came, and clear and bright was the morning, and nearly all of the villagers came forth to join the procession as it advanced slowly toward the grave-yard. It was a quiet place, that home of the departed—shaded on one side by a woody hill, and on the other by huge old trees, relics it was said of the primeval forest. The person who was to be buried, was, with one exception, the last of her generation ; of those whom in her first days of womanhood she had known as babes, many had gone before her, and the rest were now gray-haired old men ; and of her own childish playmates, but one was left. This was an aged, palsy-stricken man, and *he* had tottered forth to the funeral with the rest. We stood around the grave ; the children, the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren of the deceased were there, but among them all there appeared little of grief. And

why should there? When we think hardly of those who weep not at the departure of relatives that were ripe in age, and had lived out their full complement of years, we do wrongly; for what is this world to those who have lost the capability of enjoying it, for whom its sorrows only are left.

"The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer."

Besides, there are other objects that will, and must, and should occupy the minds of the young or the mature; new cares, new friendships, new loves, must share, nay oftentimes fill the places of the old, and when gray-haired age falls asleep, why *should* we mourn? For those who thus lie down in the grave, the day with all its toils are past, and night courts them to quiet and repose. Blame not then the relatives because they wept not as those who may not be comforted. They were sad, indeed, for they remembered the many happy hours which had fled, while she, whom they were consigning to her last home, lived and moved among them—and solemn, for DEATH is always so.

But for that old man the case was far different; the last memento of his own young days was gone; he was in very deed alone in the world, and as they were filling up the grave—he wept. And then he turned and walked, with his feeble steps, a little way off, till he came to two old moss-covered grave-stones, that stood side by side. With trembling hands he removed the long grass that grew around and almost hid them from the sight—for they were old-fashioned and short, and time had sunk them deeper in the earth and turned them from their once erect position—and bending down he looked earnestly upon them for a moment, and I saw a tear roll down his furrowed cheek as he raised himself up and exclaimed, "Ah! well-a-day! There lie my poor old father and mother; fifty years ago I buried them. Well! well! there will be room enough for me there—soon!" He moved away and disappeared in the departing crowd, and when, late the next autumn, I again visited the church-yard, by the side of those two ancient graves there was a third, newly made, and a glaring white tomb-stone told me that the old man was resting there.

#### VIII.

Once more, Reader, for the last time, I introduce you to my room and my companions. A sultry summer afternoon, but the old elms throw a grateful shade here, and the open windows readily admit the cooling breeze. They were all there,

Weston and Harland, Rowley, Davison, and myself. The first two were smoking in silence, Rowley and Davison were engaged in a noisy discussion, and I was thinking of—no matter what—perhaps the man in the moon, as connected with the subject of tides. But it was impossible to continue in a state of abstraction long; the conversation between the disputants abovementioned became momentarily more vehement, and as Rowley's voice grew loud, Weston at length exclaimed:

"Why, Harry, what the deuce are you so earnest about?"

"Earnest! isn't it enough to make one earnest? Here's Ned, now, has heard somebody say that Kit North is inferior as a writer and a critic to that ridiculous, unintelligible, mystery-seeking Carlyle! I beg your pardon, Frank, I believe you are something of an admirer of Carlyle's, and indeed so am I, but every man in his proper place, I say."

"A strange stand you have taken, Harry," replied Weston; "if you had affirmed that Macaulay is superior to Carlyle, I should not have been surprised, for there are very many who, delighted with his nervous style and puzzled by his novel paradoxes, are willing to place the former above every other writer in the English tongue. But how you can claim for Wilson the place you have assigned, is really worth knowing."

"Well, Frank, where has Carlyle shown such just appreciation of poetic merit as we find scattered throughout Wilson's productions? What one criticism of his is comparable with the article on Wordsworth? What has he effected for English literature? Nothing! He has rather debased it, by causing a thousand imitations of his ridiculous style. But beyond this, what influence for good does he exert upon the heart? It would be hard to tell. And now turn to the 'Winter Rhapsody' of Christopher North; read attentively—but I need not say that, for you cannot help it—the tales of the 'Holy Child,' and of the storm-overtaken lovers, then peruse the story of Lucy of the Fold, in the Hints for the Holidays—I might mention more, but I will not—and if you do not lay down the book a 'sadder yet a wiser,' yea, a better man—the poetry of nature's truth can have no effect upon *you*. I tell you, Frank, 'albeit not given to the melting mood,' I have felt a tear upon my cheek, when poor Lucy was laid in the grave, and I"—

"Pshaw! Deuce take such sentimentality," interrupted Harland, passing his fingers through his hair; "I've no doubt, Harry, but that you would read Childe Harold, and the Corsair, and the Prophet of Khorassan, and the Fire-Worshiper, and never think of being uncomfortable, while you would pule a week over Highland Mary and Lucy of the Fold. Now that's all deyvilish nonsense."

"Harland," said Rowley, "I should think *you* might make a poet, eh! Now be frank and confess it. Have you not, now and then, sacrificed somewhat on the shrine of the Muses?"

Mark made an effort to look disinterested as he replied, "Well, you *have* hit it there; but I've given up the lyre lately, and only occasionally scribble a sonnet to some lady fair, Miss T——, for instance, or Miss W——. I remember an acrostic that I wrote to the latter, beginning"—

"Oh! never mind repeating it," exclaimed Davison, glancing nervously towards the door, "we can imagine its beauty without much trouble!"

Harland drew himself up with an offended air, but observing that the whole company were smiling, he relaxed his countenance, and silently threw himself back in his chair.

"And now, Rowley," said I, "let us know what you have to say more about Professor Wilson."

"Pshaw, Dick, everything I was about to remark has been driven out of my head by this confounded interruption. This, however, I can say, that as an honest and acute critic, as a pure English writer, as exerting a powerful sway over the passions and feelings of his readers, Professor Wilson is at present unequaled, or at least unsurpassed."

"But, Harry," said Weston, "where does he exhibit the extensive, all-embracing learning, the deep reflection, the lofty mind of the philosopher? Which of his productions displays that keen investigation of the most mysterious of earthly things—the human heart—that may be found in any volume of Carlyle's works?"

"Philosopher! with a vengeance! It is to be hoped that Kit North never will give himself up to the self-styled philosophy of the Transcendentalists. Its mystic jargon has no charms for him; its lofty pretensions he views in their true light; and their much boasted '*reason*' and '*understanding*,' with him, must bow to plain common sense. He is a disciple of the English, not of the German school, and the alluring unintelligibility of the latter has failed to draw him away from the former. Huge words, high sounding sentences, beautiful but baseless theories, gorgeous visions, fail to overpower him—their want of substance is too apparent. It is for this, in part, that I admire him; and here too, I think, has Carlyle shown a lamentable deficiency, seduced as he has been by his love of the German writers, into an imitation of their affected, incomprehensible style. The complaint, you know, is an old one, but it is also just. Knowledge of the human heart! Alas! Frankly, you must have read Wilson in a strange manner, to bring against him the charge of failing here. He does know the heart; the heart of

the ploughman as well as that of the noble, and he exhibits it well in all its windings—in virtue and vice, in love and hatred, in joy and sorrow. He has watched, too, the turns of human life, and how sadly, yet how well, does he depict them! Take one example—the quotation is long, but I will read it:—

‘Ha! a splendid equipage with a coronet! and out steps, handed by her elated husband, a high-born, beautiful, and graceful bride. They are making a tour of the lakes, and the honey-moon hath not yet filled her horns. \* \* \* How they hang towards each other, the blissful pair! blind in their passion to all the scenery they came to admire, or beholding it but by fits and snatches, with eyes that can see only one object of mutual adoration. She hath already learnt to forget father and mother, and sister and brother, and all the young creatures like herself—every one—that shared the pastimes and the confidence of her virgin youthhood. With her, as with Genevieve,

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

‘And will this holy state of the spirit endure? No—it will fade, and fade, and fade away, sunset after sunset, so imperceptibly, so unconsciously, *so like the shortening of the long summer days, that lose minute after minute of the light, till again we hear the yellow leaves are rustling in autumnal evening*, that the heart within that snow-drifted bosom will not know how great has been the change, till all of a sudden it shall be told the truth, and with a shiver of despairing agony, feel that all mortal emotion, however paradisiacal, is nothing but the shadow of a dream!’

“Is there not power in that sketch, Frank, and agony in the thrice sad conclusion? And then turn to his pictures of humble Scottish life—an arena where none can compete with him but ROBERT BURNS—and you cannot help but love him, for his very nationality. But how genial his humor!—if, ‘as doctors say,’ laughter promotes the digestion, no reader of Kit North need fear an indigestion.

“His searching but just critical powers, his now playful, now stern, gloomy, and powerfully poetic fancy, his knowledge of human life, his learning, his humor, his pathos, his versatility, have gained for him a station which another will not easily usurp.”

“Yet,” said Weston, “Carlyle certainly surpasses him in nearly all of these requisites. Learning! What living man in that equals Thomas Carlyle? True, he delights not, like Macaulay, in displaying it wherever he can do so with decency, or *without*. But there is a silent current of it running through all his writings, a current which allures not the ear and eye by noisy babbling and vain glitter, but majestically rolls on its calm depths, imparting life and richness to the whole. (Zounds! what a metaphor!) The lore of the East and North, of the classic lands, and of the modern languages, is as familiar to him as that of the English tongue. All books, ‘both great and small,’ he seems to have read, and read with the intellect and understanding. If you would test his critical powers, read that

one article on Burns. He does not stand afar off and examine with a mental telescope the poet's petty peculiarities, but he enters, as it were, into his very *being*; hears with *his* ears, and sees with *his* eyes, the man as he was; he becomes conversant with him, traces his path from the first budding of his faculties to their maturity and decay; watches the incoming of his perception, the dawning of his ideas, his relations to the world around him, and the influence of that world upon his own soul. And then, thus prepared for his task, he comes before the reader, and with all the energy of our strong Saxon tongue, makes known the result. The consequence is, that his criticisms never have been equaled. Read the article headed 'Voltaire.' When has the character of the high-priest of infidelity been elsewhere drawn like that? Do you not almost see before you the gaunt form of the '*persifleur*,' with his restless eye and thin, sneering lip? I might particularize farther, but it is unnecessary."

"Yet there is one thing more, Frank. What would you say of his philosophy?"

"The old objection, Rowley, not fully brought out, and but half insinuated; hang it! I believe with Jonson,

'There is no taste in this philosophy;

'Tis like a potion which a man should drink,

But turns his stomach with the sight of it!"

However, I will try to give you an idea of what I think upon the subject, though I fear that my notions may be almost as muddy as those of the most ultra American transcendentalist. I do not believe in Carlyle's philosophy, and why? because I cannot fully understand it. I have no doubt but that he has a conception of what he means, but till I share in that conception, I cannot assent to his doctrines. I do not disbelieve them, for I know not what they are, and till I do know, I shall be contented with the orthodox creed. Sartor Resartus I have carefully perused. I found therein many novel ideas, many excellent aphorisms; but the philosophical theory which it may contain, is as unintelligible to me as the language of the Choctaws. There is, however, one point which I understand and cordially approve. It may not be very novel, but nowhere else have I seen it so earnestly enforced as in the writings of Carlyle. It is the recognizing a brother, formed in the image of the same God, in every individual of the human race—the spirit of *universal love*. I do believe that no one can read carefully and impartially the works of Carlyle, and not feel, sensibly, when he has finished, the change which they have effected upon his heart. He will find that they have taught him to pity, not hate



his fellow-men, for their crimes and follies; to look upon the poor and degraded, not with disgust, but compassion; to use one of your own sentiments, Harry, to scorn the action, while he grieves over the actor. He will learn from them to despise meanness, hypocrisy, falsehood, and all vice; they will teach him that *when others are striving to do him wrong, the injury must and will recoil upon the heads of the wrong-doers*, so long as he is himself upright and steadfast, and they will fill his breast with a kind of sorrowful love, even for his deadliest enemies; they will tend to remove from his bosom all hatred, malevolence, untruth, and evil desire, and to plant there instead, love, compassion, truth, and probity; in a word, to cause him to strive to prove himself a *man*, the express image of the Most High. Such is a part of their influence upon the heart; and I believe that they are calculated to exert an influence equally beneficial upon the mind. They expand its views, and create in it a tendency to contemplate the whole, while it neglects not the parts; to examine a subject in all its relations, instead of considering its bearing upon some individual point alone, thus showing that that which at first sight appeared a disadvantage, viewed comprehensively may be a lasting benefit; removing false impressions gathered from isolated instances, and bringing fairly to our knowledge the general good and the general evil. Besides"—

"Heigh-ho! Frank," ejaculated Davison, "that speech is getting rather *boreous*; don't be offended now—I only wished to drop a friendly hint."

"Go on, Frank, go on!" exclaimed Rowley; "Ned, I'll be hanged"—

"Havn't the least doubt of it, Harry, not the least; but then that's a minor consideration; now you must admit that"—

"The deyvil!" cried Harland, looking at his watch, and snatching up his hat, he disappeared *instantly*.

## X.

There is a song of old Izaak Walton's, to be found in the Complete Angler, the chorus of which runs thus:

"Bright shines the sun! play, beggars, play!  
Here's SCRAPS enough to serve to-day."

Are you ready, reader, to echo the sentiment of the concluding line? Well, be it so. For these three summer months we have turned over the pages of the Note-Book together—there are yet many leaves remaining, but we are both inclined to think that we have seen enough, and so—the Scraps are ended. Three

summer months! It does not seem thus long, for it has been the season of verdure, and flowers, of singing of birds, of sunny skies and of soft breezes, and with us it has also been the season of youth and love and hope, and time flies all too swiftly then,—but the months have indeed passed away, and autumn is fast coming upon us. When we first met, the May flowers had hardly fallen, and the songsters were just building their nests; but now, the swallows are seeking another clime, and the faded, yellow leaves of the willow are strewing our walks. The meadows and gold-waving grain fields have yielded their tribute to the husbandman,—the fruit trees are dropping their rich produce, and the grape clusters are beginning to assume a purple tint. The deep azure of the heavens, also, has changed to a dusky hue, and the landscape wears the sober aspect of declining maturity. And while nature has been thus busy, what, O reader! hast thou been doing? Perhaps stedfastly pursuing the path of industry; hope, enthusiasm, and honorable ambition sustaining you in all your labors; and, perhaps, you have given yourself up to idleness, folly, or crime. Well, whatever your course may have been, its consequences are yet to come, and alas for you! if you are to meet them with an unclean conscience. “Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan-grove, perhaps, alas! *as a hemlock forest* after a thousand years.”

But, softly, I am getting somewhat too censorious for a parting friend. Ha! that was a chilly gust through the open window, and the flame of the lamp leaps and bends aside, as if but another breath were needed to extinguish it. That clock just striking has a gloomy sound. One—two—three,—seven—ten—twelve,—twelve o'clock. Let us take a look out, and glance at the sky, if these thick-spreading elms will allow us; a cloudy night, but there are broken places now and then, and yonder high—high up a single star is beaming through the masses. Another chill blast from the northwest, and we must fain close the casement.

There is indeed something sad to me in this leave-taking; the preparing of these papers for the reader has afforded to me many pleasant hours; it has brought back to my mind old friends, some of whom are now far distant, others who are in their graves, and others still, over whose memory I would gladly draw the curtain of oblivion. It has made the past, present to me; and often have I meditatively laid down my pen, and held communion with happy reminiscences, till the shades of evening or the midnight clock hath startled me from my reverie. Such hath it been to me, and if, reader, the result has

afforded to you a gratification for some few idle moments, I shall remain contented. I have but one parting injunction—the Note-Book may again be opened, and should you recognize its contents in another form, let the secret be ever buried in your own bosom.

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SABBATH EVE.

I LOVE to count these Sabbath days,  
Hastening on :  
To see, in sunset's golden blaze,  
Another gone :  
And, with soft twilight's witching spell,  
Fly far to scenes loved long and well.

Blest Sabbath Eve ! how dear to me  
Thine every hour !  
Right joyfully I welcome thee,  
For thou hast power  
To calm awhile my longing soul—  
Its chainless wishes to control.

Dear memories of hours “lang syne”  
Crowd o'er my heart :  
Again bright flowers we fondly twine ;—  
Too soon to part !  
Sweet night ! thou mind'st me of the joy  
Time cannot dim, nor Death destroy !

And oh ! how oft my soul is crossed,  
This calm, sad even,  
With thoughts of those from earth I've lost,  
To find in Heaven :  
They beckon me, with shadowy hand,  
To meet them in that spirit-land.

Soon will I join your shining band,  
Ye true-hearted !  
Soon will I clasp thy gentle hand,  
Dear departed !  
How blessed this weary world to leave,  
In thy calm hours, mild SABBATH EVE !

## A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER ON GHOSTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—not *Messrs.* Editors,—for with you all in your official capacity, I have nothing to do. But I have a word for the private ear of *you*, Sir, on whom falls the grievous task of preparing for the public eye this particular number of our college bantling, and on whom is to come down all the odium of such communications as shall fail to please the fastidious taste of this and that one of its erudite readers; while all the glory connected with such as shall pass unscathed the fiery ordeal, is to irradiate not your individual brow, which has been so painfully knitted day and night over your critical labors,—but the general ‘os frontis’ of THE EDITORS corporate.

Just at this present writing, I may say, with the Colonel, in a late number of the *New Mirror*, “my idiosyncrasy is a passion for individual proximity.” My mind “runs friendship-wise,” and I “would fain be familiar—with one at a time.” To tell the truth, even *I* am not superior to the ordinary weakness of human nature; and there is ‘something on my mind’ of which it yearns to unburthen itself. My first design was to call on you personally, and communicate face to face; but maturer thought decided me to address you this epistle, which you will please to consider strictly “private and confidential.” Read, then, my confession, and sympathize with what you may consider my weak credulity; but see that you turn not traitor and reveal it to the world, unless you would summon up visions of more horrifying spectres than ever ‘made night hideous’ to

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

I am one of those who delight in looking back to the bright days of childhood, and in chewing over again ‘the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,’ with which the mind once was filled. As Charles Lamb expresses it:—

“In my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse  
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought  
Past seasons o’er, and be again a child.”

There is a pleasure, mournful though it may be, in thinking over the thousand and one superstitions, whether of a sad or joyous nature, which it was then so easy to believe implicitly. The world had not so chilled me with its cold realities, but that some gleams of poetry would find a resting place on the unstained tablets of my soul, and thus shed perpetual sunlight

over the whole moral and intellectual nature. It was delightful to think the world and all it contained was so good, and that it would be so easy to possess it when I came to be a man. And why not? Was it not bounded by the horizon just behind the hills, a little way off from my father's cottage door!—those hills on which the ends of the rainbow used to rest after a summer shower. The world surely has grown larger now, and its claimants far more numerous and boisterous, since I find it so difficult to secure even a far less ambitious share of its gear. And then over head the white marble sky—I could almost hit it with my arrow; and if I could only climb the tallest branches of the trees that waved against it, I might perhaps enter the bright world beyond!

“It was a childish ignorance;  
But oh, 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.”

And how fully, in those ‘white days’ of life, were believed all the nursery tales which are poured into the eager ears of infancy and childhood. Giants, dwarfs, ogres, and good and evil spirits of every degree, in my mind were real, palpable existences, as much so as the friends around me. And Ghosts, too! I *knew* that they existed, and never went to bed in the dark without expecting to see one or more in the chamber. And what despair seized on me, when obliged to pass the burying-ground at night! It *may* have been imagination—doubtless the wise and aged would have insisted that it was—but I was sure of what my own eyes saw, when that tall form, enveloped in flowing white drapery, used to arise just behind the wall that divided the road from the abode of the dead, and always kept along even with me till I had passed those dismal precincts.

Years have gone by since then, and the horror of the thing has died away. But though I have lost my fears, and it is even pleasant for the mind to recur to those scenes as they rise before me, “pictured in memory's mellowing glass;” yet there are moments when all the by-gone feelings of the time come back as fresh and powerful as things of yesterday; and I believe as firmly as ever, for the time being, in my ghosts and goblins, ‘et id genus omne.’ The world laughs at me, and I feel half inclined to laugh at myself, till the question arises, why should I not have the courage to believe what these eyes have seen, and what no one can *prove* does not exist?

Then I go on and reason thus with myself: A belief in the

appearance of spectres has been common in every age of the world ; and the course taken by disbelievers must be far from satisfactory to any reflecting mind ; for instead of proving that they do not or cannot exist, these men take it upon themselves to deny the evidence in the case, doubt the word of those who have seen them, and ridicule as folly what they cannot disprove. In fact, some of the strongest minds among them—as President Dwight and Doctor Chalmers—after examining such a mass of testimony as could be collected on hardly any other topic, grant that they cannot deny its truth, ‘but then—but then, the idea is so ridiculous!’ Now, at the present day, ghosts are rarely seen except by small children, who surely can have no motive for falsehood ; and by the most unsophisticated, unromantic, and not infrequently pious, old ladies. Surely, I must not be guilty of the want of gallantry, to say the least, which a disbelief of the word of these ancient dames would exhibit ! What though these visitors oftenest come to those who are asleep, or intensely excited by mental or spirituous stimulants ? Is it necessary to admit that the *state* of the visited does away with the reality of the visit ? The fact that in former times they so often appeared to murderers and all other sorts of scoundrels, favors the argument, since it is accordant with sound reason. Are not these the very persons we should most naturally expect them to favor ?

But *has* a belief in the appearance of spectres been common in every age of the world ? The Egyptians used often to see the forms of their departed heroes returned to earth, clad in their wonted dress, wandering about in temples and dwellings, or among the lofty pyramids ; and sometimes have they gained sight of them ‘horsed on the viewless couriers of the air,’ presiding over their battles, or seated in mysterious solemnity among their sages, guiding them in their deliberations for the common good. So frequent in those days were these visits from the other world, that at length every hill and grove, every mountain and stream, was endowed with its own peculiar genius ; who was often observed performing good deeds for his friends, and sorely afflicting his enemies, and all disbelievers.

We find the belief, too, among the Persians. Xenophon tells us that Cyrus, when about to die, called his children about him, and exhorted them to love another, to fulfill all their duties to the gods, their country and themselves ; and promised that his *spirit* should return to earth and be ever near to aid their efforts and rescue them from difficulty. Now, as there is no evidence of his want of veracity, it is but just to suppose that he kept his promise ; and could we refer to his children to-day,

doubtless they would tell us of many interviews with their royal sire.

The ancient Greeks were highly favored with this class of beings. Indeed, a great proportion of their divinities, with whom we know they held frequent converse, were but deified men and women, who had been distinguished on earth for some of the many qualities which entitled them to that honor. The whole troop of their Nereids, Dryads, Uraniæ, and so on, were of this nature.

So the Romans—those sturdy old heroes, who were not to be frightened by mortal man, much less by dreams—were firm believers in the doctrine; and we find in the most veracious of their writings, as well as in those of the Greeks, accounts of numberless interviews between the men of the present and the men of the past. How full are the Roman historians and authors of allusions to these mysterious visitants! Not only these, but even her most rigid moralists attest to the universality of the belief, and even to the reality of the occurrences described. I look, for instance, into Cicero, (“de divinatione,”) and he tells me that all the nation placed perfect reliance in the fact. The poets are especially orthodox, and evidently delight in this sort of thing. All will recollect Dido’s threat to torment Æneas with her shade:—

——“*quum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,*  
*Omnibus umbra locis adero.*”

And doubtless she was as good as her word. Most decidedly, the naughty man deserved it! But we have something more definite in the same poem. The ghost of Hector certainly, if Virgil speaks truth—and who doubts him?—appeared to Æneas, warned him to flee from Troy, brought out his household gods, and even helped him to ‘pack up.’ This last ‘streak of good nature’ should be especially noticed, for he performed all these offices in most sad plight himself. As Mr. Dryden has translated it:—

“A bloody shroud he seemed, and bathed in tears;  
Swollen were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust  
Through the bored holes,—his body black with dust,—  
His hair and beard stood stiffened with his gore,  
And all the wounds he for his country bore  
Now streamed afresh, and with new purple ran.”

**Poor fellow! No wonder the hero**

“Wept to see the visionary man.”

Nor is this all. Only a short time after, the ghost of his wife, Creusa, appears to him, and tells him of his destined land :—

“ Creusa still I call : at length she hears,  
And sudden through the shades of night appears :  
Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,  
But a pale *spectre*, larger than the life !  
Aghast, astonished, and struck dumb with fear  
I stood : like bristles rose my stiffened hair ;”

and so on.

The Arabians, too, had their ‘beautiful and beneficent Peris,’ who were the spirits of the good and lovely dead, and whose sole duty was to bring to their friends on earth every wished for favor. They had their ‘ugly and malevolent Dives’ also, who brought plague, famine, and death. That both these classes of spectres often appeared, we cannot consistently deny, while we receive as truth other historical facts which their authors have handed down to us.

But to come nearer home. Not only have all the far-off heathen nations of the world been blessed with a superabundance of these appearances, but even the nations of Europe, all of them, whether civilized, half civilized, or enlightened, have in all past ages believed, and still do believe in these supernatural visitations.

The Icelanders and Greenlanders often see them come into their huts to warm their fingers and toes, after a long journey in those frozen regions. Pigott, in his ‘Manual of Scandinavian Mythology,’ says that the old Scandinavians believed “the power of discerning the spirits of deceased men was possessed by certain individuals. They were to be seen only at night, and their presence was to be detected sometimes by a lambent flame, which disappeared when real fire was kindled. These spirits could assume bodies of air, but could not divest themselves of an unearthly paleness.” He adds, moreover, “To this day the peasants of Norway believe the spirit of a dying man may be seen at the moment of departure from the body, in the form of a long, narrow, white cloud.”

Who ever thought of reading a German or an Irish story which had not as many as *two* ghosts in it? No one. Nor is it at all unreasonable to suppose, that there are as many ghosts constantly sojourning in each of those countries, as there are living men, women, and children.

In Scotland, too, the very home of Doctor Dick, who has so scouted the idea! Hear Ossian speak of them :—“Ghosts fly on clouds and ride on winds; they rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men.” Read also his account of Fingal’s



battle with the spirit of Loda, whose "eyes were like flames in his dark face," and his "voice like distant thunder;" whose "shield was clouds," and whose "sword was the meteor."

Poor Robert Burns, too, lived in the very midst of them, and has given us no little history to prove my position. When disposed to be at all sceptical, I look at 'Tam O'Shanter' and tremble.

Come to enlightened England. Are there no believers there? The great mass of the common people never dreamed of doubting what many, perhaps most, of them have seen. And not the *common* people alone; for many a learned man, besides Dr. Samuel Johnson, has been fully convinced from ocular demonstration! And what does Shakspeare tell us? Was it not the *real* ghost of Denmark's King that appeared to Hamlet and bade him take righteous vengeance? Real? Yes, for "Look; how pale he glares!" And did not the ghost of Banquo glide in upon the feast to torment poor Macbeth, and make him exclaim in an agony of terror—

"Thou canst not say *I* did it :  
Shake not thy gory locks at me!"

And should I hesitate as to receiving for historical truth, these narrations of "the sweet swan of Avon?" I turn to one whose very name is sacred as that of Truth herself; and does not MILTON say:

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,  
—— both when we wake and we sleep."

And again:

—— "Spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure;  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,  
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their aery purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfill."

And much more to the same effect.

But why multiply authorities? No one lives, but is acquainted with some who have seen them, if he has never himself had that pleasure. No poet of eminence has ever sung, but tells us of these spirits of the upper and the nether air. Scientific books abound in such facts, and, in reasoning to account for their

appearance. Some of them, indeed, furnish prescriptions for calling these "spirits from the vasty deep;" but in these temperance, anti-opium-eating, anti-hot-supper times, they are fast fading into oblivion. One, however, remains. Drafts of pure mathematics have not failed to produce the effect in the case of some dull scholars :

—— "quæquæ ipse miserrima vidi  
Et quorum magna pars fui."

But after all this accumulation of evidence—such is the influence of popular opinion about me—I often feel ashamed to confess that which it would be hard to convince me I do not secretly believe. Then, perchance, I read Job's account of the vision he had at the time when "deep sleep falleth upon man," when "the hair of his flesh stood up, and a *spirit* passed before his face," etc:—or the account of Samuel's ghost, which the witch of Endor raised at the command of Saul. I must, then, admit that ghosts once appeared to men. Why not *now*?

We are told, moreover, that the angels, who are the souls of "the just made perfect," are ministering spirits sent down on earth to "minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." Instruments of good in the hands of a kind Creator, who shall say that they may not sometimes make themselves visible to their survivors here on earth? How many instances are on record of those, broken loose from the restraints of society, and far gone in the ways of folly and vice, who have been reclaimed by the timely appearance of the form of a departed friend from the world of spirits;—perchance a sister, a wife, or mother, who, with tearful entreaty and countenance all radiant with love's holy light, has pointed the stray wanderer to the pleasant paths of Wisdom! The poet tells us that infant spirits above, are "the sacred blossoms which saints on their white garments wear." Every fond, bereaved mother will tell us that often, in hours of lone and solemn reflection, her own sweet "flower," too early severed from its parent stem by the keen sickle of "the reaper, Death," has been permitted to float down from the Paradise above, and cheer her vision for a moment with its angel beauty.

And who that loves his friends has not often experienced what has been thus sweetly expressed by one of our own most feeling poets?—

"When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the *forms of the departed*  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
*Come to visit me once more."*

Who would, if he could, drive from his mind this innocent and happy belief, even admitting it to be a delusion ?

Thus, Mr. Editor, from time to time, I reason with myself ; and if my argument is *not* the most logical and lawyer-like—if it may not seem to others " confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ," it at least serves to wear away a weary hour with me, and to perpetuate the memory of some of the earliest and brightest years of my life.

If such should, in any degree, be the effect upon yourself of perusing this epistle, much will be added to the pleasure which the writing of it has given to

Your faithful friend,

CL.

NEAR DREAMLAND, 7th of August.

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#### THE MUSIC OF ANCIENT GREECE.

At first, among Arcadia's peaceful groves,  
Where wanton wood-nymphs whispered of their loves ;  
The breezes floating o'er the fragrant mead,  
Awoke the murmurs of the hollow reed.  
Such sounds, by every gently-flowing stream,  
The songs of Naiads 'neath their waters seem :  
Sweetly they steal along the silent plain,  
And softest echoes still prolong the strain ;  
Till blending with the evening's dewy gale,  
They die away within the winding vale.  
Thus Nature first to wondering Art bequeathed  
The flute, whose tones such magic music breathed.

Then, oft, amid those ancient, pathless woods,  
Or by the borders of majestic floods,—  
Whose trees were wont with bending boughs to lave  
Their clustering foliage in the tranquil wave,—  
Some Shepherd's solitary song was heard  
To mock the music of the forest bird ;

Or else, with soft and solemn-breathing sound,  
His flute diffused its melody around ;  
And startled silence, ere she was aware,  
Resigned her empire in the evening air.

Or when the purple clusters of the vine,—  
Which yield for mortal lips the cheering wine,—  
Beneath Ionia's sunny skies grew ripe,  
They woke the mirthful music of the pipe.  
While shines on high Diana's silver light,  
With song and dance they pass the festive night ;  
And Joy invites the swiftly flying hours  
To stay with her, in Beauty's blooming bowers.

But hark, what loftier strains of music swell ?  
Clio hath strung the seven-toned mountain shell.  
Calliope inspires the bard who sings  
The mighty deeds of heroes and of Kings ;  
And all the Nine, in sweet celestial choir,  
Unite their voices, as he strikes the lyre.  
Thus Phemius sang how that fierce wrath arose,  
Which brought to Ilium the embattled foes ;  
And Grecian princes heard, with proud delight,  
How Trojan heroes fell before their might.

Behold where Hymen's sacred torch on high  
Dispels the darkness of the evening sky ;  
While some fond pair exchanging mutual vows,  
With mystic myrtle bind their blushing brows ;  
And flute and harp in loud rejoicing strain,  
Inspire the pleasures of the nuptial train.  
Where virgins fair, and rosy youths advance,  
To thread the mazes of the choral dance ;  
And in harmonious concert swiftly beat  
The echoing earth, with " many twinkling feet."  
See now advance, with lofty measured tread,  
Those Cretan minstrels, by Apollo led ;  
With skill divine upon his lyre he plays,  
While they respond in sweet according lays.  
To Pytho's pine-clad summit they ascend,  
Before his sacred shrine submissive bend ;  
With louder music, then, the pæan raise,  
Their voices mingling in the song of praise.

How oft in many a grave and warlike strain,  
Was music heard upon the battle plain ;  
The Spartan fife, with spirit-stirring tone,  
Aroused to deeds which Mars himself might own.

Tyrtacus, now, with flute resounding far,  
 Summons the hosts of Sparta to the war;  
 His thrilling strains rejoice the warrior's ear,  
 And cowards rush to battle as they hear.  
 At his command, e'en beardless youths assume  
 The ponderous armor, and the crested plume;  
 Nor can Messenia's veteran troops oppose  
 The furious onset of their conquering foes.

Alas, how soon did pleasure's soft embrace,  
 From music all its manly traits efface;  
 And Lydian measures, with enticing art,  
 Subdue to soft desire the hero's heart;  
 And yielding now to love's debasing thrall,  
 He hears no more the Tyrrhene trumpet's call.  
 But now the echoes of those plains are mute,—  
 E'en to the Lesbian lyre and Phrygian flute.  
 Within the theatre, no listening throng  
 Applaud the tragic scene, or choral song;  
 Nor Spartan youth and fair Ionian maid,  
 By moonlight dance beneath the olive shade.  
 Her days of glory and of joy are o'er,  
 For music dwells in ancient Greece no more.

K.

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 REVIEW.

DREAM OF A DAY, and other Poems, by JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THOUGH the minds of men in our day are for the most part filled with a spirit of speculation and rash enterprise, and though utility has invaded and overrun the domain of fiction, yet few can be found, we imagine, who have no regard for works of the imagination. The dry realities of life will seldom form so complete a crust around the mind, that there will not be some crevice through which the sunlight of poetry will gain admittance. There are times when every one—the man of business as well as the scholar, the ignorant as well as the refined—can appreciate the ideal and the beautiful. He who threads the dusty street and drives hard bargains, whose brow is wrinkled with care and vexation, and whose mind is distracted with the stir of business, delights now and then to walk into the silent aisles of nature, and indulge in the reveries and fancies that are called up by surrounding scenes. The sailor on the deck of his vessel, as he looks forth upon the deep sea and watches the billows,

gamboling in wild convolutions ; as he hears the rushing of the Ocean-tempest and beholds its swift career, is moved, though perhaps in a less degree, by the same feelings and sympathies as the poet. We do not say that all men can write poetry, or possess the endowments of the poet ; but that there are chords in every breast, which can be touched by the wand of the gifted, and made to vibrate at pleasure. It is to a chosen few that Nature grants the 'faculty divine ;' and yet most men, at some period of their lives, shrewdly suspect, that Nature has made them Teachers of the multitude, and given them a right to dabble in the waters of Castalia—that they have a genius within, urging them to instruct and enlighten the world with their breathing thoughts and burning words.

To all admirers of genuine poetry, the book before us will be welcome. In this age of Printing and Book-making, when little else is produced than Fashionable Novels and Sentimental Rhymes ; when there is such a complete dearth of all that is readable, and such a superabundance of all that is tedious and disgusting, it is quite refreshing now and then to greet the appearance of a work that is destined to live longer than the 'snow-flake on the river,' or

"The dew that glitters in the morning sun."

The reputation of the author is such, that we hazard nothing, even before perusing it, in pronouncing the work excellent, and worthy of a place in the library of every American.

Few of our literary men can put forth stronger claims upon the notice of the world, or stand a fairer chance of obtaining an enviable posthumous reputation, than Dr. Percival. He has devoted his time for years, earnestly and vigorously, to the pursuits of learning and science, and the results of his labors show that he deserves a high rank among our literary men. His contributions to our literature have ever given evidence, that he possesses a high order of genius. None can deny that he is a genuine poet ; indeed, the world has long been convinced, that his soul is finely strung and attuned to the sweetest harmonies, and that his radiant endowments entitle him to a lofty place among the gifted. He has all the requisite qualifications of a first rate poet ; an imagination fervid and brilliant, and a soul overflowing with inspiration ; the power of creating new forms and new combinations of thought, of producing new and striking images, and of moulding the wild dreams of his imagination into shapes of heavenly beauty. He has a heart that can appreciate the sweet and the beautiful in the world around. The mossy rock and the sea-washed pebble, the modest violet and the aspiring ivy, the tremulous note of the forest bird and

the noise of the distant cascade, awake in his mind feelings of delight and pleasure. Nor do the gentler aspects of nature alone attract his attention. The grand and gloomy awake in his breast corresponding emotions: he regards the bleak, desolate, and frightful, not with a vacant stare, but with a look of earnest admiration; he gazes upon the dark, melancholy mountain, piercing the clouds and illuminated only by the dizzy flash of the lightning, and with sublime thoughts robes it with light and beauty. With a well-trained intellect; with a genius swayed by impulsive passions and delicate sensibilities; with aspirations that bear him far away in the empyrean of his fancy; and with a soul like an Eolian harp, "in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passes through them, changes itself into articulate melody," Percival appears before the world, not a prodigy, indeed, but a real poet, "in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the Eternal Melodies."

This last volume of Percival's will not detract from his reputation. The poems are mostly lyrical, and many of them have been given to the public before in a fugitive form. They are written in almost every variety of measure, and strikingly exhibit the peculiar characteristics of the author's mind. On every page we find evidences of his superior powers of conception, of the brilliancy of his imagination, and of his wonderful creative and versatile gifts. He is never at a loss for images and metaphors; he scatters his pearls about him with profuse extravagance, showing that he possesses a rich store of intellectual treasure. Indeed, we think that at times he is too prodigal, overloading his ideas with the cumbrous ornaments of diction. The objection has been urged against him, that he is not always sufficiently clear and concise, that his dreams and fancies are often tangled and confused, and that the mind of the reader is wearied in endeavoring to obtain a full comprehension of his meaning. These faults are not, perhaps, as conspicuous in this volume, as in some of his former productions, and yet, in reading it, one feels as if he were in some irregular but gay parterre, or, like a wanderer in Aladdin's garden, he is blinded and dazzled by the sparkling gems and rubies that are suspended from every bush and shrub. But we have little disposition to find fault with a book that has given us so much pleasure, and which contains so many bursts of genuine poetry.

In his choice of subjects, he is confined to no narrow province; he roams over the wide world, and everywhere finds fit themes for his muse. On one page the subject of his song is some minute object in the material world. The light and delicate he treats with exquisite skill and taste. The music that fills the air, that is breathed forth from plant and flower and

from every growing thing, and those tuneful strains that are always gushing out from the silent and mysterious operations of nature, he embodies in his verse. The sweet flow of his words fill us with rapture, stealing over the mind like the gentle hum of summer. Again we meet with songs that would do no discredit to Pindar or Filicaja—stormful dithyrambics, that stir the soul like the notes of martial music, or the clang of the war-charger's hoof. As we read the lines, entitled "Our Flag," "The Charge," and "The Battle Call," we find it difficult to believe that they were written in the quiet home of a scholar. His thrilling notes cause the heart to beat and the eye to kindle with a higher enthusiasm: we almost imagine that we hear the loud peal of the trumpet summoning us to the conflict, mingled with the shouts of brave men determined to conquer or die.

Few men are better acquainted with the riches of our language, than Percival. In his "Classic Melodies," and "Songs for National Airs," he has shown great skill in developing its capabilities and resources. The different varieties of ancient measure are attempted with success. The versification is exceedingly sweet and flowing, and the diction remarkable for its purity and richness.

We have found in this book none of those dark and gloomy thoughts that bespeak a misanthropic heart. Though in former times he may have derided the sanctities of humanity, and embodied in his verse the moanings of a troubled spirit, yet we can hardly believe that one, who everywhere exhibits such a sincere love of nature, can be at heart a sincere hater of his kind. The world may have used him roughly, bitter disappointments may have met him, misfortune may have crossed his path and blighted his hopes, yet these are no reasons why his disposition should be soured, or his affections turned into a fountain of hate. The man of genius must discern in the constitution of society, much that is dark and evil, much also that is good and lovely. Were it even worse, could he find among those, by whom his path is surrounded, nothing to esteem or cherish, still he has sources of consolation in his own breast, which will not allow him to indulge in unmanly complaints, much less to scoff at all that can alleviate the miseries of life.

But our limits compel us to close; and in conclusion, we would only express the hope, that Percival will continue to devote the vigor and maturity of his powers to poetry, and by future contributions to our literature, confer honor on his country, while he is winning for himself a higher title to enduring fame.



#### EDITORS' TABLE.

IN the satisfaction with which we hail the conclusion of our eighth volume, the reader, we are sure, will cordially unite with us. If our columns have found favor in his eyes, he will derive pleasure from the memory of past and the hope of future entertainment: on the contrary, if he has read us without approving, he will regret at the termination of what has been to him a tedious and wearisome task. Could we know that his feelings are of the former kind, it would repay us for much fatigue and anxiety. Yet if any should pass an unfavorable judgment on our labors, we should be mortified rather than surprised. Of our own defects we are painfully sensible. The supporters of a College Magazine, even when gifted with genuine and decided talents, must be to a great extent unpractised writers; nor can we expect in their compositions that depth of thought and finish of style which the leading Magazines of the day receive from corps of well-trained contributors. The excellence of a work like ours must lie more in promise than in performance. Yet as calling out what literary capability exists amongst us, and giving it common aim and direction, we believe that our Magazine has been useful in a high degree. That it has struggled on amidst all discouragements and reverses, through a period of eight years, may be looked upon as proving that it is not without merit of some kind. In this longevity, unprecedented among College periodicals, we find an earnest and omen of future success. For ourselves we expect from our classmates, and from our fellow-students generally, the support which has been accorded to our predecessors. That they will aid us by their contributions, the experience of the past leaves us no room to doubt. But support of another kind is equally indispensable; and the burthen, if shared by all, will be heavy upon none. The object of our efforts, the promotion of literary culture here among us, is one of common interest: will not all contribute to its furtherance? From our pages many will form an estimate for better or for worse of the literary character of Yale. Is there one Alumnus of Yale, be he graduate or undergraduate, who feels no concern for the reputation of our common Alma Mater?

We enter upon the next volume of the Magazine, with the resolution that on our part no effort shall be wanting to make it instructive and amusing, not merely to the College student, but even to the general reader. And though we have no overwhelming confidence in our own abilities, we are yet not without hopes of success. If inexperienced ourselves, we have before us for guidance or for warning the eight years' experience of our predecessors: and may thus escape errors which were excusable, nay, unavoidable in them.

We are sure that there is sufficient talent within the walls of our University to sustain this record of youthful thought in a creditable manner; and if by our efforts this can be called into action and cultivated, we shall rest content, though we may not find favor in the eyes of the severer critic.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Take us No, Please*" are some of those very fine—the Lord Byron. The rest seems to be almost forgotten.

"*The Flying Gladiator*" has expired.

"*Gliding*" possesses some merit, but its faults are too serious to admit of its publication.

"*The Murdered Preceptor*" we have laid away decently in our coffin.

The Essay "*On Millenaria*" has perished in our general conflagration.

"*Lines on —*," "*To a Slave on leaving Home*," and "*The Land of Death*," are destroyed.

"*That golden hour*," was received too late for the present number; it may appear in our next.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
EIGHTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be conducted by the Students of Yale College.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE has now reached its eighth volume, and resting on the basis of its long-standing and known character, urges a claim for support upon all well-wishers to the literary interests of our Alma Mater. It will aim to be a TRUE INDEX OF THE LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP AND TALENT OF THE UNDERGRADUATES OF YALE COLLEGE. With such a design in view, preference will be given to the productions of its immediate supporters; still the promise of friends out of the pale of our Institution, warrant us in engaging, occasionally, to enrich its pages with the offerings of maturer minds.

Matters of interest, in and about College, will be duly noticed. Public Lectures and the various periodical literature of the day, will receive attention.

Yale College, November, 1842.

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